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THE GOLDEN MASK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Stranger's Secret," "Man and His Idol," "The Seventh Marriage," "The Warning Voice," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SKELETON GOES TO COURT.

Thou art rewarded, pride!
Meet 't thy desert. Show thy high breeding now;
Tread stately, throw thy spurning glances round,
And talk as mighty things as though the earth
Were made for thee. Where's thy domain?
Gone!

Love.

The letter of Margaret Gath was in the mind of the Lady Edith as she stepped into the carriage assisted by the earl, who gained a corner for his long frame out of the swelling billows of his daughter's train as he best might.

It was in her mind, too, as the carriage fell into the line near St. James's Palace and moved slowly through the crowd towards its destination.

The comments of the populace were free, but, on the whole, complimentary.

They admired, they envied the aristocratic beauty as she leant back in her carriage, not only apparently, but really, half unconscious of their presence and their remarks.

It seemed an enviable thing to be an earl's daughter, so beautiful, and with such appliances for fascinating all who came within her influence. To recline in a carriage, loaded with gems and wearing the costliest and most becoming robes, appeared to many a humble woman who looked on from the crowd as the height of womanly ambition.

So it might fairly be, if carriages and jewels, if a fair face and a fifty guinea dress, meant happiness. But how many a broken heart goes to St. James's at every Drawing-room! And how worthless are all the advantages of rank and wealth when they only serve to hide the ghastly ruins of a life's happiness!

The envied woman who rode by the earl's side was doubly miserable. She was wretched in herself,

and she had the additional misery of knowing that even the splendour surrounding her was fictitious.

The family was ancient, but miserably poor.

Its present representative groaned under the weight of centuries of debt. He had come into his estates when they were so encumbered that but for twenty years of close economy practised by his elder brother they were almost inadequate to his support. His own pride and that of his lady, while she lived, to say nothing of his daughter's extravagance, had helped to make bad worse so rapidly that now the earldom was little more than a name, all that had once served to support it being now represented by innumerable mortgage deeds. Of these, as we know, David Hyde held no inconsiderable number: so many, that had the heir to his estates been in a position to "foreclose," as it is technically termed—that is, to insist on the mortgages being paid off—utter ruin must have been the consequence.

The knowledge of this, ever present to the minds of the proud earl and his still prouder child, was not wanting even on this great occasion.

It went to court with them—not to be shaken off for an instant—and like an invisible skeleton occupied the vacant seat in the carriage by the peer's side.

Was it anything but natural that the skeleton thus accompanying them should form the subject of their conversation?

"Temple was with you this morning," the earl remarked by way of broaching the subject.

"Yes. His infatuation is perfect."

She said it in a tone of indifference little short of contempt.

"I am still a little uneasy," observed his lordship, with a troubled expression of face.

"Uneasy?"

"Yes. When I entreated you to exercise all your power to renew the fascination you once exercised over him, I did it, as you know, because while that lasted he was pretty certain to keep quiet on the matter of those mortgages. You understood that?"

"Perfectly."

"At the time I did not know the extent to which I was in his power. That Hyde had put his hand on

the bulk of our property I knew; but I have only just learned—as the result of an interview between Kenneth, our lawyer, and Ewen Ascott, who managed Hyde's affairs—that the old rascal busied himself in getting hold of every deed and security relating to our property, and so in effect getting us completely under his thumb. What his object could have been heaven only knows! What might have happened had he not thus have been prematurely cut off I tremble to think!"

"You believe him to have been actuated by malicious intentions?" Edith asked.

"What else can I think? You know that my late brother ran off with a woman who afterwards proved to be Hyde's sister. On his death bed he declared that he had made her his wife. I had no reason to disbelieve him—his folly was equal to any absurdity."

"And Hyde, what did he believe?"

"I gave him my brother's word. He asked for proofs. I shrugged my shoulders and lamented my inability to furnish him with them. As if I should have stirred a finger to substantiate the fact of a family degradation like that!"

"And he believed in your goodwill, but inability to do what he asked?"

"No."

"No? What then was his impression?"

"A bad one, I am afraid. What was a suspicious man like that sure to surmise? Why, that I had destroyed the traces of such an alliance to serve my own purposes."

"Still he might have procured the evidence from other sources," observed Edith.

"He did. He went to Rome, where the marriage was solemnized. On his return I questioned him. He was morose to savageness. I urged him to let me know the truth. His answer was 'I am satisfied that my sister died Countess of Courland!' Not another word passed between us on that subject."

"He did not claim to be recognized as one of the family?"

"No."

"Yet you believe that he pursued you with sinister intentions to the end?"

"I do."

Edith reflected a moment.

"I cannot see from what cause," she then said.

"It was impossible," returned the earl, "to tell what sense of injury rankled in that sullen breast, or what secret mischief he plotted to the end. Enough that I feared him while he lived, and that his death removed a load from my heart."

Even while he spoke a sigh of relief escaped him.

The Lady Edith stole a hasty glance at his face, and the next instant her large full orbs were gazing dreamily at the crowd through which they were passing.

The earl too grew suddenly interested in the crowd on the other side of the carriage.

Had his daughter asked, "Were you a consenting party to this man's death?" what would he have replied?

She did not put the question into words; but he knew that it was in her mind as well as if she had given expression to it, and the pause that ensued could hardly be other than embarrassing. Perhaps Edith's next question was asked expressly to put an end to it.

"Have we not wandered from the point a little?" she asked. "You were alluding to some uneasiness of mind—"

"Ah, yes; with regard to Temple. The position in which he stands grows daily more unsatisfactory. You are surprised? Think for a moment and you will realize his position. Temple is David Hyde's heir under his will. But before the heir can come into possession of the property certain preliminaries have to be gone through. The will has to be administered to, and the law not unreasonably requires that this process shall set out with proof of the testator's death. Now, there is little moral doubt of Hyde's death."

"Surely there can be none?"

"All the circumstances point to the conclusion that he is no more. But the law is not satisfied with circumstances; it requires proof. Now, how can Temple prove that Hyde is not living?"

It was a difficult question to answer. Edith was silent.

"As it is," his lordship went on, "no one interferes with Temple; Hyde's daughter is too much overwhelmed with grief and anxiety to look to her interests, and he deals with the property as if it were his own to the extent of raising money on the security of it. To do this he has been obliged to go to the Jews, who advance as a speculation, but at ruinous interest. Every day that the money is not cleared up Temple's expectations become less and less valuable. The price of money rises, and his position is a worse one. Proof of the murder, if murder there has been, would make him a man of fortune—"

"And that proof," interrupted Edith, "can only be a question of time. Suffer what we may, our course is clear. We have gone too far to retreat."

"Too far?" the earl asked with some surprise.

"Yes," was the impetuous answer. "In affairs of this kind that is not difficult. It was your will that I should play on this man's love—infatuation, madness, what you please, for our advantage. I obeyed; I brought him once more to my feet; I cast around him the old spell, and left him helpless and hopelessly in my power. I have led him on—but you know, you have seen and you know what my influence over him has become. Meanwhile—"

"You love him?"

"Father?"

She put her hands upon her heart as she shrieked out the word.

"Forgive me, Edith, forgive me, my child," pleaded the earl in a repentant tone.

"And you will torture me again," she replied, with the accents of one in pain. Then recovering herself, she added, "Once for all, Fabian Temple is indifferent to me. I have done with love—quite, quite done—and he is unworthy of my hate. But he is good enough to feed my pride, good enough to pamper for our purposes, and to drag captive at my chariot-wheels. We decided that long ago, and in deciding it we overlooked one little point which has become all important. A man who loved me as Fabian does, was not likely to remain content as a mere friend."

"But his wife—there is our security."

Edith shook her head impatiently.

"It is too late to talk of her. Can you not understand that to keep this man at my feet it was necessary that I should affect a regret for his position, and delude him with the idea that but for his wife I would have shared his fortune?"

"Quite proper too—when it is his."

"And on this, what do you suppose has happened? That barrier is virtually broken down."

"She is not dead?"

"To him—yes."

"This, I confess, I do not understand."

"No matter. It will be clear enough in time, when

I am forced to become Fabian Temple's wife to save appearances and to make our position a firm one. You were not prepared for this? It takes you by surprise? And yet under all the circumstances the result has become inevitable."

"But Edith, this is terrible. You have gone too far."

"If Fabian gets absolute command of this fortune."

"No. But—"

"Enough, enough. It must come to that sooner or later, and then one sacrifice will release us for ever from the slough of debt into which we have been sinking deeper and deeper all our days."

His lordship groaned.

At the same moment an artificial smile overspread his cheek and fixed his mouth as in a vice, for by this time the carriage, moving on in the line with others, had reached the palace door, and it was necessary to descend. It was necessary, too, that whatever his feelings, the face of the courtier should wear its courtly expression.

Just within the door stood young Lord Caithness—an admirer of the Lady Edith's, it may be remembered—with his straw-coloured hair, plough-boy cheeks, and forget-me-not eyes.

"Here's Caithness," whispered the earl in his daughter's ear. "If you could only have made up your mind to have had him."

Caithness himself, watching, crimson in the face, to catch the haughty beauty's eye, saw that her lips curled with unutterable scorn, but was happily unconscious that he was the cause of it. By dint of intense staring with the forget-me-nots, he succeeded in forcing an inclination of the head, and was made happy and contented for one day.

The Drawing-room was the largest of the season, and the palace was crowded with the wives and daughters of the aristocracy, magnificently attired, and presenting a superb appearance.

On entering the Long Gallery, both the earl and his daughter found themselves surrounded by innumerable friends whom they had been accustomed to meet in society, and who were all awaiting admission to the Presence Chamber, through which an aristocratic stream had already begun to move. This chamber, in which Her Majesty sits surrounded by the ladies in waiting, is entered from the Long Gallery; it has two doors, one at either end, so that those presented may pass in at one and out at the other without confusion.

Among the first to give Edith a smiling welcome in the Long Gallery was the Countess of Dalkeith, the Earl of Courtland's sister, a thoroughly high-bred woman. She had the tact to do even vulgar things without vulgarity, and she would make the most impertinent observations with a grace that rendered retort impossible.

"Where is he! Where is he?" cried her ladyship, bridging her Roman nose with a gold double glass, and peering round her niece in all directions. "We are all dying to see him."

"If you mean—"

"Tut, tut, who can I mean but him—you know, you know; Mr. Fabian Temple, most gentlemanly man, and very rich, isn't he? Pray accept my congratulations, my dear niece."

"You forget that Mr. Temple is married," said Edith, rigid with vexation.

"Well, there is a lady in the way, I hear," said her ladyship, "but not exactly a wife, is it? Not exactly, eh?"

"You heard this?" Edith asked, in astonishment.

"Certainly, my dear, I hear everything. That reminds me—where is my protégé? Ah, I see. What a crowd! Let me introduce you, Edith, dear, to a very agreeable lady. The Signora Ardui; we met in Italy. An English person, daughter of one of our consuls, now dead. Brought me the highest credentials, and induced me to present her—a favour I would confer on very few, as you know. Ha! here she is. Edith, my dear, the signora."

The crowd was so great that the lady introduced could with difficulty press forward, though her train was folded over her left arm.

The instant she presented herself face to face, a cry escaped the lips of the earl's daughter. She could not repress it. Her astonishment was too intense, too genuine, as in the person before her she beheld her midnight visitor and the correspondent of that morning—Margaret Gath.

The impudent smile played about the white lips and lit up the unnaturally white face of this strange woman.

"Did I not say we should meet again?" she whispered.

"Yes. But here!"

The countess did not catch the words; she only jumped to the conclusion that they had met before, and expressed her delight at that circumstance.

There was no time to do more, for the tide was flowing fast towards the Presence Chamber, and it was

necessary to move with it. The countess and her charge went first, but Edith followed so closely that she could see the signora as she entered the chamber—could see the lords in waiting spread out her broadcaded apple-green train, and had an opportunity of marking her haughty grace with which she moved forward, and bent at the feet of Majesty in readiness to kiss the royal hand.

What happened next she could not see, but there was a sudden flutter and commotion in the room. The faces turned towards the throne were filled with a strangely unwonted expression, and then a scream rang through the Presence Chamber.

Next she saw that the signora was being hurried from the chamber by the opposite door, surrounded by lords in waiting, ushers, and others in attendance.

What did it mean?

Simply that at the moment when the signora—Margaret Gath—knelt at the foot of the throne, a venerable man bent forward and whispered in the ear of one of the princesses, who in turn whispered the words into the royal ear.

The venerable man was the Lord Chief Justice.

The words were:

"That woman is a returned convict. I myself sentenced her to transportation for life."

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOME FROM COURT.

It is too true an evil: gone she is.

And what to come of my dearest this is enough but bitterness.

CHICAGO.

No wonder the Countess of Dalkeith had cried out and fainted away in the very presence itself.

Those sharp, adulterated, scandal-loving dowagers are awfully tenacious of their reputations. The countess was especially so. She would have been if only from the fact that she was rich, and her brother the earl was poor, and she had with her wealth to keep up his position as well as her own. She had to bear in mind perpetually that she was a Dalkeith, and that she was a Courtland also.

Not a breath of slander had ever fallen on the countess up to that hour. She had filled the post of maid of honour in her youth, before the Earl of Dalkeith made her his wife, and obligingly died next year, and left her a dowager with a goodly next-roll. She was therefore well known and respected in courtly circles, and to think that there—there in the eyes of the whole court—she should have been guilty of this outrage.

To faint dead away was obviously the only course open under the awful circumstances.

And then the only thing for those in attendance was to hurry and shuffle her ignominiously out of the royal presence as quickly as possible—through the door by which the convict had just gone—and to get her into her carriage and send her straightway home.

To Edith the disclosure was scarcely less overwhelming.

She listened to the earl as he expressed himself angrily at his sister's folly, but dared not tell him what she knew of the woman. As they rode home in the carriage she felt bitterly indignant at her, and determined that come what might she would break off the communication so singularly opened. Perhaps she felt even more indignant with herself at having thought of employing such an agent. But then the position in which Fabian Temple stood towards her father had made it, and still rendered it desirable, that she should take some desperate course to secure him as her husband, apart from other considerations, the principal being that he was less objectionable to her than many wealthy men who had proposed for her hand—Lord Caithness among the number—and that the scandalous were already pointing the finger of scorn at her as a coquette who had played her part badly and had little chance of a matrimonial alliance now.

This latter argument is sure to be a strong one with any woman, and it lost none of its force with the haughty and overweening Edith.

"But come what will of it, this woman must be avoided," she decided in her own mind long before the carriage reached home.

Once there, the earl shut himself up in his own room greatly perturbed in mind. Edith, too, having dressed for dinner an hour earlier than usual—as the transition from the court dress was so slight—sought seclusion, and therefore betook herself to the library.

It was already dusk, and as she entered, the wax-taper in her hand alone struggled with the gloom of the large and lofty apartment. This taper she placed on the table, and then mechanically advancing towards the fire-place, was about to take a seat.

While she was in the act, some one lightly unperceived rose from a chair on the other side of the fire-place.

It was a woman, and Edith instantly recognised her.

"What do you do here, Margaret Gath?" she demanded, sternly.

"I wish to speak with you, at once, without delay; it is of the utmost importance."

"To you?"

"Perhaps to both of us."

"I am sorry that I cannot listen to you," replied Edith, in her haughtiest tone; "I must request you to leave this house."

She stretched out her hand, on which diamonds glistened in the faint light, towards a rope communicating with a bell.

"I expected this," cried the woman, with suppressed rage, "after what has happened, after the infamous treatment I have received to-day. But do you suppose that I could submit calmly to this degradation—to this outrage?"

"It is a matter in which I have no interest," replied the lady, her jewelled hand still on the bell-rope; "I must request you to retire."

There was light enough to show the angry flash that glowed in the woman's eyes.

"You have no sympathy with my position? You do not resent the cowardice of an attack on me in a place where a scene was impossible, and I could not defend myself? I know that you do not. I had no right to anticipate it. But it may interest you to know that what has happened to-day has not lessened my power of serving you."

"I decline your offer," was the proud reply. "I can accept no service from one of your character, and after the act you have been guilty of to-day."

"And yet, in my position, you would have done as I have done," retorted the other; "you and I are alike bold and proud. We do not willingly yield to circumstances: we defy them. Had the stain of the convict been upon you, and the opportunity of obliterating it presented itself, you would have caught at it, as I did, all the more gladly because the act was so desperate. Had I succeeded, the *entrée* into society, which I have lost, and which would be invaluable to me, would have been regained. As it is, the venture has failed. Well, what then? Desperate ventures will fail, and I am a fool even to be angry over it."

Still the Lady Edith's hand was on the bell. She listened with a half-fascination as the convict poured out these words with fierce impetuosity; but she did not remove her hand, neither did she summon the servants to attendance.

"Was it to say this that you came here?" she asked, relenting a little, for, as the other had said, there was something congenial in their natures, and this proud outburst touched a chord in her own breast.

"No," was the sullen answer; "but I am carried away from my purpose by this folly. You remember our last meeting? It would be strange if you did not, since it paved the way to what has since happened. Before that took place you hardly thought of Fabian Temple as your future husband; since then, you have looked at him in no other light."

"It is false!" cried Edith, indignantly.

"Does he think so?" the other demanded.

"What matters? I am not apt to consult the fancies of those about me. I shall not break my heart over what he may or may not think—but I forget myself."

And she glanced at the bell-rope in her hand. "You order me from your house," cried the woman, with a renewed burst of indignation, "and I go. But it is well that you should know the position of the woman you drive thus haughtily from your feet. You see me here—still young, hardly beyond your own age; you see me with a face not inferior to yours in beauty, save for one defect, the result of my own wicked act—I repeat, for I shrink from nothing, am ashamed of nothing now—the result of my own wicked act. Like you, too, I have the education and the habits of a lady; unlike you, I have a brand upon my life, and since my own act made me the marked woman I am, that brand cannot be obliterated. It goes with me wherever I go; it follows me in whatever I undertake. No matter what my attempts to regain a place in society may be, there starts up at the critical juncture, as there has started up to-day, some wretch who denounces me. In all my dreams of recovered position there is always the denouncing voice, and the cry of 'Margaret Gath, the convict!' that wakes me to want and misery!"

A groan came from the depths of her very heart as she paused.

Then with a defiant look she resumed: "So it comes about that I, and those like me, grow reckless and dangerous. The 'dangerous classes,' they call us. They're right—heaven knows they're right! Hunt down the tamest beast in your field, and it gets desperate and turns on you. For years they've hunted me down. I'd be good, I'd be honest, and have the respect and the love and friendship my class hunger for, and that others hold so lightly.

They won't let me be. They bar my way to honesty and a decent life, and make me—dangerous."

"And what has this to do with me?" demanded the lady, releasing her hold of the bell-rope.

"Everything," was the prompt answer. "I, Margaret Gath, the denounced convict, have made myself mistress of your affairs. I have wormed myself into the confidence of your wealthy relative; that confidence, she will tell you, I have abused. Nonsense, I have abused nothing but her vanity and credulity. I used no art but flattery. I cringed and flattered her, and she laid bare to me her family secrets. I flattered her yet more, and she opened her purse to my hand. Then I had but to lie and cringe and delude her a little further, and she committed herself to the extent of presenting me at court. All this while, depend on it, I prepared myself for consequences. I wormed myself into all her secrets and those of her family, and, not the least of all, I found out what touched your father's interests—and yours."

"Mine?"

"By little and little I found out that the earl had made himself *Miser Hyde's* slave."

"Slave?"

There was a tremor of indignation in the voice that echoed this hateful word.

"Yes—slave," repeated the woman. "What else? Was he not bound to him hand and foot? Was there a shilling or an inch of ground he could call his own? And when the miser died and the money passed to his heir—Fabian Temple—I remembered old times, old times that I'd known, and I said 'What is a slave's daughter but a slave, to be bought and sold and turned over to the highest bidder!'"

The face of the earl's daughter was livid with anger.

"You dared say this of me?" she cried.

"I did. We are the dangerous class and dare say anything. I went further; I said: 'If Temple were a free man, this slave would tempt him into bargaining with her slave-father for her purchase. I can set him free for a price, and he will give it.' I was right. Upon the hint I gave you, you did tempt him. You showed him how he might become yours. You had an apt pupil."

"How? What does this mean?"

"That I have improved on your temptation?"

"What?"

"That—for a consideration—I have proved to him that his marriage with the woman who would take his life if her heart would let her, was a delusion. That he is free."

"And he knows this?"

"Have I not said your pupil is apt? He has learned his lesson well. Before this day is out he will offer you his hand."

"But the proofs of what you have said?"

"Oh, we are not particular about 'proofs' when facts jump with our wishes."

"Yet even the most infatuated—even Fabian—cannot take the bare word of a returned convict in such a matter," exclaimed Edith, with bitterness.

"You forget," retorted the woman, "that he did not hesitate to entertain your suggestion to invent what I now assert as a fact. Yet it is not so long since that suggestion was made."

"He has told you this?" demanded Edith.

"Enough that I know it. Enough too that you will profit by it. And this brings me to my purpose here. After what has happened to-day, I must fly from this country. For that purpose, I need money, and you must give it me. I cannot apply to Lady Delkeith again, and the dangerous classes have few monied friends. This is why I come to you. Through my aid I give you a fortune; I only ask as a proof of your gratitude that you place in my hands sufficient to purchase my escape from this hateful country."

"In which the convict element is not appreciated," Edith sneered.

Margaret Gath's eyes flashed fire.

"You sneer! You refuse my request?" she asked.

"Absolutely."

"You defy me—"

"No. I neither defy you nor court you. I simply order you to quit my presence."

"And yet one day," cried the woman savagely, "you will be ready to sacrifice your life for my friendship."

"When that happens," was the quiet answer; "I shall have learned to appreciate the 'dangerous classes' more highly than I do at present."

So saying she turned her back on her angry guest and walked towards the great painted window which formed one end of the library.

Stung to the quick, Margaret Gath—so proud though so fallen—could not control herself. Her voice rang out, shrill and tremulous, as she exclaimed:

"Despised convict as I am, and proud and noble as you are, I have the power to drag you down to my level; and I will do it. Mark me, as there is a heaven above us—I will do it!"

She flung up her arms as one uttering a malediction, and was gone.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CRISIS.

Here all is coldly comfortless gay.
All strange, all new in uncouth gorgeousness.
Lofty and long, a wider space for misery.
Even my own footsteps on these marble floors
Are unaccustomed, unfamiliar sounds.
Oh, I am here so wearily miserable!

Her arms—her viper coil! I had forsworn
That thought, lest he should come and find me mad,
And so go back again and I not know it.
Oh, any pitiful, poor misfortune.
A moment to distract my busy spirit
From its dark dalliance with that cursed spirit!

Alfman.

What meanest thou? Titus Andronicus.

DURING this interval, it will naturally be asked, what had become of the hapless woman who had the misfortune to call herself Fabian Temple's wife?

Driven to the verge of distraction, her feelings had been like those of one insane.

She had seen the man whom she loved with idolatrous fondness carried away by his fortune, and the infatuation which it fed, until he no longer regarded her, or treated her even with the show of kindness.

He had no heart, no mind, no faculty of existence that was not bound up in the earl's daughter. He saw, lived, breathed and moved in the charmed atmosphere of his love for her. And since that fatal—that wicked suggestion of the possibility of denying the validity of his marriage had been broached, he had avoided Hilda as a man with criminal intentions is sure to avoid his victim. Conscience does indeed make cowards of us all, and Fabian in those days of infatuation and contemplated sin felt this and despised himself for his weakness.

Hilda's feelings were of a twofold nature.

Sometimes she was filled with the bitterness of outraged affection, and then she had it in her mind to denounce Fabian, to tell all she knew and all she suspected of his complicity in *Miser Hyde's* murder. Sometimes, her love for him conquered, she had only harsh thoughts for the Lady Edith, and prayed to heaven to give her strength to control herself so that he might never suffer at her hands.

Had she been left to herself this latter feeling would have gained the victory.

But she was not left to herself.

There was a haunting dread ever at her elbow. That wretched little impersonation of jealousy—Doctor Vosper—never suffered her mind to know peace or rest, and never gave her better nature its opportunity of asserting itself.

Little by little he had wormed himself into her secret, and though he did not in so many words counsel her to denounce her husband, he never failed to irritate those feelings certain to lead to that result.

It was his policy to do so.

The hatred with which he beheld Fabian's growing favour in the eyes of his mistress had only this outlet.

But for that it must have turned his brain. So, again and again, he returned to the charge, assured that sooner or later the smouldering flame in the breast of the outraged woman must spring into a blaze, and assured that when it did it must prove fatal to his adversary.

The disclosure which Vosper's deaf sister had unintentionally been instrumental in making weakened his influence for awhile. Hilda saw the motive by which he was actuated—his love for the Lady Edith, and it startled her into reflection resulting in suspicion.

Besides, for any one to love that terrible woman was unendurable.

However, by degrees, the doctor had re-asserted his supremacy.

Fabian grew more indifferent to his wife, and it was clear that he relaxed none of his attention to the earl's daughter. Vosper kept the wronged woman informed of the progress of affairs—omitting no point that might inflame her mind against Fabian—and she in the intensity of her curiosity forgot the unworthiness of the informer in the avidity with which she grasped at the news.

All this time she had occupied her place in Temple's house as his wife. True, her rooms formed a suite on one side of the mansion, while he occupied the other, and it often happened that they did not meet for days. They who had hardly passed an hour out of each other's society for years!

Still the outward forms of propriety were kept up. The servants might have had their scandals, and formed their own opinions about the footing on which the master and mistress stood, but the opinions of the servants' hall did not reach the drawing-room. Moreover, indifferent husbands and neglected, pining wives are not altogether rare, even in the highest society.

This was the state of things when one evening Fabian came home to dress for dinner.

It was the evening of the day on which the Drawing-room had been held.

As he entered his dressing-room, his valet presented him with a letter. It must have been of an absorbing nature, for he had no sooner read it than he commenced re-perusing it, devouring the words with his eyes as he did so, and then hastily thrust it into his pocket, and called for his cheque-book.

The cheque he wrote was for a heavy sum, and the valet, naturally curious, as valets will be, afterwards made out from the blotting-paper that it was made payable to Abel Gath.

Dismissing the valet while in the act of affixing his signature, he then carefully enclosed the cheque in an envelope, addressed it to "The Moat"—as the blotting book afterwards revealed—and placed it with the other papers of importance in his pocket-book.

"That posted," he muttered, "and the thing is done. The world may call me harsh and heartless; they will do it, but what do I care? Because I have made one mistake in my life am I to bear the consequences of it for ever? I ought never to have married Hilda. Married? This letter shows me that I never did. Gath may lie or may speak the solemn truth about it—that is no concern of mine. What does concern me is that Hilda's temper is incompatible with mine, that this makes me wretched, and keeps her so, that she has fancies and suspicions about—about what I don't care to have suspected, and that now some arrangement must be come to. Arrangement," he repeated the word, pressing his brow as he did so, as if at a loss what to think or determine upon—"will any arrangement satisfy Edith that her position is an unsatisfiable one?"

With this singular enquiry—singular in the mouth of one whose first thought ought to have been of his wife's honour—he finished dressing with great care, and taking his gloves and opera hat, descended the stairs into the hall, whence he proceeded straight to his wife's apartments.

She was dressed for dinner—they were going out on an invitation to dine with friends.

As he entered, she turned her haggard face towards him, and a flush, which might have been one of anger or pleasure, dyed it momentarily.

Fabian sat down on the circular ottoman occupying the middle of the large room.

"We have a quarter of an hour before the carriage comes round," he said.

"And you devote that to me?"

It was said with an affectation of surprise, and not without bitterness.

"Yes, to you."

He stopped, hesitated, and drew out his watch.

"You have something to say then? Something of business, I mean?"

"Exactly," he put away his watch hastily; "you have selected the right expression. It is business. Since we came into our fortune—so far as we have come into it—you do not appear to have been happy, Hilda."

"The appearance has not deceived you," she replied.

"I have been miserable. You know it."

"Ab, I have thought so. Always the case when persons rise into a state of society to which they have not been accustomed."

"Is this insult, Fabian?" she asked.

"Not at all—fact; nothing more. At all events, this cannot go on. I cannot drag the weary chain of a wretched and complaining wife. Besides, this is not the worst; on more than one occasion you have acted and spoken in a manner so equivocal and so singular that—that I have felt myself compromised."

"And in what way?"

"My safety, I mean."

"Safety? Why what have you to fear?"

He looked up sharply from the one white glove he was putting on.

"Nothing," he replied, "except what every man, every rising man, has to fear—the slanderous tongues of those who envy him."

"And I have given occasion to those slanderous tongues! Had I no cause?"

"None, save of your own making; fancies of your own coining. But it is in vain to wrangle, besides, the carriage will be here in seven minutes." He took out his watch again as he spoke, and again it seemed to embarrass him, for he hesitated before he proceeded. "In a word," he then said, "this breach between us, irreparable, widening day by day, has forced on me a step which I never thought to have taken, but which has been rendered inevitable. If you will recur to the circumstances of our marriage you will guess in part what I mean."

Hilda started to her feet.

"Enough," she cried; "you come to tell me of the success of your plotting with the infamous Lady Edith. You have decided that I have no evidence to prove myself your wife! It is to this that your insatiation and her wickedness have drawn you at last? Fabian, Fabian! I dared not believe my ears

when I overheard this infamy planned. I would not believe that you had the heart to carry it into execution. When that night I listened behind the Ibis in the conservatory—that night at the duke's—I was merciless upon her, but I forgave you. I had faith in your better nature. And now you come to tell me that my forgiveness was in vain, that my faith in you was misplaced! You come that I may hear from your own lips the lie that tells me I am not your wife!"

He hung his head, hung his handsome face with shame; but he offered no word of contradiction or denial.

Nor did the miserable woman wait as if in any expectation that he would do so.

"It is true, then?" she demanded. "Now, hear me. Persist in that infamous fabrication, and no human power shall stay me from my duty. I am your wife—your lawful, wedded wife. The proofs of it may be wanting or difficult to find; they may even have been destroyed by ingenious villainy. But the truth remains, and though I leave your roof this night—though I refuse to share it longer with one capable of this cruel wickedness—mark me, I do not resign my rights. I am and I shall ever hold myself your wife. Dare to disclaim me—dare to attempt to bring infamy upon my name, and I will have no pity. I will accuse you openly and without remorse—ay, though my evidence brings you to a shameful death."

Fabian started from the ottoman.

"Hilda!" he cried, "what is this folly? Of what dare you accuse me?"

She hesitated an instant.

Overpowered with emotion, she seemed as if she stood on the point of tottering forward or falling to the ground. Then, with one great and concentrated effort, she shrieked forth:

"Of the murder of David Hyde!"

(To be continued.)

THE LOST FOUND.

THERE was no prettier girl in all Edgesfield than Farmer Fletcher's daughter, Rose.

Often those sweet names, borrowed from the sweetest things on earth, Rose, Lily, Violet, and all the rest of them, scarcely suit their owners; and when Patience is a shrew, and Prudence somewhat wanting in common sense, no wonder why people will name their children after the virtues, without having some reason to believe that they will bear some slight resemblance to their namesakes.

But if ever name fitted the child on whom it was bestowed, that given to the farmer's only daughter was the one.

Just as sweet was she, just as pretty, just as delicate. As about this rose hangs perpetual fragrance, so about this girl seemed always to hover an atmosphere of purity, and truth, and love.

She was not a great lady, not even a fashionable one—only a plain farmer's daughter, who had been taught to read, write, and cipher at a country school. But few women ever met her, never any man, who did not feel at once that she was one of this world's better ones. With such a face, and such a voice, she could not but have been as nearly sinless as mortals may be.

Perhaps the farmer loved his child the more that her mother had given her young life for hers, and that she was his first and only child.

Certainly he was very fond, and proud, and tender of her, and all Edgesfield knew that whatever the old man had to leave would be left to Rose.

A beauty, an heiress, and with the reputation of being unusually amiable, no wonder that Rose had many suitors. The only wonder is, that among all none pleased her but Willie Wharton.

Young farmer Harrington had a fine farm, which joined her father's. The handsome minister would have been glad to make her mistress of the cunning parsonage, which nestled in the shadow of the church steeple; and Squire Gray, who rode over so often from Burnside, would have been glad to lay his fortune at her feet.

Farmer Fletcher was well pleased by Harrington's attention, flattered by those of the minister, and highly honoured by Squire Gray's admiration of his pretty daughter, and when he told her, one bright afternoon, to choose between the three, had not the slightest fear of any hesitation on her part.

What was his surprise, then, when Rose, instead of naming her preference, flung herself into his arms and began to weep.

"What ails you, child?" cried the farmer.

Rose only sobbed.

"I can't marry either, father."

The old man soothed her.

"You'd rather stay with me," he said. "Well, I don't find fault with that, for it's a sign you love

me; but I'm old, and may die any day. I want to see you have a protector before I leave you, and which shall it be? I own I fancy the squire, but if you like either of the others better, I'll say naught. Come, which shall it be?"

He waited for an answer, and Rose summoned up her courage.

"Father," she said, at last, "I never will leave you until you compel me; but when I do marry, it can be only one in the whole world. I've promised, and I'll keep my promise or die single."

"Promised, without telling me!" said the old man. "That was very wrong. But girls are bashful and shy about these things. Come, who is it?"

He listened, expecting to hear the name of some well-to-do neighbour, and fairly started when Rose's pretty lips whispered in his ear the name of Will Wharton.

"Will Wharton!" he cried, "the sailor lad, who lives with his mother in that little three-roomed cottage? You're crazy, girl! A poor, seafaring youth, who may be drowned any day, and will never leave his widow a shilling. Nonsense!"

"Will is poor," sobbed Rose, "but he is good."

"Tush, tush," cried the old man; "so are the others good. Where will you find a better Christian than our parson, or a more benevolent man than the squire? And what harm have you ever heard of Harrington?"

"I've heard no harm of any," replied Rose, "only I love Will, and don't love them."

"Love!" cried the farmer. "Bah! love matches never turn out well. I may seem cruel, but I'm thinking only for your good. You must give up all thought of the sailor, and marry the squire. A pretty thing, indeed; and I suppose when I was gone, your fine sailor would walk off with your money, and never be heard of again. Seafaring men have a wife in every port, and as for good, listen to them aboard ship, with their evil oaths. Will Wharton?—no! I'll see you married to the squire before the year is out, if that's in your head."

And Farmer Fletcher meant what he said. He gave a favourable answer to the squire, who never dreamt but that Rose had given it, and came ever beaming with smiles to prove his devotion that very evening.

And between her awe of that darling gentleman and her natural obedience to her father, poor Rose let things take their course until it was too late to offer opposition.

The squire hardly knew whether to be content with his shy wild Rose as he called her, for she shrank from his kisses; and made no answer to his tender speeches, and the farmer knew his girl would go to the altar with an unwilling heart; but he reasoned that when she was a wife all would be right, and that such a silly thing as love made no difference in a year or so to any couple, and hurried the affair so that the grand wedding could take place in the coming Christmas.

All the fine things were bought. The old housekeeper had made the wedding cakes, one golden, with a thatch of frosted icing; the other black with fruit.

Good things to eat and drink were piled up in the store-room; and up in Rose's room glistened the splendid silver-silk, over which the bride's veil was to float.

And when this point was reached, and Rose had knelt at her father's feet, and begged him not to force her to the marriage, and had been laughed at for a silly child; when the very eve of the wedding day had come, and the flowers for the wreath chosen, and the ring was ready in the squire's pocket, Rose lifted her little window at the dead of night, and was away with her sailor lover, and married to him before the dawn broke.

So that Farmer Fletcher going to his daughter's chamber to call her on her wedding morn found only a note, blotted by tears and hastily written, begging him to forgive her, for she was married to the sailor, Willie Wharton.

Forgive her. The old man vowed he never would. So when letter after letter came, asking for one word of kindness, he flung them into the fire, and sent back a cruel answer, bidding Rose remember she was no child of his henceforth.

That was while he was sore with the reproaches of the squire and the talk of the village gossips, but by-and-by, when these wounds were healed, he began to long for his little Rose and to blame himself more than her.

And so, a year from the day of her elopement, he set down to write her a letter, bidding her bring her husband to the farm-home and be forgiven.

Only for an evil deed that letter would have brought father and child together; but there was one who desired no reconciliation to take place, and that one was the farmer's housekeeper, Mrs. Gaul.

She had, of late, begun to hope that by clinging to

the desolate old man she might so win his favour, that the whole of the property should be left to her; and when she fancied symptoms of relenting, had felt that all her hopes would vanish were father and daughter suffered to come together.

She watched the old man narrowly while he accomplished what, to him, was the serious task of inditing a letter, and when it was sealed and directed, offered her services to take it to the post-office.

"If it's a kind word to Miss Rose, I shall be glad to help it on its way," she said hypocritically.

And the farmer answered: "Yes, Jane, it's a kind word or two that ought to have been written long ago."

So Jane Gaul took the letter and set off with it over the fields, but when she was fairly out of sight, sat down on a half-way stone, and tore it open.

It was such a letter as she feared. One that would have brought Rose to her father's arms in a day.

And she read it through with an angry laugh, and then rent it into bits, and flung them into a little pool hard by, where she watched the loving message sink amid the pebbles, until it was quite gone.

Then she went home to watch the father's anxious face when the daily mail came in, and to guard against any such interruption to her pian as a penitent letter from poor Rose.

At last a letter did come, full of love and full of sorrow. It almost melted Jane Gaul's heart. Will had been away upon a voyage three months, and there was a rumour that the ship he sailed in had been lost. She was without friends, her money nearly gone, her heart broken.

So ran the tale. Jane Gaul was nearly tempted to seal the letter again, and let the father read it. But, as she brooded over the fire, a little demon at her ear whispered that she would be a fool to fling away all chance of being a rich woman, and yielding to the evil impulse, she tossed the tear-blistered sheet into the flames, and after that she did not dare to confess, for the shame and punishment it would have brought upon her.

Then, lest Rose should absolutely come to the farm, Mrs. Gaul went to the city; where the letter was dated, on pretext of visiting a sick sister, and found poor Rose in her miserable home, and gave her false kisses, and a story false than they.

She told her that her father was too angry ever to forgive her, and had sent word that she would never receive her at the farm, and that this was all he would do for her.

And with that, she laid a sum of money on the poor girl's knee, and went her way, haunted, bad as she was, by the woe of cry:

"Oh, I have no one on earth to love me now. Willy is gone, and my own father casts me off!"

But though Jane Gaul's conscience pricked her, it did not wound her to confession or repentance.

She even went so far as to repeat to the old man a story she professed to have heard in the city, of how Will and his wife were enjoying themselves together, and laughing at his discomfiture when he found her flown.

She repeated speeches calculated to anger and mortify the old man, and veiled her motive by many assertions that she did not believe they had been uttered, and that Rose would never have so spoken but for her husband, who had spoiled her.

"You're a good woman, Jane," said the farmer; "but you can't alter it. We'll never talk about it any more."

And they never did. It was not a subject that Jane Gaul cared to discuss, and the farmer from that moment never broached it.

But he thought, if he did not speak, and soon his cheek grew hollow, and his form attenuated, and a cough set in that no medicaments could cure; so that, at last, he lay upon his pillow, thinking his end was near, and ready to meet it.

Jane Gaul nursed him faithfully, and if remorse now and then stung her heart and darkened her brow, those who saw her believed that sorrow for the old man was the cause of her emotion.

He fancied so himself, and at last the end for which she had striven was gained, for, lifting himself upon his elbow, as the sun was setting one bright August eve, Farmer Fletcher called her to him:

"Come hither, Jane," he said; "you have been faithful to me to the last. I do not mean to forget it. Call lawyer Penman, while my strength lasts and my mind is steady. I mean to leave the farm to you. No one deserves it better, and I have no daughter now. You shall have all, Jane, but a legacy I mean to leave the parson. Go, Jane. God knows how soon I may begin to fail, and with a greedy glimmer in her eyes, the housekeeper left the house to find the lawyer.

He came at once, and, while the will was writing, there stood about the old man's bed the doctor, the minister and Jane Gaul; the latter sobbing, so that

more than once the doctor urged her to control her feelings, lest she should excite his patient.

At last the will was written, and ready for the old man's signature. It had grown dark by this time, and the shutters were closed, and the candles lighted.

"Bring me a light, Jane," said the farmer; and the housekeeper took up one of the candles and approached the couch.

The old man's eyes were weak, and she held it very close as he dipped his pen in the inkstand and bent over the paper.

In her eagerness to see the name which set the seal to all her hopes, the housekeeper forgot her usual caution and bent forward, with her greedy eyes fixed upon the parchment—so far forward that a fluttering end of the checked kerchief fell across the flame, and in a moment flashed into a blaze.

All the woman's dress was cotton, and as she rushed, screaming, about the room, dress, cap, and kerchief were one great sheet of flame.

They caught her at last, and smothered out the blaze, but there was no hope for her by that time, and she knew it.

The end was gained too late, for she should never have lived to be the rich woman she had schemed to be.

And, amidst her pain, came fears of future punishment, yet more terrible; and the wretched woman, with some hope of winning pardon, called for her master, and, between the screams forced from her by her agony, revealed the whole.

Not a word did the farmer speak until she had told all; then, with a sort of groan, he started to his feet.

"Bring me my riding-coat and boots, and saddle my horse; I'm going to bring my daughter home; I'll not be stopped; I'll not be told it will be the death of me. I mean to live for the sake of Rose—for the sake of my little daughter. Pray that I may not curse a dying woman, parson, for my soul's sake."

Then, the old man, who had hardly left his room for weeks, seemed suddenly to grow strong again, defied them all, and rode away on his great brown horse just as the breath passed from the body of poor Jane Gaul.

Through the long night the clatter of his horse's hoofs sounded on the road, and by dawn they touched the city's flagstones. Then the farmer saw that his old dog had followed him.

Jane Gaul had told them where Rose dwelt, and only at her own door was the brown horse permitted to pause, covered with foam.

It was a wretched tenement house, and at the door, early as it was, stood a barefoot woman, with her apron full of chips.

She stared at the wan old man, who asked for Mrs. Wharton, but led the way upstairs; and, pausing at a dingy garret door, said briefly:

"That's her place—go in."

The father pushed the door open and entered.

It was a garret, with a slanting roof and broken walls. The only furniture, a chest, a chair, a bureau, on which stood a little box, the open cover of which revealed some letters tied with faded ribbons—an end of a candle, plainly just extinguished—and a little rough bedstead, by which a woman knelt in prayer.

Her face was hidden, but the farmer knew the golden hair and girlish form, and stood trembling on the threshold, when the old dog, who had followed him up the broken staircase, rushed past him into the room and bounded towards the kneeling figure with a whine of joy.

The dog had recognized his mistress, and in a moment she had started up to her feet and was clasped in her old father's arms.

Before that day had closed, Rose Wharton took her place in the old farmhouse once again.

And then, as though the silver lining of the dark cloud which had so long hovered over her was indeed revealed at last, there came from over the wide ocean news of Willie's gallant ship—a rumour at first, but a certainty at last. So that the day came when the storm-tossed sailor entered the farmhouse door to clasp his happy wife to his broad bosom, and grasp the hand old Farmer Fletcher offered him, with the name of son.

M. K. D.

An American paper states that George Francis Train is studying military science, in order to have a subordinate command in the Fenian army, which is shortly "to invade Ireland," and that he is preparing his addresses to his troops, which "will be modelled after the famous ones of Napoleon I."

LIVER KETCHUP.—This case came before the magistrate again, and Mr. Woolrych, still holding that ketchup is not "food," dismissed the summons, but granted a case for the Court of Queen's Bench. The judges of that court will, therefore, have to decide, after elaborate argumentation, whether an article which is swallowed in considerable quantities every day is, or is not, food in the legal acceptance of that

term. Should the judges agree with the magistrate, it will be time to think of amending the Act of Parliament under which these proceedings are taken. In the meantime, the public will be able to form their own opinion as to the merits of "Pure Leicestershire Ketchup." Liver, we are informed, are largely used in popular cookery. They are said to form the basis of "hare soup."

RICH UNCLES.

THE pleasures of benevolence which a rich uncle may be considered to enjoy are, indeed, compared by a great Greek philosopher to the pleasures of paternity; and it may be that in exceptional cases they even supply the place of the latter.

Human nature is in the habit of boasting of its instincts, but a large proportion of the feelings we term instinctive are evidently to be accounted for on a simpler though less flattering theory. That human nature possesses any instincts, properly so called, has been denied, may be doubted, and certainly never can be shown to demonstration. It is by no means certain that, after allowances made for the influence of sentiment, interest, and reason, a father would naturally be drawn towards his son; and the affection of human beings for their offspring is possibly made up of a powerful and perfect union of the three.

However this may be, it is tolerably clear that the three are nowhere so completely united as in the case of the relation between parents and their children; and the rich uncle whose mission is to bring prosperity to his belongings can at least enjoy parental pleasures in a secondary and imperfect way.

It is, in truth, the only fashion felt in which a man can enjoy them without entering into the precarious speculation of marriage, or without sinning against social decorum, and incurring the social penalties imposed upon the sinner. The skeleton, however, in every benevolent man's closet is and must be the reflection that it is almost impossible in advanced life, when the power of exciting romantic attachments is gone, to bind others to us, except, indeed, by the glittering and fragile tie of gratitude.

That rich uncle is a happy and exceptional personage who can bring those about him to identify their interests with his own, and to feel bound to him by the sentiment that unites children to their parents. To achieve this result something more than the benefactions of a kind old gentleman are usually necessary, unless accompanied by qualities that command enthusiasm and regard.

Even a millionaire cannot take affection by storm, or break through the circle of family reserve, as Jupiter broke through the guards of Danae, in a shower of gold. Those who wish to live in the affection of others had better not wait to make the effort till they are old and wealthy, but begin sometimes when they are young.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, having completed their transatlantic engagements, are about returning to England. They will leave New York on the 18th of April.

THE Oil Springs Chronicle, of Canada West, says that an extraordinary oil well has just been discovered in Canada. It yielded on the 21st of February 2,259 gallons of oil in one hour, which was at the rate of 1,692 barrels of 32 gallons each a day.

A LITTLE book has been published to assure us—that is, not the editorial personage, for we object—but to ask all of us of Great Britain to become vegetarians. The beauty and healthiness of the principle are vouched for, and the cattle disease is to be the reason of our eating potato food. But if we all consume potatoes, what would their price shortly be?

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CEMETERY.—A Merovingian cemetery, of the seventh or eighth century has just been discovered at Potitappville, near that town. A farmer, while levelling the ground on the side of a hill, found a quantity of human remains buried in graves lined with chalk, and accompanied by vases made of dark clay, iron swords, and a variety of metal utensils. The finder at once communicated with the Abbé Cochet, the archaeologist, who superintended the excavations for ten days. Several bronze rings, belt-clasps, and other articles were collected, and will be deposited in the departmental museum at Rouen.

THE DODO.—At a meeting of the Zoological Society, on the 9th of January last, Professor Owen read a paper giving a full account of the discovery, and describing in detail some bones of this wonderful extinct bird, the *Didus ineptus* which formerly belonged to the Mauritius. During the past autumn, a small morass, the "Maro aux Songes," has been drained for agricultural purposes, and during the operation these bones were discovered and collected by a gentleman

residing near the spot, by whom they were sent to England for disposal. This was done by Mr. Stevens, very recently, at his auction rooms, where they were submitted in nine lots, the first of which was knocked down for £15. Mr. Flower, the conservator of the Hunterian Museum, secured the next most interesting lot for £10. The University of Oxford purchased another lot for the same amount, and a small portion went to Dublin. Altogether, the nine lots realised £83.

BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "Self-Made," "All Alone," &c. &c.

CHAPTER LII.

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires!
Strike for your altars and your fires!
Strike for the green graves of your sires!
God and your native land!"
They fought like brave men—long and well—
They piled that "deck with foesmen" slain—
They conquered! *Hallel.*

"STAND to your guns, men!" thundered the captain of the *Xyphias*.

And the deafening cheers sank into silence, and the order was promptly obeyed.

"Mr. Ethel!"
The young lieutenant came quickly at the captain's call.

"Pass the order to fire at the enemy's mizen-mast. Strike it as low as possible; for the lower you carry it away the more unmanageable the *Sea Scourge* will become. The heavy press of sail she carries forward will then lift her stern high out of the water, and render her less obedient to her helm."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the cheerful voice of the young officer, as he touched his cap and went forward to see the order executed.

The gunner in charge of the lee bow-chaser was old and experienced.

The lieutenant gave him the order, word for word, as he had received it from the captain.

"Well try, sir," said the veteran, with a confident smile and a pat on the breech of his gun, which satisfied the lieutenant that the gunner knew his business. The gun was now ready. He sighted her, and gave the command:

"Fire!"

Out poured the deafening discharge, and two hundred pairs of eyes were tracking the course of the ball through the air, each in impatient suspense to see the effect.

It struck close under the stern of the enemy.

"A good shot! a capital shot!" exclaimed the captain. "A little more elevation on your next, and you will splinter his mizen-mast!"

Meantime Lieutenant Ethel raised his telescope and took sight at the chase. And it seemed that the captain of the *Sea Scourge*, finding that his false colours did not protect him, and having a ball drop so close under his stern, concluded that he was known, and determined to fight the battle out under his true ones.

And the next instant his stern-chaser answered the iron messenger from the *Xyphias*.

The shot plunged into the sea close on the weather quarter of the gallant ship, doing no other harm than capriciously splashing the jolly tars on that side.

"A free shower-bath in hot weather is a pleasant and a wholesome thing!" exclaimed a young midshipman, who had received his full share of that blessing.

But another poor fellow, a landman recently shipped from Cape Town, who had been standing gaping and staring with mouth and eyes both wide open, received a deluge on his face and chest, striking him with such a shock that he lost his balance and his reason at the same moment, and fell flat upon his back, rolling over and over, imagining that the ball had struck him, and that the water gurgling back from his throat was his own life-blood, and bawling at the top of his voice:

"I'm shot! I'm shot! My head's off! My head's off! Take me down! Take me down!"

Amid roars of laughter from his companions, an old salt caught up a pair of shell-hooks, similar in shape to fire-tongs, and reaching forward, brought the ends together over a piece of flesh with an unmerciful squeeze.

The dead man sprang up with wonderful agility, and, amid piercing shrieks, bawled out:

"I'm shot again! I'm shot again! Take me down below! Take me down below!"

Such peals of laughter followed this, that the lad opened his eyes, looked about, came to his senses and realised his position.

At the captain's command he went forward and slunk out of sight.

The next shot from the *Sea Scourge* took off the head of the brave old salt, splashing it round and round until it struck the deck, while the headless body sank quivering down upon the very spot where but a moment before the form of the coward had rolled.

But—
"The coward dies many deaths,
The brave man dies but once."

Shot after shot was now exchanged between the ships with little effect; the *Xyphias* all the while gradually drawing nearer the *Sea Scourge*, and the chase growing more exciting.

At length a lucky shot from the *Xyphias* struck the enemy's mizen-mast, just above the mizen-top, and down came the wreck.

Cheers upon cheers went up from the crew of the *Xyphias*!

Yells of defiance answered them from the decks of the enemy!

Lieutenant Ethel again levelled his glass at the chase.

The *Sea Scourge* still minded her helm, as her spanker and crotchet were still standing and drawing. The wreck of her mizen-mast was promptly cleared away, and she doggedly answered gun for gun, shot for shot, though the *Xyphias* was now gaining rapidly upon her, and her case was well nigh hopeless.

At last a shot from the *Xyphias* struck the taffrail of the enemy, close by the wheel, scattering the splinters in every direction.

One struck the helmsman, driven to his very heart. In his death-agony and delirium, he clutched the spokes of the wheel with a grasp that could not be loosened; and he slowly sank windward to the deck, turning the wheel with him.

The *Sea Scourge*, in obedience to her helm, rounded sharply to the wind.

Seeing his ship broaching to, the captain of the *Sea Scourge* ran aft, yelling:

"What d'ye mean by that, you—see cook? Luff! Luff!"

There came no response from the helmsman; and, indeed, in the same instant that he ceased speaking the captain perceived that the man was past hearing.

He reached the helm too late. The ship was already taken aback, and lying directly across the course of the *Xyphias*, and not two cables' length from her. He gave the helm to a seaman near, and springing upon the poop deck, yelled forth the order:

"Bake her with your port battery!"

Then issued forth a tremendous discharge that shook the privateer from mast-head to keel, so that she trembled like a living creature struck with palsy. Then he braced her yards and put her wheel hard down so as to bring her again upon her course.

Meanwhile, from the deck of the *Xyphias*, Captain Yetsom, observing the privateer in the act of broaching to, first looked, expecting to see her haul down her colours.

But as they continued to fly, he put up his helm to clear the *Xyphias* from the raking fire that he foresaw would be poured into her from the port battery of the enemy.

But so quickly did the *Sea Scourge* broach to, that the *Xyphias* could not get away in time; and so she received the enemy's whole broadside obliquely over her lee bows with disastrous effect.

The roar of the cannon, the crash of falling timbers, and the shrieks of the wounded were appalling.

Many poor fellows lost their lives, and many more their limbs.

But now, above all the noise and confusion, the voice of Captain Yetsom rang out clearly and firmly: "Man the starboard guns! Clew up the courses! And as we cross the privateer's bows, take good aim and pay her well for this!"

And before the *Sea Scourge* could veer round upon her course again, the *Xyphias* came across her bows. A long line of fire belated forth from the starboard guns, sending iron missiles crashing and tearing into the *Sea Scourge*, and dealing death and destruction everywhere among her crew.

Here Justin's clear and ringing voice was heard high above all others in the cheers that rose heavenwards from the deck of the *Xyphias*.

Again these cheers were answered with yells of defiance from the deck of the privateer, whose sails now began to fill rapidly, so that she quickly wore round.

This brought the ships opposite to each other.

And now commenced a murderous exchange of broadsides. Rear followed rear! Crash came upon crash!

The shrieks of the wounded on both sides mingled with each other, and with the cheers of their unhurt companions.

Justin was everywhere—inspiring the brave to still greater deeds of valour, encouraging the faint-hearted till they overvalued the most heroic, helping all by

precept and example, and serving at the guns where men had fallen, until relieved.

And now the fore-mast of the *Sea Scourge* was seen to totter, then to fall!

While the enemy was thus encumbered with this wreck, Captain Yetsom set his courses, and shooting ahead, took up a raking position, from which he poured into the *Sea Scourge* a galling fire of grape and cannister.

The privateer persistently returned the fire with her bow-chasers, and promptly cleared her deck from the wreck of the fore-mast.

Captain Yetsom, seeing that with the indomitable courage of his countrymen she would sink before she would surrender, and seeing also that she was manoeuvring to get into position again, determined to carry her by the board.

He stood off for a short time and gathered his officers and men about him, and said:

"That privateer is well fought. Her commander will go to the bottom with her colours flying, rather than haul them down. He cannot have many men remaining fit for duty; so, to save the lives of my men, as well as that ship and her crew, I am resolved, by the help of heaven, to carry her by the board."

This announcement was received with tremendous cheers.

"Enough! To your quarters, men!" thundered the captain.

The order was immediately obeyed.

"Mr. Ethel!"

The young lieutenant sprang to his captain's side.

"Get ready the boarding party."

Ethel sprang to execute his order.

Captain Yetsom then put his ship to the about, and as she came in collision with the *Sea Scourge*, poured into the enemy a broadside from her port battery, and then, cutlass in hand, leaped on board, followed by Justin and the whole boarding party.

Here they were met by a set of men, few in number, but desperate in resolution, and a terrible conflict ensued.

Foremost among the boarding party might have been seen the tall form of Justin, cheering on the men and striking good blows for the flag he loved so well.

In the meantime, what was Britomarte doing? Where Justin had left her, she had sat studying what she might do to help the good cause.

Suddenly she found out her mission.

"There will be wounded men," she said, "and no one to attend to them in the excitement of the action."

And she arose and opened her trunks and boxes, and took from them all the soft old linen she could find, and sat down to tear it into bandages, and having done that, she began to pick the shreds that were left into lint.

While Britomarte was engaged in this humane work, her panic-stricken companion lay in one of the berths, with her head under the cover, trying to deafen herself to the sound of the battle.

When the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying began to mingle with the roar of cannon and the crash of timbers, then Britomarte gathered up her linen bandages and lint, and put them in a little basket with a pair of scissors, a flat knife, and needles and thread, and with the basket on her arm, she went up on deck.

Everybody was too busy there to see or stop her.

Through the black and sulphurous smoke, through pools of blood, between dead bodies, headless of the cannon balls that were crashing past her, she made her way to that part of the deck where the ship's surgeon stood among the wounded, having them carefully carried below.

"Doctor, I have come to take care of these brave fellows," she said, pausing at his side.

The surgeon looked at her in dismay.

"Young lady, for heaven's sake—" he began; but she took the word from his lips.

"Doctor, for heaven's sake forget that I am a woman, and look upon me only as a human being, able and willing to be useful," she said.

"Boom—oom—me! crash! splash!" came a cannon ball from the *Sea Scourge*, tearing its way over their heads, and dropping into the sea before them.

Britomarte stood like a statue, absolutely unshaken by the tremendous shock.

"Were you not frightened?" asked the doctor, in amazement.

"No; why should I be?" she coolly demanded.

"Nay, why should you not be?"

"In the first place, because I have no fear of death; in the second, because I have no great love of life. If I could feel fear, I should rush to the very front of danger to cure myself of the weakness."

"I believe you would. You are formed of the metal of which heroes are made."

"Let me help you," said Britomarte, feeling impatient of his praise, and pointing to the basket of linen bandages and lint that she carried in her hand.

"Well, my child, you can help me, and you may. And at least you had better be down below with me binding up wounds, than up on deck with the gunners helping to make them, as I think was your first aspiration," replied the doctor.

"Yes," said Britomarte, "I should like to serve at one of the guns, but since I am not permitted to do so, I am willing to be useful in any other way. And you will find that I shall not dress our brave sailors' wounds any the less tenderly because I should prefer to make wounds for other people to dress on the bodies of the foemen!"

And saying these words, she followed the doctor down into the cockpit, where the wounded lay, some in hammocks, some on sail cloth, and some on the naked planks.

And there, her courage, humanity, and above all, her divine purity, so impressed the ship's surgeon, that he did utterly forget that she was a young lady, and he made her as useful as if she had been a medical student.

At the surgeon's orders, with her sharp scissors and steady hand she ripped up the sleeves of the sailors' wounded arms with promptness.

She cut sticking plaster into long, slender slips, and watched the doctor to see how he brought the gaping lips of mere flesh wounds together, and closed them by laying across them, at right angles, these delicate strips of plaster, and then bandaged them up with linen.

She watched him perform this simple operation once. And then she assured him that she could do that as well as he could.

And after that, while the surgeon attended to the more serious cases—probing wounds, extracting balls, and even amputating limbs—Britomarte closed and bandaged all the simple flesh wounds with a skill equal to that of the surgeon himself, and with a tenderness that drew from her rough patients many thanks and blessings.

And all this time the roar of battle went on overhead and all around her. Occasionally a ball struck near.

At length, however, the cannonading ceased, and a noise and confusion of another sort was heard above—a mighty cheering and hurraing and running to and fro.

"What does that mean?" exclaimed the doctor. But nobody could answer him, and he was too busy with his wounded to go and see for himself.

Britomarte had dressed the last wound of her last patient, and was holding a glass of brandy and water to his lips, for he was faint from the loss of blood, when another injured man—a young midshipman—was brought down.

And he reported that the captain had resolved to carry the enemy by the board.

"And that brave young fellow, Mr. Rosenthal, is foremost among the boarding party, fighting like another Paul Jones," he added.

Britomarte listened breathlessly, but waited quietly until her patient had drained the glass that she held to his lips, and then she gently laid his head back, put down the glass, and rushed up on deck.

She reached that horrible deck—the scene of the late carnage, littered with the splinters of shattered timbers and shreds of rent canvas, and fragments of broken weapons, and obstructed with dead bodies; and over all, hung a sulphurous smoke of gunpowder that obscured the vision and blackened all the sails and rigging; and above all rang the clash of steel, the report of firearms, the screams of the wounded, and the yells and cheers of the combatants.

Through all these horrors Britomarte rushed to the starboard side of the ship, to which the *Sea Scourge* had been clawed up so closely that any one might easily pass from one to the other.

On the deck of the *Sea Scourge* the battle was raging fiercely.

At first, her senses all bewildered with horror, Britomarte perceived before her only a pandemonium of clanging, clashing, thundering, smoking, blazing, bleeding, screaming, yelling chaos!

But presently her straining eyes made out the figure of Justin.

Conspicuous above all the rest by his great height and strength, and by the grandeur of his inspired countenance, which seemed as that of a god of war, and flinging himself wherever the fight was fiercest, he soon became the one target of the enemy, who struck at him from all sides.

Seeing him thus surrounded and desperately fighting, Britomarte clasped her hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, Heavenly Father, protect him! In thine infinite mercy protect him!"

Then, no longer able to restrain herself, on seeing him in the most imminent peril, she caught up a cutlass from an arm-chest near, and crying:

"Oh, God of Battles! give strength to my weak woman's arm this day!" she rushed over to the deck of the *Sea Scourge*, and stood by her lover's side.

Meantime Justin had singled out the pirate Captain Mulligan as his own; and also Mulligan, who was a brave man, had singled out the mighty champion of the *Xyphias*.

And at the moment in which our amazon, cutlass in hand, boarded the *Sea Scourge*, these two met; and Justin's other assailants fell back at a signal from their captain.

And now, between the two, stroke followed stroke in rapid succession, each very adroitly parried. At length Mulligan lost his temper, and with that his presence of mind, and made a fierce lunge at his adversary's heart, which was quickly parried, and before he could come to his guard again, Justin brought down a crushing stroke upon his head that felled him to the deck.

But as he was in the act of levelling this fatal blow, he caught a glimpse of a seaman with a cocked pistol pointed close to his head.

He thought that his time had come; he mentally prayed that his soul might be received in heaven; he heard the report of the pistol, felt the ball whizz through his hair, and thanking the Lord for his preservation he turned and saw—what? The seaman's pistol arm resting on the cutlass with which Britomarte had struck it up!

To her, then, he owed his life.

But there was not an instant of time to think of that now.

Quick as lightning, his arm flew up and his steel fell, crunching through the brain of the seaman, who dropped lifeless to the deck.

Every act in this passage of arms passed with the rapidity of thought.

There was not more than a minute occupied in the felling of Mulligan, the aiming of the pistol, the striking it up by Britomarte, and the braining of the assassin by Justin.

Now heedless of the battle storm that raged around them, Justin dropped upon one knee, as a knight before his queen, and, seizing the hand of his beloved, he exclaimed, with deep emotion:

"I owe my life to you!"

"I have owed mine many times to you. Thank heaven that you are saved!"

After the fall of their captain was known to them the rebel crew submitted, crying for quarter.

The *Sea Scourge* was now the prize of the *Xyphias*.

CHAPTER LIII.

Thus far our fortunes keep an onward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.

Shakespeare.

Plumed victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful look;
Equally distant from proud insolence
And false humility.

Mansfield.

As soon as the crew of the *Sea Scourge* had surrendered, Captain Yetson ordered them below and closed the hatches.

Then he detailed a small party of his own men and placed them under the command of Midshipman Bester to take charge of the prize, and ordered the others to their own ship.

As soon as he regained the deck of the *Xyphias* he sent for Lieutenant Ethel, and passed down into his cabin.

A strange weakness, dizziness and dimness of sight was creeping over him.

"Why, what is this?" he said to himself. "It cannot be from that scratch! Bosh! I must get a glass of brandy."

But in the act of crossing to his locker, he turned giddy, reeled, grasped at the nearest object for support, and then fell forward upon his face to the cabin floor in a deep swoon.

At that very moment Lieutenant Ethel was in the act of coming down the companion ladder.

He instantly ran to his assistance, exclaiming anxiously:

"Captain! what is the matter? Are you ill—wounded?"

Receiving no answer, he placed his hands under his captain's arms to lift him up, and in doing so perceived that his coat was saturated with some warm, glutinous matter. Instantly withdrawing his hands for examination, he found them covered with thick blood.

In serious alarm now, he turned the captain, and drew him gently to a spot where the fresh air could blow upon him, and then to run to the head of the companion ladder, and calling to the sentinel stationed near, he said:

"Scrubber, pass the word to the cockpit that the captain requires the presence of the surgeon immediately in his cabin."

He refrained, from prudential motives, from saying

that the captain was wounded, (and dying, as he supposed him to be,) for Captain Yetson was so idolized by his crew, that any injury done to him would be likely at any time to be visited heavily upon the perpetrators.

And Mr. Ethel felt that should the crew of the *Xyphias*, in their present state of excitement, hear of their captain's danger, no one could be answerable for the lives of the prisoners on the *Sea Scourge*.

So he gave the order in the ambiguous words quoted. And that order was passed precisely as it was given.

Ethel for his part rushed back to the side of the captain and began rapidly to unbutton his coat and vest.

When he came to his underclothing he found it crimson with blood, that had flowed so freely as even partially to fill the space between his top boots and the limbs they covered.

The young lieutenant groaned in anguish of spirit, for he loved his captain as man seldom loves man.

The surgeon now came down the companion ladder, seeing Ethel bending over the prostrate form of the captain and tearing away the blood-stained clothing, he rushed forward, exclaiming:

"What's all this? What's the matter? The captain wounded? Good Lord! he is one clot of blood! In heaven's name, sir, why was I not told before?"

"I came in here but a moment ago and found him lying flat on his face," replied the young man, in a heart-broken voice. "Oh, doctor, is he dying?"

"I hope and trust not. He has fainted from loss of blood."

"I loved him as a father! he was so good, so kind! Oh, doctor, is he wounded mortally?"

"How can I tell until I examine the wound. Here, take hold of this sleeve of his undershirt while I take the other. Now draw gently. There's the wound. And what a wound! I fear it is all over with our poor captain! Come, Ethel! Stop that! this is no time for blubbering like a woman, my boy! A minute, as we use or waste it, may save or lose our captain's life. Here, take the water in this basin and gently swab the blood away from that wound, which I perceive has nearly stopped bleeding, while I run for my instruments," said the doctor, rushing out of the cabin as fast as his fat legs could carry him.

No braver man than young Ethel had boarded the *Sea Scourge* that day; yet as soon as the doctor was gone he burst into sobs that shook his whole frame; and his fast falling tears mingled freely with the water with which he washed his captain's wound.

He did his work as tenderly and as thoroughly as possible, and had perfectly cleaned the wound by the time the doctor returned.

And even to the young man's unprofessional eyes the wound looked less formidable than at first.

The doctor got down upon his knees and made a very careful examination, and then he lifted his head and exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven! It is not near so bad as I had expected to find it! It is an ugly flesh wound at worst, and he'll weather it. You see, a pistol ball has entered here on his right side and furrowed its way clear across the chest, and come out under the left arm. No wonder he bled so much. But he could bear it. He could bear it!"

While the doctor spoke, he lost no time; he was busy cutting long, slim strips of sticking-plaster, with which he gradually brought the ragged edges of the wound together, securing them by laying the strips at right angles with the length of the wound, and then carefully bandaging.

When this was done, with young Ethel's assistance he washed his patient thoroughly, put fresh clothes on him and laid him on his bed.

Lastly, the doctor administered restoratives that soon brought the captain to himself.

On recovering his consciousness, Captain Yetson looked languidly around, and finding himself upon his bed, and seeing Doctor Brown and Lieutenant Ethel bending anxiously over him, he feebly inquired:

"Why am I here? What has happened?"

"You have been wounded, but not seriously. You fainted from loss of blood and fell upon your cabin floor. Lieutenant Ethel found you and called me. And we have dressed your wound, and undressed you and put you to bed, where you are to remain for the present."

The captain reflected a moment, and then said:

"I thought I was scratched—somewhere under my coat; but I had no idea that I was wounded and bleeding to the point of faintness."

"No, perhaps not; for no one else had, till we picked you up. The thickness of your clothing prevented the blood coming through, except in a very small quantity, which could not be perceived on account of

the colour of your coat. But your under clothing was crimsoned down to your boots. So there is nothing left for you to do now but to lie quietly here until you recover," said the doctor, speaking thus frankly because he saw plainly symptoms of rebellion on the part of his patient. The symptoms broke out.

"Bosh! lie here indeed, and the light just over, and a thousand things to see to, and the commander of the ship," exclaimed Captain Yetson, throwing one leg out of the bed and rising on his elbow. But he immediately fell back from faintness.

"Ah, ha!" said the doctor. "Try that again, my lad, will you? Now see here, captain, you are the commander of the ship; but I am the commander of you just at present! and I command you to keep still. And it depends upon your obedience to my commands whether you continue to command your ship."

While the doctor spoke the captain had been contemplating his own hands, so rough and ruddy a few hours ago, so white and waxen now.

"Je-hos-o-phat, King of the Jews!" he faintly exclaimed; "can these be my hands?"

"Yes! and you've got a face to match 'em. Do they look like wielding a cutlass? Or even like holding a speaking trumpet to your lips, supposing those white lips of yours strong enough to speak through it? Come, captain, be a good child for once, and keep quiet since you can do no otherwise."

The captain writhed and frowned. Of all things he abhorred to lie inactive in bed at this crisis. But he recognized the truth of the doctor's words, and he submitted to necessity; the more readily because he felt that the few words he had spoken had already exhausted him.

He rested to recover a little strength, and then he beckoned young Ethel to stoop close to his lips.

"Mr. Ethel," he whispered, "you will take command of both ships. See the prisoners secured according to your best judgment. Make all necessary repairs. Then—salute for Cape Town."

Having with difficulty given these orders, Captain Yetson turned his face to the wall, and from sheer exhaustion fell asleep.

Doctor Brown and Lieutenant Ethel left the cabin. The doctor went to attend to his other cases. The lieutenant hastened to attend to the important duties that now devolved upon him.

Meantime, where were our two young friends, and what were they about? Justin and Britomarte had returned to the Xyphias with the officers and crew. As soon as the general congratulations upon the victory were over, Justin walked apart with Britomarte, and taking her unresisting hand in his, looked upon it with intense affection for a while, and then in a low and earnest voice, he said:

"You have gloriously redeemed your word, my sister. You have borne a heroic part in this engagement. You have passed where the cannonading has been heaviest, and you have risked your life in the thickest of the fight! But thank God!—oh, for ever and for ever thank God that this white hand has been raised only to save and to heal, and not to slay!"

His voice, his whole frame, so shook with emotion as he uttered these last words, that she caught the contagion and dropped her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears. He drew her closer to his heart and leaned over her.

The rough sailors passing near saw all this, but they had long ago let this pair down as betrothed lovers, and their only feeling was one of sympathy with them.

"By ganny!" said one grey old sea-dog as he passed, "if I could find a gal like that one, I'd spark her myself, old as I am!"

Justin bent over Britomarte, delicately soothing her, more by looks and touch than by words. At last he said:

"Do you know—can you imagine, dearest, how deeply, doubly grateful I am to Divine Providence that it is to you I owe my life? A good gift is always precious, but more precious from those we love, and most precious from the one we love most!"

"Brother Justin," she said, raising her head and smiling through her tears, "I do not make more of this matter than it really is. I, too, am deeply grateful that I was enabled to save one who first saved me, and who, for two long years, toiled hard to keep me from starvation on that desert island. Say no more about that, brother; but oh! devoutly thank God with me that He has protected you through all the dangers of this dreadful day!"

"I do—I do, Britomarte! that He has protected, not me alone, but us, for you have been throughout in as great danger as any here. Oh, Heaven! when I think of that!"

"Brother Justin," interrupted Britomarte, recovering her old tone, "whatever we do, don't let us grow sentimental."

"We will not. But this I will say, and you must

hear. By one of the most heroic acts that man or woman ever dared, at the most imminent risk of your own life, you have saved mine. But I tell you now, Britomarte Conyers, that the life you have saved is worthless, and worse than worthless, to me, unless you will allow me to devote it henceforth and for ever to you!"

Again his voice and his whole frame shook with the intensity of his emotions. She, too, was deeply agitated; but with a queenly effort she regained the sovereignty over herself and answered gravely:

"I am ashamed of you, brother Justin. That sentiment was quite unworthy of the mighty champion of the Xyphias who carried terror into the hearts of the Sea Scourgers. Devote your life to God and to his suffering humanity, and leave me to do the same."

And she was about to leave him to return to her wounded patients, when something in his aspect, that was not sentiment, or passion, or anything like either, alarmed her.

"Justin—brother; how ill you look! What is the matter? Is it possible that you are wounded?" she breathlessly demanded.

"I am fatigued, dear sister; do not disturb yourself. But where is Judith? I have not seen that warlike heroine for some time, though she was a brave volunteer for any emergency. Is she killed, wounded, or taken prisoner?" laughingly inquired Justin.

Britomarte also laughed as she replied:

"Poor Judith! If her nerves had been as firm as her will was good, no doubt she would have kept her promise. But at the sound of the first gun her wits left her; at the second, she buried herself, head and ears, in the blankets of her berth; and—the last I saw of her she was flying down, making for some unknown depths of the ship's hull. I must really go and inquire for her."

"Ay, sister, go," said Justin, in a faint voice.

"Justin, you are ill!" exclaimed Britomarte, looking at him with renewed alarm.

"Fatigued, dear sister, fatigued."

"But you are so pale!"

"Have you not seen me as pale as this after a day's work on the island?"

"Yes, sometimes, when the weather has been very warm."

"Well, the work has been very warm to-day. Never heed me, sister. A little rest will set me all right, and then I shall be able to give some assistance to the officers, until they reduce this chaos to order again."

Very slowly and reluctantly Britomarte left him, and went down to send a messenger to look for Judith, while she herself gave her services to the wounded.

As soon as Britomarte was out of sight, Justin tottered to the nearest gun carriage, and sat down upon it, utterly unable to move a step farther.

In the hand-to-hand fight on board the Sea Scourge, he had been half conscious of receiving a wound, though in the excitement of battle he had paid no attention to it; but when the fight was over and the excitement subsided, he was made fully aware, by a sharp pain under his right arm, and a trickling sensation, that he was wounded and bleeding.

Even then, not wishing to part with Britomarte, he had retained her at his side until an approaching faintness warned him that to save her from the knowledge of his condition, he must let her go.

Therefore he spoke of Judith, that Britomarte might go in search of her, and give him the opportunity to look to his wound.

His lifeblood was flowing fast away, his strength was failing him, yet he gave no utterance to suffering, lest he should distress her whom he loved more than life.

Now that she had left him, it was with a sigh of intense relief he sank down upon his rude seat. He felt that he had not power to reach his cabin, and that he must look to his wound as he sat.

He called to a seaman passing near, and desired his assistance. He also sent word to the sentry at the cabin door not to let the women out until he should give the word.

Then, with the help of the seaman, he took off his clothes and came to the wound.

It was not a severe one, though it had bled so freely. He had been struck from behind with some long, sharp weapon that had entered near the armpit, passed through the flesh of the right side, and come out through the skin near the breast-bone.

The other sailors, seeing Justin stripped to his waist and covered with blood, came running to him with expressions of alarm and sympathy, for by his bravery and kindness he had become a general favourite.

"They were all vociferous in their demands for the surgeon. But Justin checked them with a word."

"By good friends," he said, "there are many poor

fellows who need the surgeon much more than I do; let him attend to them first." And then he sent a cabin-boy for some water, towels, and clean clothes from his state-room.

At this moment Lieutenant Ethel came out of the cabin. Seeing the men grouped idly around the gun-carriage, he came up to order them to their duties, when, perceiving the state of Justin, he exclaimed:

"Good Heaven, Mr. Rosenthal! You wounded too!"

"Yes, but very slightly. Give yourself no uneasiness, Lieutenant."

"Has the surgeon been sent for?"

"No, and pray do not send for him. Leave him to attend to the poor fellows who need him more than I do."

"I insist upon sending for him. All our badly injured men have been looked to. And now I see that your hurt is not the trifle you would make it out to be. Here, Jones, go down and desire the surgeon to come up at once. Men, to your duties!"

The messenger went on his errand. The seamen dispersed at the order. And soon the good doctor came.

"Ah! Mr. Rosenthal wounded? I thought it hardly possible for you to have escaped, if all were true that I heard of you! Not badly hurt, I hope! Let me see—this fellow has struck at you from behind, and with a dagger too. May Satan fly away with the cowardly assassin! If he can be identified, he ought to be hanged!"

"Never mind him now! I don't care to have him identified! And I don't think the wound severe!"

"No, it is not severe. A few days' rest and regimen will set you all right."

The doctor soon closed the wound, and then told Justin to lean on his arm while he led him to his state-room.

But Justin asked the doctor first to send down to the cabin, and get the women out upon some pretences, as he did not wish to distress Miss Conyers with needless fears.

"Miss Conyers! Why, bless you, my dear fellow, I left Miss Conyers hovering like an angel of mercy over the poor wounded sailors there; ministering to their wants, alleviating their sufferings, and bringing smiles to faces that before her coming had been wrung with anguish! She is a lovely woman!" said the doctor.

"Heaven knows she is!" responded Justin.

The doctor now supported his patient to the state-room, laid him in the berth, and after a few moments left him in a refreshing slumber.

(To be continued.)

LABOURERS have for some time been employed in getting gravel upon the farm at Milvercot, near Stratford-on-Avon, occupied by Mr. J. C. Adkins, and they have just discovered an immense number of skeletons of men in an excellent state of preservation. At present not the slightest clue has been found to account for them, but their appearance suggests that a great battle must have been fought upon or near the spot in some remote age. The bodies were laid in pretty regular order, with the heads in one direction, and it is calculated that the mound contains upwards of 3,000 of them. The spot has been visited daily by great numbers of persons from all the surrounding districts, and much speculation is indulged in. The idea that a battle took place near the spot is much strengthened by the fact that all the skeletons are males, and mostly young men, the teeth not showing the least decay.

PATENT SPIRIT TAP AND REGISTER.—Messrs. Angus and Stuart, foremen in the employ of Sir William Armstrong, have just patented a new invention in the shape of a patent spirit tap. The tap is of a very simple and ingenious construction, all that is fixed to it being a small brass compartment about three inches long and one inch broad, containing three dials which indicate the number of glasses, pints, and gallons which are used. The way of using is very simple; if half-a-glass is wanted, the tap has to be turned half-way round, and that amount of spirit runs out, the tap has not to be turned back as is the case with the ordinary spirit taps; if a glass is drawn the pointer on the dial which indicates glasses points to one glass, and when eight glasses have been drawn, the pointer of the dial which indicates pints points to one pint, and when eight pints have been used, the pointer on the dial which indicates gallons points to one gallon, and so on till the barrel is empty which supplies the tap. The connection from the barrel is an ordinary gutta-percha pipe, and the regulator can be made so as to indicate any amount of spirit. Our opinion is that it is a most wonderful invention, and we have no doubt that as fast as the articles can be made they will be bought up; indeed, we hear that several are already ordered, and we are sure that the patentees may be congratulated on the success which they have encountered in the manufacture of this article.



[HER LATE MAJESTY THE EX-QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.]

MARIE AMÉLIE DE BOURBON.

A GREAT—more—a good woman has passed to her tomb, leaving behind her a hallowed name, a virtuous and marvellous, or at the least a remarkable and chequered history. By birth one of the most illustrious of European Princesses, but bred in exile, after a long, womanly, queenly—queenly in the best sense of the word—during which she experienced alternately the highest prosperity and the lowest adversity, she has died an alien both from the land of her birth and her adoption.

So exceptional is the biography of her late Majesty, and so importantly is it mixed up with the history of the last half century, that we may be pardoned for giving it in *extenso*. Born in the purple, bred and married in exile to an exiled prince, raised again to the purple, blessed with a loved and loving family that once promised to continue one of the most ancient of dynasties, she lived to be again exiled, and alas! to outlive many of those nearest and dearest to her heart. Envious as to ordinary mortals, may seem the lot of royalty, no working woman ever suffered more, or did better, than the late Queen. Verily, if a virtuous woman be a crown to her husband, to the late King, Louis Philippe, Marie must have been as a triple crown compared with the golden circlet of France. Illustrious by her birth, still more so by her marriage—moreover the wife of the richest men in Europe—she escapes to England as Mrs. Smith and dies Countess de Noilly—*sic transit gloria mundi*—none, gentle or simple, have ever passed through the fires of a more chequered career. Gentle, good, and charitable, when seated on a great throne, in adversity brave, determined, and resigned, albeit that adversity struck deep into the very recesses of her heart. What a lesson is her history!

How little after all the real difference between the mortal career of a Queen and of the meanest peasant wife—and as for the latter, what a model! Forget the Queen, think only of her as Amélie de Bourbon, maid, wife, mother, and widow; then ponder whether the pages of her book of life may not be opened and read by all women, not only with benefit to themselves, but to those who come after them.

Queen Marie Amélie, born April, 1782, was the second daughter of Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies, by Caroline, daughter of the Emperor Francis of Germany, and the celebrated Empress Maria Theresa. Her mother's sister was the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, consort of Louis XVI., who was decapitated in October, 1793. Marie Amélie was great-aunt of the present Emperor of Austria, the Queen of Spain, and Francis II., the dethroned King of Naples, consequently the aunt of the notorious tyrant Bomba. She was connected with the English royal family through the marriage of the Duke of Nemours to a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the marriage of the late King of the Belgians, uncle of Queen Victoria and of the Prince Consort, to her eldest daughter, the Princess Louise.

The Princess Marie Amélie lived at Naples in her father's palace, and grew up a beautiful and accomplished young woman; more than this, she was regarded by the poor of the capital as an angel of goodness and charity. A time of trouble came for her family. Armies were overrunning Spain and Portugal, and had seized upon the kingdom of Naples also. The King and his family fled; Murat sat upon Ferdinand's throne, and the royal exiles took up their residence at Palermo, under the protection of the British flag.

In 1808 the young Duc de Chartres, son of Philip Egalité, the first prince of the blood of the Orleans

branch of the House of Bourbon, who, having aided to destroy his cousin and King Louis XVI., was himself beheaded by the Republicans, November 6, 1792, arrived with his sister, Madame Adelaide, at Palermo. His brother, the Duc de Montpensier, had died in 1807, his early death having been brought on by his close confinement in the prison of Notre Dame de la Garde; and the Count Beaujolais, his other brother, having been removed to Malta, died there in 1808, after which the afflicted brother and sister, who had attended him, went to Palermo, where they were joined by their mother, who had been in exile in Spain.

The exiled family were well received by the Neapolitan Bourbon Court, and King Ferdinand took a kindly interest in the Duc de Chartres. The young duke on his part took a fancy to the youthful Princess Amélie, whose hand had been formerly refused to the Duc de Berri; but his father's (Philippe Egalité) connection with the Revolution, proved for some time an insurmountable bar to the union. Queen Caroline of Naples had reason to hate the Revolution, since to it she owed the murder of her sister, Marie Antoinette.

"Their Majesties," wrote Louis Philippe to his mother, "urged some objections to a marriage of a princess of their house with a wandering exile, on which I stated that I hoped to induce you to advocate my cause. I should like, my dear mother, to be able to give you a faithful portrait of the princess, who was destined to be my bride even before her birth, but I feel that I should only make an unworthy sketch. She possesses many amiable and elevated qualities, which I shall take the liberty of summing up in one brief sentence. She seems a perfect model of my mother." The duke and the princess were, however, in the November of the following year married in the old Norman Chapel of the Royal Palace; but neither the King nor the Queen, it is said, deigned to grace the ceremony with their presence. The duke's reference to his bride, as "destined for him before her birth," alludes to the circumstance that whilst he was quite a child his father induced Louis XVI. to propose a future alliance for him with a princess of the Neapolitan reigning family.

The Royal couple lived in Palermo for more than four years, except during a short visit they paid to Spain in 1810, when the duke thought he saw an opening in the negotiations commenced between the Courts of Madrid and St. James's, and believed he might be asked to undertake the regency of Spain.

Of this marriage the issue was six sons and three daughters. The eldest son was Ferdinand Philippe (Duke of Orleans subsequently), who was born Sept. 3, 1810, and died July 13, 1842, having married, May 30, 1837, Hélène Louise, daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, by whom (who died May 18, 1858) he left two sons, the present Count of Paris, born August 24, 1838, and the Duke of Chartres, born Nov. 9, 1840. The Duc de Nemours, the second son, was born August 25, 1814, and married April 27, 1840, the Duchess Victoria, daughter of Ferdinand, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who died Nov. 10, 1857, leaving behind her two sons, the Comte d'Eu and the Duc d'Alençon, and two daughters, Marguerite and Blanche d'Orléans. The Prince de Joinville, the third son, born August 14, 1818, married May 1, 1843, Donna Francisca, daughter of the late Emperor of Brazil, and has issue a daughter and a son—the Duc de Penthièvre. The fourth son is the Duc d'Aumale, born Jan. 16, 1822, married Nov. 25, 1844, Marie, daughter of Leopold, Prince of Salerno (Queen Marie Amélie's brother), by whom he has issue the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Guise. The fifth son, who was born July 31, 1824, is the Duc de Montpensier, and married Oct. 10, 1846, Maria, Infanta of Spain, by whom he has issue five children, four of them daughters. The youngest son, Charles, was born July 1, 1820, and called Duc de Penthièvre. Of the daughters of the late King and Queen the eldest was Princess Louise, born April 3, 1812. She married, Aug. 9, 1832, his Majesty Leopold, late King of the Belgians, and died, Oct. 11, 1850, leaving issue two sons—the Duc de Brabant, the present King of the Belgians, and the Count de Flandre—and one daughter, Princess Marie, married to Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and now himself Emperor of Mexico. The second daughter, Marie d'Orléans, was born April 12, 1813; and the third, Marie Clementine d'Orléans, born June 3, 1817, was married, April 20, 1843, to Prince Auguste of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

In 1814 the Duke and Duchess of Orleans returned to Paris, and here the Duke de Nemours, the Queen's second son, was born, and was honoured by having as his sponsors Louis XVIII. and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. The Duchess created a great sensation by her beauty. It was during this short sojourn in Paris that Madame de Genlis, who had been his governess, came to visit Louis Philippe. He at once

introduced the duchess to his old friend, when the young mother embraced the celebrated authoress and declared she had long been desirous of knowing her, adding, "For there are two things which I passionately love, your pupils and your works." "It was impossible," adds Madame de Genlis, "to express in a more graceful manner, in a single phrase, the due feelings of a wife and a sister-in-law, and at the same time to display so much kindness for me."

The Duke was made a lieutenant-general of France by the King, and the beauty of the Duchess caused great admiration in court circles. After Napoleon's return from Elba, the King gave the Duke a command of a division in the north of France, but after a few months he resigned it, in consequence of dissensions with the royal family, "preferring to preserve the peace of France to risking it by family quarrels."

He returned, with his Duchess, to Twickenham, England; but, after the Hundred Days, was summoned to take his seat in the House of Peers. Louis XVIII, however (not unnaturally perhaps), liking and mistrusting the son of Egalité, after the Duke's first speech—which, by the way, anybody but a Bourbon, who had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, would have thought much to his credit, for it was vehemently in opposition to the persecutions threatened against the rebels without distinction of persons—was so enraged that he forbade the Duke of Orleans to enter the Chamber of Peers again.

The Duke, warily, perhaps, artfully watching the liberal spirit of the times, or at least in the spirit of his father, "revenge himself" on the pompous monarch, whose subjects gave him the sobriquet of *Le Cochon* (the pig), by entering one of his sons as an ordinary student in one of the French colleges, and left for England once more, where he lived at Twickenham till 1827. From 1827 to 1830 the Orleans family resided at their ancestral chateau of Neuilly. In the latter year the infamous folly of Charles X., which had long alienated his subjects from him personally, reached its climax, and, at the end of July, the mob had got complete possession of Paris, in defiance of the troops of Marmont. Charles was expelled, and an ordinance was passed, declaring all the Bourbons excluded from the throne. A Provisional Government was formed.

On the 30th or 31st of July the Duke of Orleans was sent for to become lieutenant-general of the kingdom. M. de Glanville, governor of the Tuilleries, had waited on Jacques Laffitte (one of the members of the Provisional Government) and represented to him that the only way to save the country was by sending for the Duke of Orleans, who was a Liberal, he urged, and whose private life was free from the scandalous immoralities which had disgraced other princes, since "he had respected himself in his wife, Marie Amélie, and made himself respected in his children." Talleyrand and Chateaubriand waited on the duchess and Madame Adelaide at Neuilly, wanting the duke to be made regent for the Duke of Bordeaux, heir of the elder branch of the Bourbons. The duchess was not averse.

"Ah, monsieur," she said, "si tous les partis pouvaient en venir peut-être pourrait-on en venir à bout." ("Ah, sir, if all parties would act in concert, perhaps the country might yet be saved.") Chateaubriand chuckled to himself, "Henri est roi," and so Henry might have been if Chateaubriand had only women to deal with. Another deputation, however, waited on the duchess, consisting of Thiers, Ary Scheffer, who was, we believe, not only a firm and intimate friend of the King's but a great artist, and Sebastiani. They urged that the duke should be king. But Marie Amélie was angry, and said to Scheffer—"That M. Thiers should have done this does not surprise me, for he knows but little about us; but you, sir—you who have been admitted to so close an intimacy with this circle—you might have appreciated our sentiments more correctly." After some farther discussion, Madame Adelaide exclaimed, "I am a child of Paris; I will entrust myself to the Parisians." But no impression could be made on the duchess, "in whose elevated mind chivalrous sentiments were paramount to all considerations of ambition or expedience." Meanwhile, Louis Philippe himself was playing his own game in Paris. On his arrival he protested his attachment to the head of his Royal house. "No, no," he said, "I would do rather than accept the crown." How like the declaration of our bishops on their enthronization, *Nolo episcopari*! (I have no wish to become a bishop), or Julius Cæsar's refusal of the crown. The deputation, however, threatened to keep his wife and children prisoners till he accepted it, and on August 7, 1830, he complied.

For seventeen years and a half Louis Philippe's foreign policy pleased the nation. The Duc de Nemours and the Prince de Joinville distinguished themselves in Algeria. Abd-el-Kader was taken, the Bey of Constantine sued for peace, and Algiers became a French military colony. But at home the King never was popular. All the "old parties" complained more

or less justly of him. The corruption in high places and the demoralization of aristocratic society portended a change, while the king's jealousy of and illiberal restrictions on his subjects, gradually alienated him from his people, and made him generally distrusted in Europe.

During this time, however, the good Queen, Marie Amélie, pursued a quiet domestic life. It is a pleasant picture that of the Queen and her daughters-in-law gathered round their homely work-table, engaged in the plain work of notable housewives; the beloved mother in her arm-chair; the Duchess d'Orléans; the Princess de Joinville, beautiful, accomplished, pious, wilful, charming; the Duchess d'Angoulême, the Queen's favourite, full of kindness and benevolence. Yet the Queen could confront her husband's foes without flinching, and enter into political business for her husband's sake with zeal and ability. In 1832 the Carlists, the Bonapartists, and the Republicans were all watching their opportunity. The Society of Friends of the People took occasion of the funeral of some young men who had been killed in a duel to make a great revolutionary disturbance. During the morning of the 5th of June, the King traversed every quarter of Paris on horseback, saying to the officers of his suite, who begged him not to risk his life:

"Fear nothing; I have a stout cuirass in my five sons."

He had come from St. Cloud with the Queen. He went into her Majesty's apartment and quietly told her: "I am going to Paris, Amélie: what are your wishes?"

To which she bravely answered: "To go with you there and everywhere."

Truly the royal lady had need of firmness. Eight times within fifteen years was the hand of the assassin levelled against her husband's life—Borghese on the Pont Royal (Dec. 1832), Fieschi, on the Boulevard (July, 1835), Allard in the Court of the Tuilleries (June, 1836), Meunier on the Quai des Tuilleries (Dec. 1836), Champion on the Quai de la Conférence (1837), Darmès near the Pont de la Concorde (Oct. 1840), Lecomte at Fontainebleau (Aug. 1846), and Henri on the balcony of the Tuilleries (July, 1847), following one another's dastardly attempts in ominous succession.

In 1839 a terrible grief bowed the heads of the King and Queen. The Princess Marie, the Grand Duchess of Wurtemberg, so celebrated in the artistic world as the designer of the well-known statues of Joan of Arc, their second daughter, was cut off in her youth a year and a half after her marriage, after a lingering illness. This blow was most acutely felt by the beloved parents, and the more so as the French people seemed to share but little in the sorrow. But a severer trial was in store for the royal family. The Duke of Orleans, the heir apparent to the throne, who was deservedly popular, and, had he lived, might at this moment have been on the throne of France, was killed by a fall from his carriage on the 13th of July, 1842.

This melancholy event proved a terrible shock to the Orleans dynasty, and hastened in a manner the revolution, which was always more or less reaching and boiling round the throne of the Citizen King.

From the moment of this calamity the fortunes of Louis Philippe seemed on the wane, for the visit paid by Queen Victoria to the Chateau d'Eu in the autumn of 1842, and the kindly reception of Louis Philippe (who was not accompanied by the Queen, Marie Amélie) at Windsor in the spring of 1843, did not prevent an explosion of ill-feeling between England and France in 1844, which was aggravated to a high pitch in 1846—in the one case the people of France, in the other the Ministry, being assiduous in fomenting the flame. There is no occasion to go over the Orléans affair, and the insult offered to poor Mr. Fritchard—the intrigues which brought about the Spanish marriage, and so caused such open discord between France and England—for the Queen, whose biography we are penning, was not concerned therein. Suffice to say the civil war was at hand. In February, 1848, the storm burst forth.

Unfortunately, the King had on the 21st of the preceding month been deprived, by death, of his beloved sister, Madame Adelaide, a woman of great genius and unflinching determination, whose counsels had guided him safely, and whose intrepidity had reassured him in his perplexities.

The populace were goaded into excesses by the audacity of a few ultra-Republicans. The Queen now took a prominent part in the counsels of her husband, and exhibited courage, firmness, and good sense. A council was held in the King's cabinet at the Tuilleries, which the Queen was invited to attend. M. Guizot was absent. The Queen opened the discussion. "If M. Guizot," she said, "has the slightest feeling of devotion to the King and to France, he will not remain an hour longer in power—he is ruining the King." On M. Duchâtel replying that the president was determined to defend the monarchy, not to force himself on the

crown, the Queen stopped an exclamation in Guizot's favour from her husband with the remark that what she had said she would say to the Minister himself. "I esteem him," she added, "sufficiently for that. He is a man of honour and will understand me."

The Duc de Montpensier strongly supported his august mother, and insisted that a message should be sent to the Chambers announcing the grant of reform; but Duchâtel demurred, and went out to bring in Guizot. On his return with the president the King expressed the greatest unwillingness to part with his Minister, protesting that he would rather abdicate.

"You cannot do that," replied the Queen; "you belong to France, not to yourself." "True," said the King, "I am more to be pitied than my ministers; I cannot resign."

After a while Guizot voluntarily resigned, and Count Molé was mentioned. The poor King was much affected at parting with his ministers, and the Queen said to them, "you will always remain the friends of the King; you will support him." The change was of no avail. The fever of revolution was contagious, and Count Molé could not stay it.

In the night of the 23rd a conflict took place outside M. Guizot's house between the military and the populace, resulting in death or wounds to 60 persons, and this put the finishing stroke to the Orleans dynasty. The Queen behaved throughout the terrible scenes of that night and the day following with the greatest dignity and courage. When the act of abdication was extorted from the King it is said that she turned to M. Thiers and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, you did not deserve so good a King, whose only revenge is to retire before his enemies." Before this she had roused the King to action.

At their deliberations after breakfast in the morning, M. de Bismarck and Duvelleroy de Hausranne arrived with the information that not 300 feet from the palace dragons were exchanging their sabres and the soldiers their muskets with the people. The Queen had inherited the feelings of Marie Theresa, her grandmother, and Marie Antoinette, her aunt. "Go," she said to her husband, "go, show yourself to the disoriented troops, to the wavering National Guard. I will come out so the balcony with my grandchildren and the princesses, and I will see you die in a way worthy of yourself, your throne, and your misfortune." The King did go, but in vain; and the Queen and princesses went to the balcony—that balcony where Marie Antoinette had stood on the ominous 10th of August, 1792. She vehemently opposed the abdication which the Duc de Montpensier, with a frantic energy uncommonly near akin to brutality, pressed on his father; but she was overborne, notwithstanding that kneeling before her husband she passionately exclaimed, *Sire, c'est le devoir d'un roi de mourir parmi son peuple*. (Sire, it is the duty of a king to die amongst his people.)

Ary Scheffer relates how he went to the garden of the Tuilleries under the windows of the King's room, and how he heard the Queen calling out to him to beg him to conduct them out of the chateau. He entered with Oscar Lafayette, and before they had got half way to the king's room they met the King and Queen, with their son's children, all hurrying down the stairs.

"Scheffer," said her majesty, "keep close to the King; your uniform will inspire respect."

They set out by the *grande allée* through the gardens, and were put into a *fiacre* which they found in the middle of the Place de la Concorde.

It is thought that at this time the King had no idea that he would be compelled to leave France. He desired to go his chateau of Eu. He had, however, unluckily, forgotten to take any money from the Tuilleries, where he is said to have £14,000 stored up in his private drawers, and the Queen's purse, habitually devoted to charitable purposes, contained but a few gold pieces. General Dumas borrowed, on his own account, £50 at Versailles for him who was once the richest man in Europe, and procured two berlines for the journey.

On arriving at Dreux, the burial-place of the King's sister, of the Duc d'Orléans, and of his beloved Marie of Wurtemberg, the Queen insisted on remaining the night there instead of proceeding any farther, from "a pious desire to kneel that night on the graves of the children she had lost, and pray for the safety of those that remained." Arriving at Trouville, whence the royal couple were to embark on board a fishing-boat for England, they met with a friend in the person of a humble widow, who had a kind of religious veneration for the Queen, before whose picture she had taught her children to pray for the royal family. We all know how the royal couple arrived at Newhaven as "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," how kindly they were received by the generous English people, and how the aged Queen, frequently clasping her hands in emotion, over and over again exclaimed, as fresh tokens of sympathy were poured upon her, "Oh! indeed it is kind—it is most kind!"

The Duc de Nemours, with the Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, met the King and Queen at Oroydon. The Queen screamed for joy at seeing her heroic son, and fell back in her seat, while the King embraced him fervently, the tears falling down his furrowed cheeks. All who saw his majesty pressed on to shake hands with him, and to tender him assistance and comfort. Claremont, as is well known, was assigned to the august exiles as a residence, and they received all the courtesies and the kindness that the royal family of England could show them.

The aged ex-King did not live long. His health gradually declined, and he died, in presence of his beloved wife, on the 26th of August, 1850. He was interred in the Roman Catholic chapel at Weybridge, and the inscription on his coffin expresses the hope that he may not always rest there; that that spot may be the temporary halting-place for his ashes. Since the death of her husband the gentle Queen Marie Amélie has lived in complete retirement, either at Claremont, on the Derwentshire coast, or at Tenbridge Wells.

Within two months after the King's death, the beloved Queen of the Belgians, the eldest daughter of the now doubly-bereaved mother, died prematurely. The beautiful Duchess de Nemours was taken away in 1857, and the May of the following year witnessed the funeral of the heroic Duchess of Orleans. But Queen Marie Amélie was still surrounded with the tender watchfulness and respectful devotion of the brave sons who yet remained to her, and her grandchildren learnt from their parents to look up to her with the deepest veneration. Her memory will be dear to her family, and to all who can understand the grace of her character. Her noble fortitude in adversity, her sagacity, her deep love for her husband, her dignity, her gentleness, her unbounded charity, her unobtrusive piety, are enshrined in the hearts of all who bring feeling as well as intellect to the study of history.

In her retirement Queen Marie Amélie daily received most gratifying tributes to her truly Christian character in the cordial sympathy of the Queen and our Royal family; generally in the reverence and respect of all residents in the neighbourhood of Claremont, the poorest as well as the richest, and in the touching homage and affectionate devotion of her attendants. In 1863 and in 1864 this retirement was broken in upon by the marriage of her grandsons the Duc de Chartres and the Comte de Paris; and those who were present at the Roman Catholic Chapel at Kingston will remember the sensation produced among the vast crowd outside the chapel by the appearance of the venerable lady as she walked from her carriage to the chapel. Feeble in health, leaning on the arm of one of her sons, she still looked queenly and noble; and the simultaneous removal of every hat and the respectful silence of the people showed the feelings with which Englishmen of all ranks regarded the ex-Queen. Within the last few months the venerable ex-Queen has been called upon to rejoice at the birth of great-grandchildren, offspring of the marriages just mentioned.

The close of the year 1865 brought a heavy grief to her majesty in the death of her son-in-law, the King of the Belgians, the husband of her favourite daughter, so universally beloved and so deeply regretted; and Queen Victoria and her children showed their sympathy with Queen Marie Amélie by immediately visiting her and expressing their condolences personally. The kindly nature of our Queen prompted her at once to offer to the aged occupant of Claremont the enjoyment (for life or during pleasure) of that seat which had been endeared to the Orleans family by years of residence and the death within its walls of their head, King Louis Philippe, but which had now lapsed to the crown by the death of King Leopold. The offer, generously made, was accepted, and here the excellent ex-Queen died.

In the House of Lords the Earl of Derby took the opportunity of paying, amid the cheers of the Peers, a high tribute to the virtues, the constancy, and the patience of this excellent Queen, and upon hearing of her death, Imperialists, Fusionists, and Republicans, rendered homage to the greatness of a human soul, outliving the transient favour of fortune and power.

Need we add that the remains of the departed Queen were on Tuesday, the 3rd of April, placed by the side of those of the husband and King she had loved and served so well in the vault of the Catholic chapel at Weybridge, in the presence of her Royal descendants, many of the noble and faithful adherents of her family, and the Royalty of England.

Twilight.—The faint light which occurs in the sky a little before sunrise, and also for some time after sunset, we call twilight, which is literally doubtful or uncertain light. The time of its duration varies according to the latitude and the season of the year. The light is caused by the reflection of the sun's rays,

when below the horizon, from the vapours and minute solid particles floating in it. This property of reflection possessed by the atmosphere, is one of the most beneficial of the whole system of nature. Without it instantaneous and total darkness would follow the setting of the sun, and occur also when that luminary is obscured by clouds. For the same reason the darkness would give way suddenly to the most brilliant light at sunrise. As the sun sets to any point on the surface of the earth, the atmosphere above this point is illuminated by its direct rays, and the reflection from this large surface sheds a certain degree of light over the earth. As the sun sinks lower the shadow of the earth grows larger, and darkness comes on. On the equator the twilight lasts about an hour and twelve minutes. Near the poles, where the sun at noon attains no great height above the horizon, it also keeps near it after disappearing at night; and if its depression does not exceed eighteen degrees, the twilight is continuous until morning.

WATAWA.

CHAPTER XXX.

In the meantime Bessie was seated in the lodge of her captor, securely bound, tied to a stake driven into the ground, and guarded by the chief's sister. The lot of the captive had been most trying and desolate during her captivity, and especially during the latest portion of it, for the Indian girl, jealous of the maiden's beauty, and of its effects upon Scalp-Robe, had been subjecting her to a variety of annoyances and insults.

A silence had finally fallen upon the captive and her tormentor, and both remained quiet and thoughtful, awaiting the return of the expedition which had gone to attack the pioneers.

The interest of Eolah, and that of the squaws generally, in this expedition was such that they did not think of retiring to their slumbers, but remained at the entrances of their lodges, or gathered in little groups, giving themselves up to gossiping or to silent reflections.

Even the youngest members of the community, the unfledged braves, the girls and the children, were unusually wakeful on that night, and were gathered in the open spaces among the lodges, consuming the time after the manner of their elders.

Here and there, on every side of the encampment, were stout warriors on guard, and keeping a sharp look-out, exactly as they had been doing at the moment when Lincoln was so sorely tempted to attempt the rescue of his daughter.

The fires which had been kindled at nightfall throughout the camp were kept up, and continued to form so many centres of attraction for the young people.

A look of anxious expectancy had appeared on the majority of the dusky faces in the encampment, and especially upon the features of Eolah.

With the intention of diverting herself from her rising anxiety, and of quickening the flight of the heavy minutes, she again turned her attention to Bessie.

"Eolah has said it," she declared, spitefully, as she replenished a fire near her with fuel that she might the better contemplate the sufferings of the captive. "The words of the white fawn are useless. The pale-faces shall all be killed, and Lincoln with them. They have come to look for the flower of the pale-faces, but they will not find her. They will find only the Great Eagle and his warriors."

Bessie turned away from her tormentor as she had done before, with a gesture expressive of scorn and defiance. The qualities she had inherited from her father would not permit her to entirely despair, but she was nevertheless too troubled and anxious to waste any words upon her enemy.

Without seeming to notice her exhibition of feelings, the Indian girl resumed:

"It is time for the Great Eagle and his braves to return. Eolah will prepare a big welcome. The Eagle's Nest shall be bright as day with the false light, and the squaws shall prepare food for their warriors."

She summoned a number of the squaws and proposed to them to prepare a triumphal feast against the return of the expedition. The proposition was hailed with general enthusiasm, and no time was lost in carrying it out.

Immense slices of venison were produced from the lodge, corn cakes were mixed, the fires again replenished, and the whole camp was speedily alive with preparations.

Bessie watched all these proceedings in silence. The hum of voices, the forms flitting to and fro, the solitude that seemed to press from all points of the great wilderness upon this speck of life and movement, all the features of the scene, were so many evi-

dences of the sadness and horror of her lot, and she found it difficult to maintain even an outward calmness.

The jubilant declarations of Scalp-Robe, the high spirits in which the savages had taken their departure, the purposes and prospects they had so freely announced one to another, and especially the taunting remarks of Eolah, had filled her with anxiety for the safety of her friends that she found it impossible to banish.

Suddenly, in the midst of the preparations that were being made against the return of the warriors, a strange cry was heard in the vicinity—a loud, wailing cry, resembling that of a certain species of hawk, and a murmur of recognition went the rounds of the encampment.

"There they are!" exclaimed Eolah, as she directed a look of triumphant malice towards the captive. "The Great Eagle is coming, and he has brought the scalp of Lincolnah! The feast for the braves is ready!"

The squaws and the young people all listened, as if expecting to hear additional signals; but they listened in vain.

They knew that the expedition, or some number of it, was approaching the encampment, but they heard not a single one of the long-expected notes of triumph.

The brow of Eolah clouded. "Is the Great Eagle dumb?" she ejaculated. "If not, why this silence?"

Another anxious interval of listening followed, and then a light and agile figure was heard bounding through the leaves and bushes approaching the Nest.

The proceedings of the squaw were entirely suspended, and all eyes were turned towards the side from which the now-comer was approaching.

An instant more, and a young warrior, having been recognized by one of the savages on guard, came bounding into the midst of the encampment.

He was Deer-Foot, one of Watawa's favourite scouts, and a member of the late expedition.

His countenance, like his precipitate movements, betrayed the terrible news of which he was the bearer, and his reception was startled and inquisitive silence.

He panted like a deer hunted to his last covert, and his eyes had that wild and wandering expression which characterizes a human fugitive, as well as a hunted animal, in its last extremities.

He had been among the first to discover the trap into which the expedition had fallen, and, having escaped the bullets of the enemy's opening volley, he had set out at full speed for the encampment.

His clothes, and even his flesh, had been torn in his wild flight through the bushes, and many a time had he stumbled over obstructions unseen in the darkness, bruising himself severely, and his appearance, therefore, as he stared wildly around, revealed the extent, if not the nature, of the night's misfortunes.

In a few rapid and broken exclamations, he revealed all that had occurred since his departure, the march of the warriors, their approach of the hostile camp, the surprise, and the terrible slaughter that had followed.

His narration was emphasized, on the part of the listeners, by groans, howlings, denunciations, and every form of rage, disappointment, sorrow, and despair.

Eolah especially was shocked and disappointed beyond expression, and for a time seemed completely paralyzed by the dread recital.

"The pale-faces know all?" she gasped, when Deer-Foot had finished. "Lincolnah had heard of what passed in the council?"

The Indian nodded.

"And Lincolnah is free?"

"As free as the hawk in the tree-tops!"

"And—and my brother! Where is the Great Eagle?"

The Indian was silent, and the question was repeated, amid a silence like that of death.

"The Great Eagle is like the great medicine-man," replied Deer-Foot, reluctantly. "Watawa will never look again upon his people. The eyes of Deer-Foot saw him fall like a deer that is pierced through the heart by an arrow."

Eolah uttered a prolonged howl of rage and grief, and commenced beating her breast and tearing her hair. In this demonstration she was imitated by all the squaws present, the majority of whom had lost a near relative in the late expedition.

Inflaming and exciting one another they sang of the exploits of their fallen braves, and of the revenge they would have of the pale-faces for these afflictions.

Weeping, dancing, shouting, tearing handfuls of hair from their heads, and smirking their faces and

bosoms, all independently and in concert, they soon presented a scene worthy of a pandemonium.

It was interrupted by the arrival of a second fugitive, by whom the news brought by the first was confirmed, and their effect deepened.

Relieved of the first gusts of her passions, the eyes of Eolah became riveted on Bessie, and she interrupted all the shouts and exclamations of her companions by a commanding gesture.

"Why do we waste our time in this manner?" she demanded, with eyes and features glowing with her furious emotions. "The flower of the pale-faces is in our hands, and we can do as we please with her. Let us feast our ears with her sufferings! Let us tear her in pieces!"

The proposal was received with a chorus of cries that resembled the clamourings of a pack of hungry wolves.

Some seizing brands from the fire, and others brandishing tom-saws and knives, the whole horde of squaws, headed by Eolah, and followed by the savages, hurried towards the helpless captive, with a tumult of threats and denunciations that was horrible.

In an instant the bonds that bound Bessie to the stake were cut, and she was dragged out of the lodge assailed on all sides, pulled this way and that, and menaced by a score of deaths from as many hands, but at this critical juncture a yell of terror and warning came from the guards, and Lincoln, followed by his friends, came bounding with the vigour of an enraged lion into the midst of the encampment.

His arrival was as decisive as timely.

The fore-guards representing the warlike force of the savages thought not of resistance, but fled precipitately, followed by a few straggling bullets, and the squaws and their families, thinking only of their own necessities, lost no time in following the same course.

As if by magic, and in less time than it takes to record the fact, the camp was cleared of the last savages, and Bessie was clasped safely to the breast of her father.

"Saved! saved!" was all she could murmur.

"Saved, dear, thank heaven!" responded Lincoln, with brimming eyes. "Thank heaven that we came no later. But here is Thomas—Robert—a host of friends, burning to see for themselves that you are still in the land of the living. I shall leave you to thank them."

The meeting was as tender as joyous to all concerned, and particularly to Robert and Bessie, who lingered in their glad embrace as if they intended never again to lose sight of each other.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN the excitement of the victorious pioneers had somewhat subsided, Lincoln turned to his children and neighbours and said:

"Well, friends, this has been an important day with us. The power of the Indians in Kentucky is now broken for ever, and we may henceforth enjoy the fruits of our labour. Our daughters and wives may now dwell in the wilderness in peace, and we may safely hope that the perils from which we have rescued Bessie, will never again befall her. For my part, in this hour of victory, I feel grateful to that merciful Providence, who has guided us through these troubles, and I propose that we one and all here unite in a brief prayer of thanksgiving."

Reverently kneeling in the midst of the little group, the scout poured out his soul in a moving prayer, to which his companions made frequent and earnest responses.

"And now, friends," he said, on arising to his feet, "the sooner we are on our way home, the better!"

At this instant a strange and ghastly figure presented itself at one side of the encampment, and bent an eager gaze upon the victors.

The intruder was Watawa.

Notwithstanding the mortal wound and the blow which had left him senseless on the ground, he had recovered his consciousness, and so far acquired the use of his faculties, as to set out for his late camp, sustained in the painful effort by thoughts of hatred and revenge.

Panting, bleeding, maddened by a realization of the complete victory of his enemies, he leaned against a tree just without the circle illuminated by the camp-fires, and surveyed the scene before him.

The weakness of approaching dissolution was visible in his frame, and the mists of death were already gathering in his eyes, but, by a superhuman effort of his will, he cleared his sight and steadied his form to mark the whereabouts and the proceedings of his victors.

From the objects abandoned by his people in their wild flight, his glances wandered to the various groups of his enemies—to the scout, who was talking with Thomas—to a number of the pioneers, who were helping themselves to the venison steaks and corn cakes

left by the savages—and to Bessie and Robert, who were still standing side by side, and talking earnestly to each other.

"That same pale-face!" he muttered to himself, in a husky whisper. "The white fawn looks at him with the eyes of a squaw! Me kill her! The Great Eagle have her in the happy hunting grounds!"

He looked at his rifle, only one barrel of which had been discharged in the late encounter, and his face darkened with a murderous expression, while a lurid gleam of revenge shot from his eyes.

Staggering forward a few steps, he sank upon one knee, and raised his rifle to his shoulder, when a cry of horror and terror from a portion of the pioneers rent the air.

They had detected the prepossession of the chief, and, been duly impressed by the fiendish purpose betrayed by his movements.

"Me have my squaw, white men!" he shouted, with a final effort. "The Great Eagle has his revenge!"

A flash and a report followed—but not too soon for the loving heart and prompt will of Lincoln to save Bessie from the bullet of the revengeful savage.

He had had time enough to throw himself before the maiden, and to receive in his breast the fatal messenger designed for her.

The effect was instant and withering, and he sank quietly to the ground, at the same moment that Scalp-Robe, with a cry in which hate, joy and physical pain seemed to be equally blended, took another feeble step or two towards his enemies, and fell to the ground—dead!

The despatching of the fatal bullet had been his last conscious effort.

"Oh, my father!" exclaimed Bessie in the accents of horror, as she sprang to the side of her prostrate parent. "The cruel savage has killed him!"

In a moment the pioneers had surrounded their fallen leader, and the air was rent with eager exclamations and inquiries.

A hasty examination of the wound, was made by several of the most competent of them, and it was agreed that it was mortal.

Robert knelt beside Bessie, who had found relief in a wild burst of tears, and made an effort to staunch the blood that flowed from the scout's breast.

"It is useless, Robert," said Lincoln, in a voice which was already changed, but which had lost none of its calmness. "I am done for at last!"

"Oh, no, no!" murmured Bessie, as she threw her arms around her father and covered his face with kisses. "I cannot spare you, dear father! You must live for my sake. We will find some way to save you—"

"Hush, dear," interrupted Lincoln, in a tone full of tenderness and affection. "Do not deceive yourself with hopes and wishes of that nature. I feel that I have only a few moments to remain with you, and I must consume them in expressing my last wishes to you. A year ago, or even a week, I should have felt unable to leave you; but you have now another to care for you. If I am not greatly mistaken, you have given your heart to Robert. Is it not so, dear?"

The poor girl, sobbing too wildly to speak, could only encircle the neck of the young pioneer with her arm, and cling trustingly to him, with a love that even the sorrow of that awful hour could not displace for a moment.

"I see! I am answered!" murmured Lincoln, as a peaceful smile flitted over his features. "And you, Robert? What have you to say on this subject? Has my poor little orphan—that is so soon to be—found in you the friend and protector she will need when I am no longer with her?"

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln—father—my father, too!" responded Robert, with a flood of tears, as he embraced the dying man. "Bessie has promised to be my wife. I love her with all my heart and soul, and will love her for ever."

"Then I shall die content," declared Lincoln, as he joined the hands of the weeping couple, "and I leave you both my eternal blessing. And you, Thomas," he added, turning to his son, "how is it with you and Jenny? Are you agreed to travel the journey of life with her?"

"Yes, dear father," answered Thomas, in a voice choked with his sobs. "We were going to speak to you about it."

"Then nothing is left for me to desire," declared the gratified father, as he pressed the hand of his son. "Jenny is a good girl, and you must not forget to tell her that I send her a father's blessing. Let there be a double wedding at the settlement three months from to-day, Thomas; and if, in the days to come you and Jenny should have a son borne unto you, do not forget to name him Abraham, in remembrance of his grandfather, who, from the land to which he is now going, will send him a blessing."

A look of contentment passed over the features of the dying scout, softening the paleness which had settled upon them.

"Oh, live father! live for our sakes!" sobbed Bessie. "We shall all be so happy—"

"Be calm, dear, and do not forget that all is right with us. Why should you wish to dispute the decrees of that wisdom which is perfect and unfailing? You know, dear, what my views are on the great subjects which concern us at this hour, and you will not forget them. You are aware that my thoughts have long been turned to the life to come, for it is there that I shall find your sainted mother, and a host of loved ones who have gone before me to its enjoyments and beauties. It is there that I shall enter upon my real existence, the great life eternal, and there that we shall all meet again at the end of a few years, to walk in love and wisdom for ever."

The voice of the speaker had sunk to a mere whisper, which was interrupted frequently, not only by his increasing weakness, but by the sobs of his children and companions.

"My peace with you all," he resumed, after a pause, during which his face acquired a peace and radiance beyond description.

"Live usefully, as I have sought to do. Be honest, as I have been. Remember that this earthly life is but the commencement of a life which is to endure for ever. Seek the happiness of all around you, and next to that the glory and development of our country. I have done in this way the little that I could, and if you or your children ever become noted, it will be because you follow my example. At last I near the reward of my labours! My wife! my wife! she is coming to greet me! Your parents, Robert, are with her! The very air is full of those old familiar faces! All beaming with joyous light—all smiling upon me! Joy—joy—"

The voice so rapidly falling suddenly ceased altogether, and the soul of the great pioneer passed to its everlasting rest, as calmly and gently as a babe sinks to sleep upon the bosom of its mother.

Ye who have entered the inner temples of existence—ye who have learned the secrets of things everlasting and holy—ye at least can look through the tears of mortality to the joys which have become the heritage of that beloved spirit, and which were to remain his heritage from that day forward for ever and for ever!

A few words and we have done.

A couple of days after the death of Lincoln, his body was laid in the earth, in the midst of the great wilderness he had so long loved, and his children and friends mourned him with that wise sorrow which does not forget the divine compensations that enter into the destinies of all human beings.

When three months had passed, a double wedding was celebrated at the settlement, in accordance with Lincoln's last wishes, and the young couples entered upon their wedded lives with the utmost happiness.

The Indians of Kentucky made no further efforts to impede the march of the white man westward, but retreated, the few that were left of their once formidable numbers, to a reservation west of the Mississippi.

As to Socrates and Miss Clarissa, they continued to "keep company" for several years, without coming to a definite agreement, and then suddenly surprised everybody by getting married.

The settlement founded by Lincoln rapidly expanded to a large town, and then to a city, whereupon (as so often happens in this world) it took to itself a grand name, and the site of the original settlement is now lost in one of its river wards.

We must not forget to mention that the twin babies of the worthy Mr. Bugby eventually became the fathers of two similar "little fellows."

And so, leaving our readers to imagine the happy lives of Bessie Lincoln and the other characters in our story, and to supply any little changes in their names or in their actions which we have thought proper to leave to the discretion of the public, we bid one and all, for the present, a fraternal farewell.

THE END.

A REGIMENT OF MONKEYS.—About two miles from the bungalow to which we were proceeding, we overtook a tribe of large monkeys. I should say there were as many as four hundred, and each carried a stick of uniform length and shape. They moved along in ranks or companies, just, in short, as though they were imitating a wing of a regiment of infantry. At the head of the tribe was an old and very powerful monkey, who was no doubt the chief. It was a very odd sight, and I became greatly interested in the movements of the creatures. There could be no question that they had either some business or some pleasure on hand, and the fact of each carrying a stick

led us to conclude that it was the former upon which they were bent. Their destination was, like ours, evidently Deobund, where there are some hundreds of monkeys led by a number of Brahmins, who live near a Hindoo temple there, and perform religious ceremonies. They (this monkey regiment) would not get out of the road on our account, nor disturb themselves in any way; and my friend was afraid to drive through their ranks, or over any of them, for when assailed they are most ferocious brutes, and armed as they were, and in such numbers, they could have annihilated us with the greatest ease. There was no help for us, therefore, but to proceed at a walk in the rear of the tribe, the members of which, now that we were nearing Deobund, began to chatter frightfully. Just before we came to the bungalow they left the road, and took the direction of the temple. Pain would we have followed them, but to do so in the buggy would have been impossible, for they crossed over some very rough ground and two ditches. My friend therefore requested the sowars to follow them, and report all they might observe of their actions. Meanwhile we moved off to the bungalow.

A PARDONABLE DECEPTION.

"No letter again! And the foreign mail arrived! That confounded girl! She had better return. If she thinks I am to wait her pleasure much longer, she will find herself mistaken! As many airs as a princess! I am not to be kept out of my property this way much longer, I can tell her ladyship."

"Your property, Robert?"

"Yes, mine, mother. Would Kate Humphreys' uncle have made such a will as his did, if he had not intended it to be mine?"

"Or Philip's?"

"Philip! Pooh! He knows she never would look at Philip—a plain plodding fellow like him, with no fun or style about him. He would look as much out of place yoked to a belle or beauty as our plough-horse would drawing an elegant carriage. He knows it himself, and has very sensibly withdrawn any claim to the heiress, and thereby saved himself the mortification of being laughed at."

"Philip never could be laughed at," returned the mother, warmly. "It is not because he feels any unworthiness that he does not put forward his claim."

"His reasons are of no consequence. He is out of the question, and that is enough for me. By George! I'll teach this haughty, supercilious girl one lesson after I get her, be sure of that. Thought it undesirable that I should join her abroad, did she? Well, it will be my turn some time. Get free from me she cannot, unless she resigns her fortune to me."

The young man's violent and malicious manner indeed boded ill to the one he referred to, should she ever be in his power.

"Robert," pleaded the mother, "I hope you will be kind to the poor thing. She has neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, recollect."

Robert laughed disrespectfully.

"And you want me to be all in one to her? I'll think of it. I'll think of it," he repeated, with an evil countenance, and he laughed again in an unpleasant way.

"Robert," said the father, sternly, and speaking for the first time, "be careful how you speak to your mother."

The hopeful son raised an eyebrow, but did not answer. He had been sitting at the breakfast-table when the letters had been brought in. He now raised his cup to his lips.

"Coffee cold, as usual! Why can I never have my coffee hot? I won't drink such stuff! Not fit for a dog!" and he pushed back his cup, angrily.

"You can have a fresh cup, Robert. It has been poured out all the time you have been talking and looking over your letters, which, perhaps, is the reason of its being cold," gently suggested the mother to her eldest-born.

Robert made no answer, but pushed back his chair loudly and angrily, rose abruptly, and took the morning paper.

"If you make as bad a husband as you have a son, Miss Humphreys is to be pitied, indeed," said his father, in his sternest voice.

"Ah! come in, Miss Clayton," to a young lady who had stood a little back from the half-opened door, evidently hesitating as to whether she ought to enter during this family difference. "Sit down here by me. We have not eaten the breakfast all up yet. Here is a nice tender piece of steak, just brought in hot. Jane, bring in some hot potatoes. Phil, my boy, to a young man who entered, 'you are late also; but you had a long journey yesterday, so I must excuse you. You have not seen Miss Clayton? Miss Clayton, my second son, Philip. Miss Clayton, Philip is an artist,

and has come to stay with us a few weeks, by request of our old friend, Mrs. Lewis, to regain permanent health; and, while doing so, to sketch the scenery about here. We are very glad to have her with us. Also, my eldest son, Robert, Miss Clayton."

The old gentleman added this, evidently with a diminution of the pride with which he introduced his son Philip, and as a necessary courtesy.

The young lady gave to the young men a cool little nod, but smiled charmingly in acknowledgment of the old gentleman's kindness towards herself.

Mr. Philip looked at her scrutinizingly, to detect any signs of ill health. But for that remark, he would have pronounced her a charming specimen of one sound in mind and body.

The rounded graceful figure did not hint at attenuation; the tinge of red on the brown cheek did not suggest the thought of long confinement to a sick room; nor the life and animation expressed in eye, voice, and manner the depression of illness.

She felt cool and calm under the scrutiny at first, which she felt rather than saw; but, as it was prolonged, the tinge of red in the brown cheek grew deeper; the long lashes trembled over the hazel eyes, and her movements were a little uncertain and nervous.

Either unable or unwilling to endure it longer, she looked up and met his gaze bravely and inquiringly.

With that brave, honest look Philip became conscious of his rudeness to their guest.

He smiled gravely and apologetically; and, turning to his father, addressed thereafter his looks and conversation to him.

The young lady in her turn quietly surveyed the two young men, whom she now saw for the first time, owing to their absence since her arrival, two days before.

Robert, with his handsome, cruel face; his slender, elegant figure; his sullen, arrogant manners; his dress, of the finest material, and made in the extreme of fashion; the diamond-rings and pin that sparkled in the sunlight; the evident superiority he felt over the rest of the family, especially his brother, Philip.

She turned then to the plainer Philip—plainer, both in face and in dress.

In figure, he towered far above Robert, and was broader and heavier.

Physical power was expressed in every muscle of his noble person; mental power in the broad forehead, the deep, grave eyes, and in the well-cut, somewhat prominent features.

One would place an instinctive reliance upon this man; would feel a confidence that he could and would aid one in an emergency.

Did Miss Clayton read this man thus? Her dark face was impenetrable as she turned again to Robert.

Did his handsome face attract her irresistibly? Or was she hoping to find something in his face she had not before found there?

Later in the morning, Philip Huntley and his mother were in the sitting-room.

Mrs. Huntley was stroking her son's hair, and speaking softly.

"Philip, my son, the more I think of it, the more I feel as if you ought to see Miss Humphreys and judge her for yourself."

"It is not worth while, mother. I never heard a word of her, even as a child, that I liked; and the accounts of her in her matured years do not improve. What could I do with a woman like that? What could she do with me? An imperious, vain-hearted, capricious woman—sure to make a bad wife. Mother, if there was not another woman in the world, I would not marry such a one."

"Gently. Make allowances, my son. Margaret was dismissed by Miss Humphreys herself for incapacity and impertinence. The girl may have told these stories to justify herself, and to be revenged on her."

"I have heard enough from other authority to know that she would not suit me. Let Robert have her."

"It is hard to say it of my son, Philip; but the woman who has Robert for a husband will be an unfortunate woman," said the mother sadly. "I feel pity for this poor girl. She has been motherless from her infancy."

"Don't worry your kind heart about her, mother. She will, without doubt, find her consolation in society, dress, and adulation. Besides, with marriage and money, Robert may improve," he added, though a little doubtfully.

"I wish I could hope so; but Robert is not fit to have money. It would do him no good, and would be squandered, I know not how. I only ask, Philip, that you see this girl and judge her for yourself. Your happiness is far dearer to me than hers; but I have a feeling that she has been maligned; and,

Philip, you could make her happy, and do much good with money."

"Mother, money would be an objection, even if I loved a girl. I would scorn myself as unworthy of my manhood to marry for it. Let this girl go. I feel as if you were wasting your pity. Certainly, we can do nothing to help her. If unhappy, the responsibility must rest upon her dead uncle."

A half-hesitating knock interrupted him. Philip turned, and a shadow passed over his face at the idea of their discussion of family matters being overheard by a stranger; but he said, courteously:

"Come in, Miss Clayton. Take this chair and table near the window. The light is better here. Good bye, mother. I must hurry to the office. I have some deeds to make out. Good morning."

The latter to Miss Clayton, who looked after him with a curious, half-regretful look of interest.

Philip was a lawyer in a country town, of high repute in his profession for miles around.

He was often referred to, to decide family quarrels when the publicity of the courts was wished to be avoided.

A reading, thinking man, grave and unassuming in manner, just in his judgments, clear in discernment, upright in character, courteous to all—he had obtained the local title, "Judge Philip."

Robert went to town mornings; sometimes returned at night, sometimes not for several nights; but when he did, always late. How he employed his time, none of his family knew. At one time he had been in the commission business; but upon learning the contents of the will that gave Kate Humphreys the choice between marrying either himself or his brother Philip, or resigning the fortune to them, unless they should decline, he had given up business as unworthy a man of such expectations, and, it is feared, had gone headlong into dissipation.

If Philip had not declined from the first any claim or any interest in the heiress—of which decision she was immediately informed—Robert would never have had any fears of his own success, or looked upon his brother as a rival; so superior was he in his own estimation.

Kate Humphreys' uncle had died while abroad, travelling with his niece, and she had not yet returned.

Robert had proposed joining the lady, whom he had never seen; but she had declined firmly, though courteously.

He grew impatient, then indignant, at her delay, and wrote urgent letters for her return. How far his real character—his anxiety to possess her money—peered out in his letters, Kate alone knew.

She at last fixed upon a time for her return, not many months hence, when her ultimate decision should be made known to him. And thus matters rested.

Miss Clayton proved quite an acquisition to the family circle. She was so merry, so companionable, and took such an interest in domestic matters, that she won completely Mrs. Huntley's heart.

Old Mr. Huntley, too, liked to hear Miss Clayton's clear, sweet voice read to him the news. That had been Philip's duty; but he was now often set aside for Miss Clayton's reading. She seemed to know intuitively what he would like to hear.

Judge Philip also missed her when he came into the house and she was not there, nor was he quite easy till he learned her whereabouts.

He came in one afternoon and found her painting.

"Are you a judge of painting, Judge Philip?" She had taken a fancy of late of calling him "Judge Philip." She did it half teasingly.

"It would be as well, Miss Clayton, to label every place before asking me any question—what it was intended to represent, and whether good, bad or indifferent; so I might get my cue. It seems to me, however, as if you had been a long time doing that piece."

Miss Clayton coloured.

"Yes. I have been so happy here that I forgot my unpromising future, and how much depended on my present exertions."

"You propose, Miss Clayton, to devote your time to painting?"

"That is what I wish to do. Do you think I shall succeed?" she asked, anxiously.

He looked embarrassed, hesitated. Then he thought of this young girl out in the wide world, with only this one hope to depend upon for all the necessities of life. His heart ached when he thought of that.

"Since you ask me, Miss Clayton, I will tell you frankly, at the risk of paining and disappointing you. I think success doubtful. You have some talent; but you will enter a field with those who are older in the world's ways, more persevering, more advanced in the art, than yourself. Candidly, I would advise you to give up the idea."

Her head drooped, and she covered her face with her hand.

"Oh, what can I do?" she murmured.

"Let me speak to you as I would to a sister, Miss Clayton," he said, kindly, but a little hurriedly. "I have a plan, but it will be a great change from your bright dreams of fame—wearisome, humdrum, but sure to give you a moderate salary. Remain here with us. My mother loves you, and would miss your presence sadly should you go away. You know she has no daughter—only us two rough sons. With my father you are a great favourite. I, too, should miss you as I would a—sister." He coloured here, and went on even more hurriedly—this young man who would miss this young girl as a sister. "I can procure for you a class as large as you like or can attend to, in drawing or painting, and your scholars can attend you here, as we have plenty of rooms and can give up one for this purpose. What do you think?"

With her head still bowed and covered, she murmured some almost unintelligible thanks, then added, that she must wait for some letters before she could decide.

Judge Philip felt disappointed, he hardly knew why, or at what; but still he was conscious of the feeling as he wended his way townwards.

But the young lady he had left with bowed head did not look now like one whose bright dreams of fame had all been shadowed and destroyed.

Her eyes were moist, but it did not seem with sorrow, for her face was radiant; and as she gathered the scattered drawings and paintings, she now and then broke out into a fragment of song.

"Miss Clayton, the artist," she said half mockingly; "must give up her bright dreams of fame!" She has "some talent!" Has she? Evidently Judge Philip has discernment. He would "miss me, too, as he would a sister," she repeated, thoughtfully.

It did not take Robert long to discover that the poor artist, Miss Clayton, was a very pretty, piquant, charming girl.

She would do nicely to amuse himself with until the arrival of his lady-love. Philip looked grave disapproval when he saw that, although she did not seek his attentions, they did not seem displeasing to her.

She laughed and talked with him, and seemed to wish to draw him out; but even her most exuberant gaiety was tempered with a certain dignity that would most effectually keep even Robert from presuming too far. Philip was sure of that.

But Robert's handsome face and courteous manners when he wished to please, often made him irresistible with the ladies. Might not her heart be in danger? She supposed Robert disengaged—free to bestow his hand where he would. Was it not his duty to tell her that Robert was engaged?

One morning, from his office-windows, Philip saw his brother join Miss Clayton on her return from the village. He watched them for a long time till they were quite out of sight.

His head bent towards her, and he seemed talking very earnestly; but there was no earnestness in the merry face upturned to him.

She was evidently laughing at or with him—but a laughing face sometimes covered the deepest feelings and emotions. Philip decided that he ought to tell her.

He came in the next day with a letter in his hand with a foreign postmark. Miss Clayton sat by the window copying an engraving.

"Can you tell me where Robert is, Miss Clayton?"

"He was here a moment ago, and said he was going into town. I presume he has gone, as he just rode past the window."

He looked at her steadily as he said:

"It is a pity, as I have a letter for him from his lady-love, which he has been expecting anxiously for some time."

Her face was immovable; but did not the snowy fingers which held the pencil tremble a little?

"You know that Robert was engaged, Miss Clayton?"

"Engaged!" she repeated. "No, I did not," calmly rather coolly, keeping on with her copying.

Then she turned to him suddenly, and asked abruptly:

"Did you consider it necessary for my peace of mind that I should know?"

This abrupt question disturbed his self-possession, but he managed to put together these words:

"Robert is generally thought irresistible."

"Is he indeed?"

There was a little scorn in the tone.

She continued:

"Perhaps I flatter myself. Doubtless it was not my peace of mind you valued. You feared this paragon brother might throw himself away on a poor girl without money or position," she suggested, bitterly.

"Heaven forbid, for your sake!" he ejaculated;

then continued, in a tone of deep feeling: "You wrong me, indeed, Miss Clayton. I would consider one man fortunate, indeed, if he might hope to win your heart and hand."

"I cannot guess who that man can be," returned the young lady, shaking her beautiful head in a pretty, coquettish manner that half-bewildered poor Philip.

He, however, instinctively drew nearer.

"Couldn't you?"

"Couldn't—not for a century," in her pretty, half-earnest, half-teasing manner.

"Myself, Miss Clayton."

She kept still her half-laughing manner.

"Oh, no, Mr. Philip, you cannot love me, Kate Clayton, just as full of faults as ever one was. You think her better than she is. Mr. Philip, she is shockingly naughty. You don't know her; that is why you think you like her."

"I do not retract yet," he said, entering somewhat into her mood.

"Will you go with me for just one little moment into the Palace of Truth, Mr. Philip?"

"Anywhere with you, Miss Clayton."

"Well, now we are there. To begin. Do you think me capricious?"

"As the winds?"

"Idle?"

He looked meaningly at a sketch lying near her. She had commenced it weeks before.

"Imperious?"

"Rather too much so."

"Rather an unflattering place this," she muttered, aside.

"Heartless?"

"That I have got to learn."

"Would I make a bad wife?" The sweet voice was becoming just a little sharp.

"Not for every one."

She gave a quick little sob; then, indignantly:

"I knew it. I knew all the time you were mocking me when you said what you did; and now you are insulting me. What if I am capricious, idle, imperious, heartless, would make a bad wife—it is not, never can be, anything to you!"

"Kate Clayton," he said, gravely, detaining her as she was about to fly from the room; "if you are capricious, idle, imperious, even heartless, which I have yet to learn, you are everything to me. I did not say you would make a bad wife; to me, you will make one of the best. If my darling is a little too imperious, she is truthful, generous, warm-hearted. If she is a little capricious, her caprices are all innocent. To me she is all that is charming and delightful. If she will give herself to me, I will try to make her life happy. I wish, for her sake, that I were a rich man, that I might surround her with all that is beautiful, and gratify every wish. But we can be happy without luxury. Can we not, love?"

Philip was not an unsuccessful wooer; and that very day the consent and blessing of Mr. and Mrs. Huntley were asked for and given gladly.

A few days after a letter was given to Philip, in presence of his betrothed, addressed in a lady's handwriting. On reading it, he changed colour, and put it hastily into his pocket. This awakened the young lady's curiosity. His answer, when she teased and coaxed him for the contents, "that it was a letter on business," did not satisfy her, and she showed a curiosity and a pertinacity which was unlike her, and which surprised and annoyed him.

He finally surrendered the letter.

She looked very, very grave as she read it.

"Miss Humphreys asks you to marry her. You must do so. I will not stand in the way. She will give you everything which I would wish to do, but cannot."

Philip protested that he did not wish, and would not marry her, and had already written to her so in the plainest of terms. He had already chosen his wife. He would not have any other.

Still Miss Clayton looked very grave and thoughtful, and said but little during the interview.

That night she disappeared. She left a letter for Philip.

"He must forgive and forget her," she said. "He was kind and true, but she would not ruin him for a lifetime. It was his duty to marry Miss Humphreys. He must. It would be useless to try to find her. In about a week he should have a letter stating her prospects, if he would stay where he was, and not seek her."

But Philip did not stay where he was. He took every means to find her, but in vain.

He would wait for the next letter. That might afford some clue, and then he would seek for her till he found her, if for a lifetime.

Robert was to go to town. Miss Humphreys had arrived.

He was to receive a formal announcement of her decision, in presence of her guardian.

Philip was also to go; for the heiress had made it a particular request that he should be present likewise.

The two young men were received by the guardians, Robert exultant, expectant; Philip, pale and worn with anxiety for his lost love.

Ten minutes passed in almost profound silence by the three gentlemen. Then there was a rustle of garments, and then—who was it?

The room was rather dark, and the young man stared a second in bewilderment; and then Philip sprang forward excitedly:

"Kate, Kate Clayton!"

"Yes, Philip. Kate Clayton Humphreys, your betrothed wife."

"That is my answer," she said to Robert.

Then to Philip:

"I entered your father's house in an assumed character, to be able to make a decision wisely between a marriage with your brother and poverty—the only choice left me. I will confess that I had conceived prejudices which inclined me to the latter alternative, hard as it would be to give up a fortune I had all my life been led to expect as my own. But I might be mistaken. I would know. I was not long in doubt."

Here Robert, his face pale and rigid from despair and passion, his hands clenched, rose and left the room.

Miss Humphreys continued to Philip:

"I shortly discovered that you had qualities which I regretted your brother did not possess. I had also a prejudice against yourself. You had mortified me by rejecting me utterly and entirely at the very first. I could not forget it. But I found that, though you were severe and uncharitable to the rich and unknown heiress, Kate Humphreys, you were kind and lenient to the poor artist, Kate Clayton. You refused your heart and hand when offered by the one; you urged them upon the other. Forgive the deception, dear Philip. It was not begun to deceive you, but to help me, a motherless girl, to decide her fate. It was too late to undeceive you when I would. It was my happiness to know that, rich or poor, I was loved for myself alone. Philip, will Kate Humphreys make a bad wife?"

If she did, Philip does not speak the truth, and appearances are exceedingly doubtful; for a happier-looking couple than Judge Philip (now really Judge) and his charming wife you will not soon be happy in society, abroad; but happier in their beautiful home.

EVA ASHLEY.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE RETURN TO ASHURST.

On the following morning, Frank was conducted to the presence of Bessie. She was scarcely surprised to see him, for she had felt certain that her mother would send him in pursuit of her as soon as her flight was discovered.

Before going to Mrs. Radway's, Wentworth despatched two telegrams—one to Ashurst and the other to The Oaks, where he knew Delaney to be by this time.

The one to Mrs. Ashley informed her of Bessie's safety and immediate return; the other was sent to Captain Martin's name, warning Delaney of his arrival, and his speedy advent at The Oaks, as he meant to trespass on the hospitality of his friends there for a few hours, until he could make an important communication to him.

Bessie took leave of the Reverend Jeremiah and his sister with many thanks for their kindness to her.

At the moment of parting, Radway solemnly placed his hand upon her head, and gave her his blessing.

George Heath also called in the course of the morning, and was quite delighted to find that his fair friend had an escort back to her own home, though he insisted that the time spent in London was too brief to enable her to enjoy anything.

They parted with mutual good wishes, and in a few moments afterwards the carriage which was to take her to the station drove to the door.

On their way home, Frank and Bessie agreed that it would be best to leave Mr. Hunter and Captain Martin to make known to Ashley the painful facts they had lately learned, for they felt assured that from their lips they would meet with no credence from him.

Hopeful, though saddened, the two journeyed on till they were safely set down on the platform of the station from which Bessie had so mysteriously fled less than a week before.

The carriage from Ashurst was awaiting their arrival, and near it stood a chaise containing a single gentleman who had driven up just as the train stopped. The moon was shining with cloudless brilliancy, and

Captain Martin recognized Delancey as he stepped from the vehicle and threw the reins to a lad standing near.

Bessie had also seen him, and she drew her veil more closely over her face, while Captain Martin sprang down the steps to greet him. It was a chilly night, and after the train whirled away, the carriage drew as near the steps as possible for Bessie to enter in. As soon as Delancey caught sight of Bessie's figure he started forward and asked:

"Who is the lady that accompanies you? I believe that is the carriage from Ashurst, but it cannot be Bessie."

"You are mistaken, my dear boy, for it is Bessie, returned safe and sound—but I am afraid she is in some doubt as to the sentiments of a certain young gentleman since she has informed him that she is not really Miss Ashley."

"Then she has taken you into her confidence—but how can she believe that anything can change me?" he rapidly asked. "It is her own sweet self I seek, and it matters not to me what her name may be. I will console her for her present sufferings by lavishing on her the entire wealth of my heart. Unluckily that is all the wealth I shall have to endow her with."

"How do you know that, youngster? But never mind; speak to Bessie now, and by a word assure her that you are as true as steel, and not to be classed among those summer friends who fall away from one at the first touch of adversity."

This conversation had been carried on in low and rapid tones, and Delancey at its close strode forward, drew Bessie's arm under his as though he possessed the undisputed right to do so, and gently said:

"We have met again, Bessie, after a long and weary separation, and in this first moment of reunion I claim you for a brief season. You will give Captain Martin your seat in the carriage, and ride with me to the point from which the road to The Oaks diverges from that which takes you to Ashurst. I have much to say to you that cannot well be delayed. I received your letter only this morning, and if my old friend's despatch had not arrived before the next train was due, I should have been off in pursuit of you."

After a moment's hesitation she tremulously replied:

"If you will promise to keep up with the carriage there can be no impropriety in doing as you wish. We have much to say to each other, and perhaps some impediment may be thrown in the way of our early meeting to-morrow."

"Take time by the forelock," is my motto," said Delancey, laughing; "and now you have conceded this much, I feel sure of the rest."

Turning to Captain Martin, he went on:

"Explain to those gentlemen, if you please, why I take their fair companion from them for a season and impose you upon them in her place."

Bessie had been too much agitated by this unexpected meeting to think of the requirements of etiquette; and Captain Martin now performed the ceremony of introduction between Delancey and the other gentlemen.

They shook hands very cordially, and Wentworth himself placed Bessie in the chaise, drew the leopard skin over her feet, and smilingly said to Delancey:

"I shall order the coachman to drive more slowly than usual, that you may have an opportunity to explain all the strange complications we have to settle. It is three miles to the crossing, and in that time you should understand each other, if you ever will."

"Thank you—but there is a perfect understanding on the most important point at issue, Mr. Wentworth," replied Delancey, as he took the reins in his hand and with some difficulty held in his spirited steed till the carriage had started.

Bessie sat quiet, but thrilling with happiness, as the certainty dawned on her that, disgraced as she considered herself, her lover had not for one moment thought of giving her up.

When they had fairly started, and Delancey had satisfied himself that she was thoroughly deflected from the cold, he turned his head towards her and asked:

"Bessie, what did you mean by that strange letter you left with Miss Welby for me? How could you so mistrust me as to suppose that anything done by another could induce me to give you up?"

Bessie murmured something in reply that was not very intelligible, and Delancey went on:

"I reached The Oaks this morning, and was stunned by the news of your disappearance from Ashurst. Kate hastened to get my letter, in the hope that its contents might throw some light on your motives for so strange a proceeding; but its contents only added to my wretchedness and perplexity. Oh, Bessie, such a day as I have passed I hope will never come to me again. How could you doubt me? how suppose that

I would prove untrue to my heart's desire, because another had committed a wrong for which she now endeavours to atone? Such treason against true love is almost unpardonable."

"But you have forgiven me," she tearfully replied. "Oh, Ernest, I—I was so wretched—so crushed, when this thing first became known to me, that I could see no honourable course for me but to release you from your pledge. But I will confess the truth; I hoped and believed that you would not give me up, and thus hope sustained me through the painful days I have spent in what I believe to be my sacred duty. Since you love me well enough to overlook this blot on my escutcheon, I again renew our old relations to each other. You had better not suffer your attention to be distracted from the horse, for he seems inclined to have his own head."

"Which, at this moment, is almost as good as mine," laughed Delancey, "for I am so happy I scarcely know how to hold him in hand. Bessie, I was so glad to hear you are not the daughter of that odious tyrant, that I forgave everything else. Now Mr. Ashley has no authority over you, and he cannot withhold you from me. But half a mile is passed over, and you have not yet commenced your explanation. Tell me what took you to London, and how you made the acquaintance of Captain Martin, my true and fast friend."

Bessie knew that with her future husband perfect frankness was the rule by which she should guide herself, and painful as it was to her, she commenced with the avowal of her mother, and gave him a clear though concise account of all she had done, together with her motives for the course she had pursued.

Her lover lavished praise and approval upon her, and declared that she had acted in the best manner possible under the painful circumstances of the case.

He used his time to such good purpose, that before they reached the cross-roads, Delancey had won from his betrothed a promise to give him her hand before another month rolled away.

The carriage stopped at the appointed spot, and Delancey drew up. Captain Martin issued from the larger vehicle. Bessie took the place he had vacated, and bidding the two friends good-night, sank back upon the seat and gave up her heart to the blissful dreams she had hitherto feared to indulge.

After promising to be at Ashurst at an early hour on the following morning, Delancey turned his horse's head towards The Oaks, and hastened to confide his happiness to his old friend, who charmed him by his rapturous praises of the girl of his choice.

The carriage rolled on its way to Ashurst, and in a short time Bessie was again at the door of her old home; but no flying footsteps came to greet her now—no eager arms were opened to clasp her in their fond embrace.

Chilled and alarmed, she anxiously inquired for Mrs. Ashley, and the servant replied that his mistress had not risen from her bed since her own departure.

Leaving Wentworth to do the honours of the house to the strange guest, Bessie flitted up the staircase, and noiselessly entered the room of her mother.

Mrs. Ashley had fallen into a disturbed slumber, and by the subdued light in the apartment Bessie could distinctly see the ravages the sufferings of her mind had made within the past week of her life.

She lay before her, pale and wasted, with an expression of hopelessness around the colourless lips that went to the heart of her loving child; for the deep affection Bessie felt for her had cast out all reproach—all bitterness for the part she had played.

The young traveller at length threw off her wrappings and drew near the glowing fire to bask a few moments in its grateful warmth.

While she stood looking down into the coals, musing on the best manner of communicating to her mother the news of which she was the bearer, a feeble voice reached her ear, asking:

"Is that my darling—my own Bessie?—or is it a delusive phantom, such as has often haunted my dreams since she left me?"

Bessie sprang towards the bed, threw herself upon her knees beside it, and cried:

"I am here again, safe and well, Minny; and I bring you good news—good news!"

Mrs. Ashley passed her hand caressingly over the bright hair of her darling, and wistfully said:

"To see you back in happiness enough for the present, but no news can be good to me now, Bessie. The only hope of my life is broken, and I had better go to my grave before the disgrace of avowing what I have done overtakes me."

"But, mother dear, you need have no dread of that. Only to those nearest to you—to those interested in keeping your secret—need it be known; for she of whom I went in search died in her infancy."

Mrs. Ashley started up, with a red flush mounting to her cheek, and hurriedly exclaimed:

"Then the world need never know that I have rendered myself infamous. Oh, Bessie, you have proved my guardian angel, and you will complete the good work you have begun; you will marry Frank, and save my conscience from the sting of having induced the acquire to leave you so large a portion of his fortune."

Bessie arose and gently, though firmly, said:

"Mother, it is best that we understand each other at once. I shall never accept that money; neither will I give my hand to Frank. It is scarcely an hour since I pledged myself anew to Mr. Delancey, who knows my whole history, yet shrinks from neither you nor me. We have settled that we will be united in a few weeks, and take you to Italy with us. Ernest thinks that you should relinquish all you have derived from Squire Ashley's estate, and he insists that in so cheap a country as Italy, he will have quite enough to support us in as good a style as we live in here."

Mrs. Ashley's face underwent many changes while her daughter thus spoke, and she faintly gasped:

"Oh, Bessie, you betrayed me to your lover. You abased me in his eyes."

"Mother, what was left to me but to tell him all? He is my lover—to be my husband in a few weeks, and I dared not deceive him. Besides, if I had not told him another would—had I not gone to London as I did, Captain Martin and Mr. Hunter would have been here before this time to tell you this story in a less gentle manner than I have done. I will presently explain how I met with them, and disarmed their intentions against you."

At the mention of those two names so deeply dreaded by her, Mrs. Ashley sank back upon her pillows completely unnerved. After a long and agitated pause she murmured:

"My sin has indeed found me out, and but for the goodness of my peerless child, heaven would have permitted its consequences to fall on me and crush me to the earth. Bessie, kneel down, and pray that my hard heart may be softened. I have so long lived in sin that I dare not pray for myself."

Humbly was the fair head bowed, and earnest was the petition that arose to heaven for the penitent woman; angels might have bent over the scene, and cast their blessings on the pure-hearted child who asked forgiveness for her erring parent.

When she arose, Mrs. Ashley clasped her hand and tremulously said:

"You have done me good, my darling; I can now give up the hope to which I have so tenaciously clung, and with it the provision made for me by him who loved and trusted me in spite of the falsehoods I daily acted before him. Frank may take all, as a compensation for losing you, and I will do penance by consenting to be dependent on my unknown son-in-law. I give you to the noble man, Bessie, who knows how to appreciate you, and will save you from the blight my double treachery might have brought upon you. There, darling, I, in this hour, renounce the love of luxury which has been the bane of my life, and I will henceforth seek to walk in the straight and narrow path of perfect rectitude; my sin has been great, but my repentance shall be sincere and everlasting."

Bessie took the beloved head in her arms, kissed the colourless lips, and mingled consolations and caresses till Mrs. Ashley became calmer; then, in low tones, she related all that had occurred during her absence. Her mother listened with eager interest, and wept bitterly during the recital.

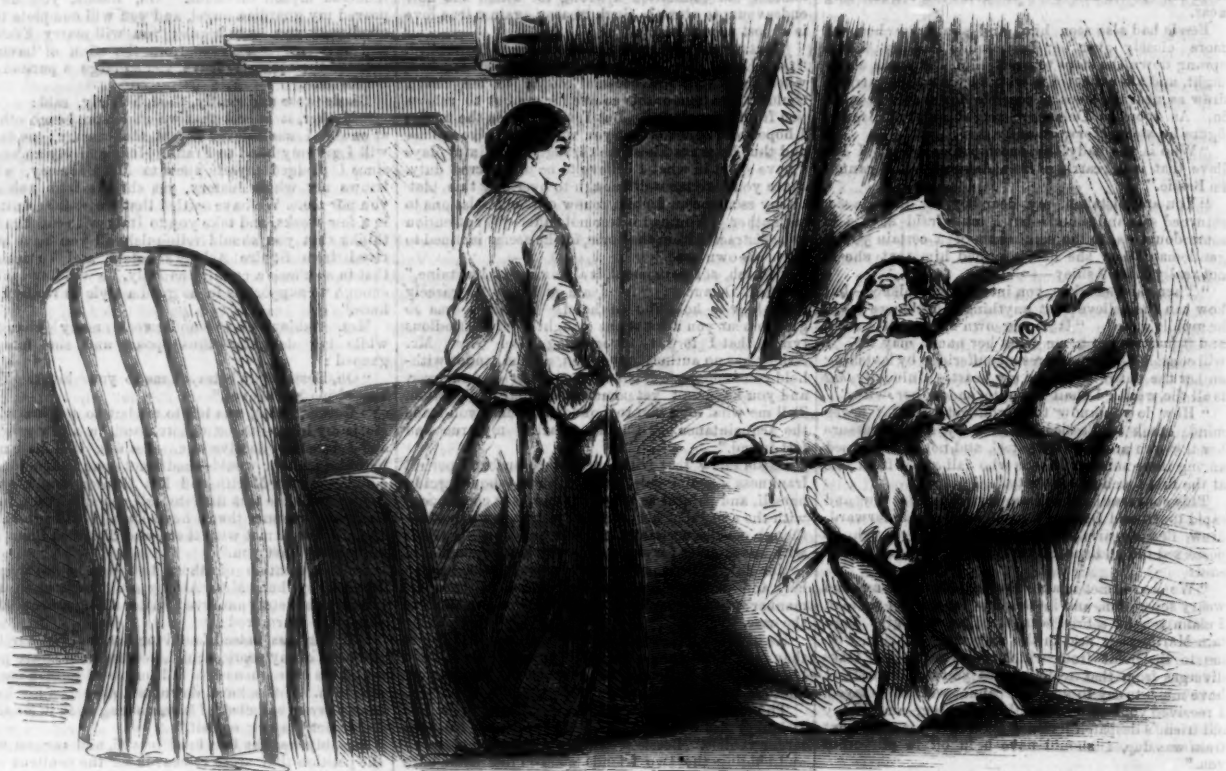
Bessie saw that some means must be used to tranquillize her, or she would sleep no more that night, and with the powerful magnetism with which nature had endowed her perfect organization, she passed her hands gently over the aching brow, and had the satisfaction of seeing the look of pain melt from the fair face, the sorrowful lips relax into a gentle smile, and the sweet blessing of sound sleep came to the weary eyes which had so bitterly wept over her flight—which had so eagerly watched for her return.

During this scene, Winny had been snoring in the dressing-room which opened from Mrs. Ashley's apartment, and when Bessie went in and aroused her, she seemed bewildered at finding her young lady so near her.

Bessie placed her finger on her lip, and made a motion towards her mother's bed, to impose silence on her, and the woman obeyed her whispered directions to follow her to her own room.

By the orders of her mother, a fire had been made, and everything arranged for her as usual, and the servant, with the garrulity of her race, seemed never tired of uttering exclamations at her unexpected journey and speedy return.

But every effort she made to learn the cause was quietly evaded by her young lady, and after performing the services for which she had been summoned, Winny was dismissed no wiser than when she entered Bessie's apartment, though she left it with



[BESSIE AT THE BEDSIDE OF MRS. ASHLEY.]

the impression that its occupant was gentler and more lovable than ever.

In spite of her fatigue, the thrilling excitement of all that had passed that night drove sleep from her pillow till nearly dawn.

When slumber at last sealed her eyelids, a blissful vision of peace and happiness in that far land to which she had promised to go arose before her dreaming fancy, where the sweet content of loving hearts made her home a paradise on earth.

Then a cloud came over the fair scene, and Ashley, with furious men, came to tear her from Delancey. In the struggle she awoke, and found Winny looking down on her, and calling her name.

"It's time to get up, Miss Bessie, for Master Frank has been asking after you an hour ago, and two strange gentlemen have come over from The Oaks, besides the one that stayed here last night. He told me to come up and tell you."

"Is it so late as that? I must really have overslept myself. I hope that Frank and Mr. Hunter have had their breakfast?"

"Yes m'm; Master Frank said they had business to attend to, and they must be ready to be off when the others came; but he wouldn't let me wake you then; he said you was tired out, and had better sleep."

"I am sorry he did not have me called; but I shall not keep them long now. Ring for my breakfast to be brought up here; I must drink my coffee before I go down."

Bessie made a hurried, but very becoming toilet, despatched her breakfast by taking a few morsels of toast, and swallowing the whole of the strong cup of coffee brought up to her, and she then flitted into her mother's room to warn her that Captain Martin was below, and he would probably insist on having an interview with her.

Mrs. Ashley shivered, and covered her face a few moments; at length she looked up, and tremulously said: "I am too ill to be troubled with a visit from any one now; convince Captain Martin of this, Bessie, and entreat him to write what he has to say to me. You can convey my reply to him."

Bessie saw plainly that, in the shaken state of her nervous system, the excitement of meeting Martin might prove highly injurious, if not fatal to her, and she gently replied:

"When I tell Captain Martin how ill you are, I do not think he will insist on seeing you. I will explain to him how much such an interview must make you suffer, and I am sure he will consent to what you propose. I will go down at once, and repeat to him what you have said:

"Do, my darling; save me from this painful ordeal, and exacting as I feel inclined to be on this first day of your return, I will put aside my selfish desire to have you near me, and give you perfect freedom to enjoy the society of your lover."

Bessie leaned forward, and tenderly kissed her, as she murmured:

"Thank you, dearest and kindest. I accept the freedom you grant me, and will make the best use of it, I assure you."

"Oh, Bessie, only save me from the cruel humiliation that threatens me in a meeting with this man! You are young and strong, and you can bear the burden I am selfish enough to put on you better than I can, with my shattered nerves, and the sense of utter degradation that overwhelms me. At moments I feel as if I can never survive it."

"You have repented the sin, dear mother; you would have atoned for it had it been in your power; and if God can forgive it, your fellow-creatures can at least overlook it. As for myself, my affection for you is as strong as it has ever been during any portion of my life, and Frank expresses the deepest sympathy for you. In the foreign land to which we are bound no one will be acquainted with your history, save the two who, through much love for you, will cast out all reproach, even in thought."

Mrs. Ashley pressed her hand, burst into tears, and again covered her face.

Bessie stood a few moments beside her, but finding that she would not again speak, she smoothed the faint cloud from her own brow, and descended to the library, in which the gentleman was sitting.

Her appearance was greeted with pleasure, and the programme of the day was soon settled.

Hunter, Martin and Frank were to go over in the carriage to Arden Place to gain an interview with its master; and Delancey was to await their return in the charming society of his betrothed.

Before they set out, Bessie drew the captain aside, and explained to him the condition of her mother, the concessions she had already made, and her natural aversion to a meeting with himself.

To this he at once replied that he had no desire to force an interview on Mrs. Ashley which he knew must be bitterly painful to her.

What he had to say to her could as well be written as spoken, and since her consent to the union of her daughter with Delancey had been given, he had no motive for desiring to meet her again.

The three gentlemen set out for Arden Place, and the long-parted lovers had the quiet library to them-

selves with an uninterrupted morning in which to arrange their future plans.

It was definitely settled that in three weeks from that day they were to be united, and accompanied by Mrs. Ashley, proceed at once to Italy.

Delancey explained to Bessie that his resources were derived from a small estate, which descended to his father through a maternal uncle, who made the assumption of his own name a condition of the inheritance. He derived from it two hundred pounds a year, which, in Italy, he declared would suffice for every comfort.

He went on with a smile: "If the estates my father at one time believed almost within his grasp had fallen to me, I should have resumed my family name on taking possession of them; but there is so little chance of that now, that I have not hitherto thought it worth mentioning to you."

"So you had great expectations, too, it seems, which have never been realized. Pray tell me what name I might have borne had fortune been propitious to you."

"That of Arden. If Mr. Ashley's daughter had died, as at one time it was thought she certainly must, my father would have been heir-at-law to the estate, and there would have been no one to dispute his claim."

Bessie looked as much astonished as she felt, and she presently said:

"That explains Mr. Ashley's extreme anger when he heard of your pretensions to my hand. He then declared that of all the men in the world, you were the very last to whom he would consent to give me."

Delancey laughed.

"I do not know why, for his daughter is likely to live as long as I shall. Thank heaven that he has no further control over you, Bessie, for such a man would be sure to abuse it. I pity the poor girl who is compelled to live under his tyrannical rule."

"Have you heard that Evelyn is a prisoner in an old dilapidated tower that stands in the yard at Arden? Poor Frank made such concessions as obtained her release before I went away, but as soon as her father heard of my escapade, he shut her up again. Frank must find means to release her; he has been baffled once, but he will succeed the next time, I am sure."

"I trust he may, and with as great happiness as you and I have secured. I will help him with heart and hand to release my fair cousin, and make her his own."

(To be continued.)



[THE ARRIVAL OF MR. HASSELTON.]

STANLEY LOCKWOOD.

By W. E. CHADWICK.

CHAPTER II.

Wo! wo! that aught so gentle and so young
Should thus be called to stand in the tempest's path,
And bear the token and the hue of death
On a bright soul so soon! We are fallen
On dark and evil days.

My boy's proud eye is on me, and the things
Which rush in stormy darkness through my soul,
Shrink from his glance. I cannot answer here.

Siege of Valencia.

It was the beginning of winter when the travellers stopped at the ferryman's cabin, and long after their departure a light seemed reflected on the stream of his existence. He had been strengthened to keep the solemn promise by which he had bound himself, and he already walked with a firmer tread and elevated bearing.

At night, by the blaze of the pinewood log, he sat down by the hearth, while Stanley coned his classic lessons, or read an historic page, and Mary, cradled in his arms, seemed to infuse into his heart the purity and tranquillity of her own. The shout of the traveller was often heard borne across the river by the breezes of night, but no one like the generous Hasseltou and his sweet-faced wife came to gladden their dwelling.

"He said he should return in about six months," said he to himself, while apparently absorbed in the contents of a book; "more than two have already passed. Shall I hold out to the end, and be saved? Yes! if there is truth or strength in human resolution, I will. I feel like a regenerated being; I can meet the clear glance of my boy without quailing. I can press the rosy lips of my darling without fear of scorching them with my fiery breath. I can look up to heaven and ask the blessing of God, confident that I am in the path of duty, and that His hand will guide me and His rod sustain me. Yes! I feel there is hope even for me."

Stanley studied with an enthusiasm he had never manifested before. The words of the beautiful lady were ever thrilling in his memory and inciting him to new exertions. Then his father's regeneration, with what joy and gratitude did it inspire him! It is true he had abstained before, and relapsed, but it seemed impossible now that he ever would sink again into the abyss of shame from which he had emerged. Never since he had dwelt in that little cabin

had he felt so happy in the present, so hopeful for the future. A new source of enjoyment was also opened to him as a reward for his extraordinary progress in the classics, his father had allowed him to read Shakespeare, which was one of the rich gems saved from the general wreck. The boy felt as if he were in the midst of the glories of a new creation.

He would start up with a desperate resolution, shut the book, run into the kitchen, where old Morgan and Dorothy were chatting cosily together, and seizing the bundle of osiers Morgan was sure to have ready for him, would either sit down awhile by these two faithful friends, while his fingers wove the white withes together; or return to the cabin, and snatching up his book lay it open on the table, glancing furtively at the page, and taking in a glimpse of poetic beauty while he braided the inflexible willows and shaped the growing basket.

As Mary had told Mrs. Hasseltou he did not like to have it known that he employed himself in this manner, because he thought it an unmanly occupation, but as Dorothy disposed of them, for him he was not ashamed of working at home in this manner for the holy purpose for which he intended his gains.

Morgan, the lame veteran whom Mary held in such veneration, was a constant visitor at the cabin, and vied with Dorothy herself in devotion to these interesting little children.

Dorothy washed and mended his clothes, and in return he was always bringing some acceptable offering to her and to the children. Dorothy was never weary of describing to him the ancient honours of their house, and he was considered quite an oracle in the village where he dwelt, gave her long lessons of morality, and explained the Scriptures with unwearied zeal. They were neither of them idle whilst enjoying these social pleasures; she plied her needle as if her life depended upon her completing her task, and he either braided mats or prepared the osiers for the young master.

Winter glided away peacefully and monotonously at the ferryman's cabin, and the gentle, almost imperceptible approach of spring was felt rather than seen.

The turbid waters looked clearer and bluer, the holly had a brighter, deeper green, and the music of the birds began to enliven the lonely margin of the waters.

Mr. Lockwood, confident in his own strength, looked for the return of Mr. Hasseltou with great impatience. He was very weary of his present mode of existence, and panted for a more congenial field of action.

He had remained completely domesticated during the winter months, and out of the reach of temptation, for he poured out every drop of alcohol left in his possession, and ground the bottle to powder, that he might annihilate for ever the home of his enemy.

There was to be a kind of political meeting a few miles distant, which he was anxious to attend. Stanley saw the preparations for his departure with a foreboding heart.

Never had he returned from such a gathering without a reeling step and a cursing lip. It was always the commencement of a long season of inebriation. Stanley longed to warn him of his danger, and entreat him to keep out of the way of temptation and sin.

But this would seem such an insult to his father's character, he could not frame the words that trembled on his lips. They were written legibly, however, in his earnest eyes, and Mr. Lockwood answered as if they had been spoken.

"Fear not, my son, your father will not disgrace himself again. He has profited by the bitter lesson of experience, and can say to the tempter, with unhesitating voice, 'Avaunt! carry your baneful arts elsewhere.'"

Stanley tried to smile and shake off the depression that hung heavy on his mind. He was quite a Nimrod in the woods, and taking his gun and pouch, and mounting a pony that the old soldier had left for his use, followed by his bounding dog, he soon forgot his sad forebodings in the excitement of hunting. Often had he seen the track of the flying deer; he had even caught a glimpse of their branching antlers through the waving boughs, but never had he brought the noble animal at bay or carried home a saddle of venison to the exulting Dorothy.

But this day he actually won the crown of glory. He killed a beautiful deer with his own hand, and bathed his knife in the life blood of its panting heart.

As the animal turned upon him its wistful, dying eyes, ere they closed for ever, the triumphant boy felt a pang of unutterable remorse dart through his heart. The dripping knife fell from his hand and a mist darkened his vision. He felt that he was a cruel murderer, and would have given the best blood of his own heart to have restored life to his victim. Then he remembered what a trophy it was, how much money it would add to his slowly increasing store, how Dorothy would praise his exploit and little Mary's blue eyes dance with rapture when she saw him bearing it homeward swung

in triumph across his pony, its antlers adorned with the holly's shining leaves.

All the honours he anticipated awaited his return, and he awaited his father's coming with redoubled anxiety that he might inform him of his unlooked-for achievement.

"Don't leave your gun here, brother," said little Mary as he leaned it against the wall in a corner of the cabin. "I'm afraid of it."

"But you must not touch it or go near it, and then there is no danger. There is a load in it that I do not wish to waste, as I intend to go out again to-morrow. Dorothy, you must have a dish of smoking venison prepared for father's supper; we will have one noble meal, and sell the rest, skin and all. I'll keep the antlers, however, to adorn the door of our cabin, and to let people know a descendant of the mighty Assyrian hunter dwells beneath this roof. Stanley must be pardoned a little boasting. For a boy of fourteen the capture of the deer is an *Ultima Thule* of ambition, and whatever after victories life may offer, no laurels glow with a brighter lustre than those won in the wild greenwood."

"I wish father would come," exclaimed Mary when the night grew dark, and the children drew near the hearth where the venison exhorted its savoury odours. Though the springtime of the year diffused a ruddy glow, the chill night air required the warmth of a fire, and the light wood log was the only lamp that illumined their dwelling.

"I wish he would indeed," cried Marcus, the glow of success fading away in the chill of apprehension. He stood at the door, looking, with his hand over his brow, into the thickening shadows.

"Never mind, young master," said Dorothy, pitying the hungry Mary, "you can eat your supper, and I'll keep master's hot at the fire, and serve it up for him when he comes back."

Mary rejoiced in this arrangement, but Stanley could not eat. A sense of coming evil produced that sickness of the soul, a thousand times more deadly than physical diseases. He was as sure that his father would return short of his regenerate manhood as if he saw him staggering over the threshold. He came at last just as his son's prophetic eye had beheld him, reeling into the room. Stanley gazed upon him with a look such as a child of light might cast upon fallen humanity.

"What are you staring at me so for?" muttered Lockwood, pushing his chair back at the imminent risk of falling out of it. "Call Dorothy, and let's have some supper."

"Stanley has killed a deer," cried little Mary, eager to announce the astounding tidings. "Only think, Stanley has killed a deer, father."

We will not sully the paper by recording the oath that fell from Lockwood's lips, and seemed to blister Mary's cheek, for she turned away shrinking like a young minnow, and drew nearer to Dorothy, who was placing the venison and home-made bread on the table with a clouded brow. She moaned for the renewed degradation of their house, and for the fresh sorrows of her darling children.

Pressing closer to her pale and trembling Mary, who had sprung into her arms and pillowed her white cheek on the faithful bosom that had fostered her with all a mother's tenderness, her eyes burning like ignited charcoal, flashed upon her master with indignant wrath, which found vent in loud and bitter reproaches.

The infuriated madman started up, tore the child from her encircling arms, and aimed a blow at her head with such violence, that it sent her reeling to the other side of the room, then seizing the gun that stood in the corner he pointed it towards her, and would probably have become a murderer, had not Stanley rushed between him and his intended victim and forced the dangerous weapon from his unsteady hand.

There was silence for a few moments, first broken by the loud sob of Dorothy mingled with the gentler moans of the almost heart-broken little Mary.

Stanley went to the door, and stepping out shot off the rifle in the air. The echoes went rattling across the river and fell like rocks on the opposite side.

"What did you do that for?" asked his father sullenly, "haven't you made noise enough yet?"

"I'll tell you what I did it for," answered the boy with a face as pallid as marble, and an eye glittering like steel. "I was afraid I should kill you, father, and myself too. Yes, I was. I never felt as I did just now. Feel my hands, Dorothy, are they not as cold as ice? and yet I seem turned to fire. I wish we were all dead, Mary and Dorothy, and myself. You may live if you want to, father, for you ought to be afraid to die. You have broken your promise to Mr. Haselton; you have broken your promise to my dead mother; you have broken your promise to God. Yes, you ought to be afraid to die."

Here Stanley, who was excited to a transient delirium by the events of the evening, pressed his hands

on his forehead and uttered a cry of pain. Dorothy caught him in her arms, and as she did so the soft cheek of little Katy pressed against his own. That gentle velvet pressure seemed to melt the metallic band that was bound round his brain.

He put his arms round these beloved friends, all he had in the world, and burst into tears. The image of the beautiful Mrs. Haselton rose before him even in that dark moment, but she seemed a star shining in a lone and distant glory too far for him to feel its lustre. His father had fallen lower than ever, and there was a barrier shutting him from all the good and pure. In the sudden destruction of his long-cherished hopes he felt as if he were himself annihilated, and all his bright future blackened and laid waste.

"Yes," repeated he, as he pressed his little sister closer and closer to his aching bosom, "it would be better that we were dead and laid in our mother's grave, than live such a life of shame and sorrow as that which lies before us."

On the following day Stanley sat beside the Long Moss Spring, the morning sunbeams glancing through the brilliant foliage of the holly, and playing on his golden hair. He held in his hand a fishing rod, whose long line floated on the water, and though his eye was fixed on the buoyant cork, there was no hope or excitement in its gaze.

Even when the silvery trout and shining perch, lured by the bait, hung quivering on the hook and were thrown fluttering like wounded birds through the air, to fall panting, then pulseless at his side, he showed no consciousness of success, no elation at the number of his scaly victims.

Tears, large and slowly gathering tears, rolled gradually and reluctantly down his fair oval cheeks; they were not like the sudden, drenching shower, that leaves the air purer and the sky bluer, but the drops that issue from the wounded bark formed of the life-blood of the tree.

Beautiful was the spot where the boy sat, and beautiful the vernal morning that awakened nature to the joy and the beauty of youth.

The fountain, over whose basin he was leaning, was one of those clear, deep, pellucid springs that gush up in the green wilds, forming a feature of such exquisite loveliness in the landscape that the traveller pauses on the margin, feeling as if he had found one of those enchanted springs, of which we read in fairyland, whose waters are too bright, too pure, too serene, for earth.

The stone which formed the basin of the fountain was smooth and calcareous, hollowed out by the friction of the waters and gleaming white and cold through its diaphanous drapery.

In the centre of this basin, where the spring gushed in all its depth and strength, the water was so dark that it looked like an opaque body, and flowed over the edge of its rocky receptacle in a full current, sweeping over its mossy bed and bearing its sounding tribute to the river.

The mossy bed to which we have alluded was not the verdant velvet that covers with a short curling nap the ancient rock and the grey old trees, but long slender emerald green plumes waving under the water, and assuming through its mirror's tinge of deep and radiant blue.

The golden water lily gleamed up through the crystal, and floated along the margin on its long and undulating stems. This was the favourite haunt of Stanley, and he had baptized it Long Moss Spring.

It was here he had often indulged in his dreams of ambition, and it was here he now yielded to the deadening influences of despair. The despair of a child caused by a father's shame and perjury is enough to make angels weep.

"Stanley!" suddenly said a hoarse voice near him. He turned round, and beheld his father, whose wild and haggard countenance looked at him through the leafy curtain of the fountain.

"Stanley!" repeated he, pushing aside the boughs and coming and sitting down on the rock by his side, "will you let me sit by you a few moments? I have something I wish to say to you, and this place is so tranquil—so sweet!"

"Will I let you, father? Oh, don't speak to me in that way."

"I have no right to force my polluted presence on you, my son. After what passed last night I cannot blame you if you refuse to own such a wretch as your father. I little thought when I left you with such presumptuous confidences I should return like this swine to wallow in its mire. Stanley, you told me last night you were afraid you should kill me."

"Oh! father, don't recall those dreadful words—I was distracted—I didn't know what I said. Forgive me, father, I never can forgive myself."

"No, Stanley, reproach not yourself; these words and some others you uttered may prove my salvation yet. I cannot hope that you will rely on my promises of reformation, but I never have felt as I have since I saw you and little Mary weeping on each other's

necks, in the arms of that faithful servant of whose care I was about to deprive you. Your words pierced me to the heart's core."

"Father, I wish last night were blotted from my memory. I feel as if I should never be happy again."

It was all he could utter, but he took his parent's hand and pressed it in both his own, and they thus sat mutely together, looking down into the dark heart of the fountain whence the silver rills were gushing. These waters were an emblem of regeneration. Stanley with the transient spirit of youth bounded from despair to hope, and the whole aspect of nature changed. The thought of his lovely benefactress came like a rainbow of promise, spanning the spray of the fountain, and reminding him of the covenant he had made with his own soul when she bade him farewell. It inspired him to make a new covenant, that he would fulfil the glorious mission heaven had committed into his hands of reclaiming his father; and if it required the filial devotion of his whole life he would not think it too dear a price to pay for such a blessing. He had previously been incited by the desire of lifting himself from obscurity and poverty, of providing for his little sister the means of education; but now a higher and holier motive was added to these. He had been looking forward to the struggle of life as one who was to go on unaided and alone, stemming a counter current that threatened to sweep away in its stronger tide the frail bark of his hopes. Now, he must turn that strong dark current in a different direction, he must make it flow along with the pure rippling stream on which he himself was borne.

He upbraided himself for ever looking on his father with loathing, and even when under the influence of his fatal passion for the lofty tone he had often assumed when entreating and supplications had been in vain. He would henceforth regard him in sorrow rather than indignation, and by treating him with constant deference and tenderness restore him to his own self-respect. Conforming to these noble resolutions he induced him to accompany him in all his hunting and fishing expeditions, never leaving him for his own amusement, but convincing him that his fellowship was indispensable for his enjoyment.

CHAPTER III.

This above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare.

As the existing tree, shaken by the whirlwind but not uprooted, only clings more firmly to its native soil, Dorothy was more deeply implanted in the affections and interests of the household since the night she had received that disgraceful blow. It cannot be said that she forgot the ingratitude of her master for her long-tried fidelity, but her overmastering love for the children enabled her to forgive the wrongs inflicted by the father; and she knew too that her duty as a Christian required her to return good for evil.

"Do not be angry with my poor father, dear Dorothy," said Stanley with his sweet, persuasive voice. "He was no more himself at that time than if he were crazy. I was crazy myself for a few moments, and know not what I was doing."

"Ah, young master, if it had not been for you Lord have mercy on us! If I live to the age of Methuselah I never shall forget it. You warn't a boy then, you was a spirit, you were supernatural. It was a miracle and nothing else."

One evening they were sitting under a little porch in front of the cabin, at that twilight hour when the labours of the day are over, but the exercises of the evening not yet commenced—that hour of sweet tranquillity and rest!

The river rolled before them, reflecting in its sparkling waters the gorgeous tints of departing day, the crimson shading off into a deepening orange, the orange melting into flakes of glittering silver. Lazily the old ferry-boat lay against the bank, the long poles thrown across the wet planks, and a red handkerchief of Dorothy's fastened to the lantern post, fluttering like a banner in the breeze. It was a device of Stanley's, who had been giving a pleasure trip to Dorothy and Mary, and who had converted the red handkerchief of the former into a flag of triumph.

Stanley looked at his father, and exulted to see that vacant and haggard aspect of inebriation had given place to a calm and intelligent expression. His complexion was clear of that purple hue with which the god of the grape marks the faces of his votaries. He was dressed with neatness and respectability, for Dorothy always took great care of her master's person, and one of her greatest sorrows during his fits of intoxication was the personal neglect they induced.

The soiled linen, the unshaven beard, and matted locks were sore afflictions to her pride, for she said, "If a man was born a gentleman and likely looking

besides, it was a crying sin to make himself into a brute."

A gentleman was soon winding through the path that skirted the river's edge. He was mounted on horseback and rode leisurely along, looking earnestly on the family trio.

"It is Mr. Hasselton!" exclaimed Stanley, leaping from the steps to the ground. Mary flew after him, and Lockwood walking with slow steps, went forward to greet the friend who thus proved himself true to his promise. Had he been true? This self-interrogation brought a blush of shame to his cheek as he felt the cordial grasp of Mr. Hasselton's hand, but he did not shrink from his kindly beaming glance, for he resolved to tell him of his shameful lapse, even at the risk of forfeiting all his goodwill.

Mr. Hasselton seemed gratified at his reception, and at the appearance of family comfort that met his eye. He pressed the hand of Stanley with parental kindness, and taking the smiling blushing Mary up in his arms, bore her in triumph to the house. Dorothy came to the door of the kitchen, and making several low courtesies to the visitor, hobbled out to take care of his horse.

"Well, my friend," said their visitor sitting down on the wooden bench in the porch, "the world seems to have gone better with you since I saw you last. I am glad my little friends have not forgotten me, for I have often thought of them."

"Forgotten," repeated Stanley, "how could we forget friends so kind as you and Mrs. Hasselton?"

"Why did not she come too?" whispered little Mary.

"She could not leave home just now, but you shall see her one of these days. She put some presents in my valise for you and Stanley which I will show you presently."

Mary was burning with impatience to know what the rich and beautiful lady had sent her, but Stanley, grateful to be remembered in any way, scarcely cared to know in what manner.

A withered leaf sent by her hand would be cherished as a sacred relic; still, when Mr. Hasselton opened his valise and displayed the elegant books his wife had deposited there for him, he felt a glow of gratitude and delight words would have vainly endeavoured to express.

After supper, about which Dorothy had taken even more care than usual, having a splendid dish of fish to set on the table, besides fried eggs and bacon, when the pipes were lighted and the blue smoke began to give almost a summer atmosphere to the room, Mr. Hasselton reverted to the conversation he had had six months before, and asked Lockwood if he remembered it.

Then Stanley, believing that his father would prefer his absence, took the hand of his little sister, who still hugged her presents to her bosom, and carrying his books in his arms went to the kitchen, where he exhibited the beautiful engravings they contained to the wondering and enraptured eyes of Dorothy and old Morgan.

Lockwood did not deceive Mr. Hasselton. He related the scene so disgraceful to himself, so honourable to his son, which has already been recorded, and the thorough change he believed wrought within himself in consequence of his boy's conduct.

"Yes, Mr. Hasselton," he said, "you see before you a fallen man, utterly unworthy of your confidence; still so dreadful was the shock I received that night, so terrible the revulsion of my feelings, I have since loathed the very idea of drink. I think I could see it without being tempted; but I may be deceived. I do not ask any favour for myself—I ought not to receive any—but for my children. Anything you could do for them would be a blessing worthy of eternal gratitude. My boy is a noble child; he was born for something better than the miserable destiny to which I have doomed him."

"You judge too harshly of yourself. I am encouraged and strengthened in all my hopes with regard to you. One lapse so sincerely repented of, is less than I dared to expect. No, no, Lockwood, I am not going to give you up so readily; your countenance is the seal of your reformation. I never saw a man improved so much in six months. I scarcely recognized you. I am not afraid to trust you. I am more afraid that you will reject the situation I am about to offer, as beneath your merits and ambition."

Lockwood turned an inquiring gaze upon his friend.

"There is no situation you would offer me that I should consider too low for acceptance, if it brought my children within the pale of civilized life."

"I have a large estate," said Mr. Hasselton, "and a great number of farm labourers, who require superintendence. I have always found it difficult to obtain a land steward qualified for the situation. The one whom I now employ will be dismissed in a short time. Will you supply his place? You

can bring your talents and education to bear upon the office; for the ignorant rustics do homage to mind, and know, as if by intuition, the man whose knowledge is enlightened and polished, from the unfettered boor. You shall have a salary sufficient for the support of your family. Stanley I intend to send immediately to school; and my wife will take little Mary under her own immediate charge. I wish I could offer you a situation more congenial, but I think it better than the one you now occupy. What do you say to my proposal?"

"Most gladly, most gratefully would I accept it," replied Lockwood, deeply sensible of the kindness of his new friend, "could I believe myself qualified for its duties; but ought I, who have so lately manifested such a melancholy instance of the want of self-government, to assume the control of others? Ought I to take advantage of your benevolence, and perhaps expose you to disappointment and loss?"

"I am willing to expose myself to all the risk; but you must not give me more credit than is my due. Mrs. Hasselton has been a quickening spirit to me, and planned the whole, leaving me nothing but a willing co-operation in her designs. Your boy has perfectly bewitched her. I think myself he was born for distinction, and that he will attain it. Will you lay the first stepping-stone for him?"

"I cannot refuse. I will do all I can to deserve your confidence. The time has been when such an offer would have been considered by me an unpardonable insult; now, I feel enabled by it. Let me call my son, and communicate to him his brightening prospects."

Stanley, while he felt the most intense gratitude to Mr. Hasselton, could not help shrinking from the idea of his father becoming a gentleman's steward. He had been thinking so long of seeing him reinstated in his former standing in society as a gentleman and a scholar, that any position short of that seemed inferior to his merits, and below his ambition. Mr. Hasselton read all this in the boy's expressive countenance, and he liked him better for his noble pride.

"Your father will be my friend, my boy," said he. "I mean he shall dignify his office, and I consider it only a preparatory step to his future advancement. Had I made him a gratuitous offer of support, he would have rejected it at once. I could think of nothing better than this at present."

"Do not think me ungrateful, sir," said Stanley; "we cannot fail to be happy near you and Mrs. Hasselton. It ought to be the business of our whole lives to endeavour to repay your kindness. Words cannot explain my meaning; but I hope some day my actions may speak my heart."

The boy spoke with an earnest grace and a kindling blush. Every strong emotion sent a glowing herald to his cheek, and a radiant messenger to his eye, bearing witness to its reality and truth.

When Dorothy learned, through Stanley, the change in his father's situation, her family pride was at first wounded, but when she heard that little Mary was to be taken into the household of that sweet "Mrs. Hasselton," and that she herself was to go with her and take care of her; that Master Stanley was to be sent to a fine school, where he would prepare for college, and associate with gentlemen's sons, she was in a fever of joyful excitement.

She had arrayed little Mary in one of the pretty frocks Mrs. Hasselton had sent her, and it so adorned the child, that seeing herself in the mirror of Dorothy's admiring eyes, she blushed at her own loveliness.

"Mary will be a lady, and ride in a fine carriage," said the affectionate creature, turning her round and round, and smoothing down the folds of her short, redundant skirt. "She will wear no more homespun stuff, but beautiful silks, and live among the quality folks."

"Mary will be a good girl," said Stanley, putting his arms round the beautiful child, "and she will love the dear lady who is so good to us all. She will not be vain, nor proud, because she may wear a finer dress, for that would spoil all her sweetness."

"Just hear how sensible he talks," said Dorothy to old Morgan; "he always sets everybody right. I do believe he was born to be a preacher, that I do."

Morgan answered not, for his heart was full. The thought of being parted from his friend filled him with unutterable sorrow; and when the children saw his dark, wrinkled cheeks bedewed with tears, sympathizing drops filled their before-glad eyes, and Dorothy began to rock, like a storm-blown tree.

"She'd never thought about it. What would they do without Morgan, and what would Morgan do without them?"

This was really a dark cloud to their new born happiness. They all loved the old soldier, as they called him, and mourned to think they must leave him behind.

Dorothy promised to write to him by proxy, Stan-

ley to come and see him as soon as possible; and Mary declared she would never leave him at all. Still the poor old man sat with his head resting on his hands, his breast heaving with stifled sobs. "He spoke not, for his grief was very great."

(To be continued.)

HOODS.

IN the first place, it is a curious relic of the old sumptuary laws that mere Bachelors of Arts must not wear silk, but only stuff; it is a mistake to think, as people sometimes do, that white fur on a bachelor's hood is intended to represent ermine; the sumptuary laws only permitted them to wear the cheaper kind of furs; and the white fur on a bachelor's black stuff hood is usually, as a matter of fact, of rabbit skin.

There is a little difference in shape between the Oxford and Cambridge B.A. hood, which it would be difficult to describe without woodcuts. The B.A. hoods of Dublin and Durham Universities are like those of Oxford and Cambridge in material and general appearance. The London B.A. hood is of black silk, in contempt of the sumptuary laws aforementioned, partially lined with a stripe, about four inches broad, of silk of a brown colour.

The Literate hood is of plain black stuff, but St. Bees Theological College distinguishes its men by partially lining their hoods with a stripe of brown silk; and St. Aidan's Theological College men line their hoods with magenta.

A pretty blue hood lined with white fur is sometimes seen, and excites so much admiration as to indicate that people generally have no abstract objection to handsome vestments, if the clergy come by them in a legitimate way—it is the hood of a B.C.L. (Bachelor of Civil Law); a blue hood without the fur lining is that of an S.C.L. (Student of Civil Law).

Masters of Arts, and those of higher degree, wear hoods of silk. The Cambridge is lined with white; the Oxford M.A. hood is of black silk, lined with white; the Dublin with blue; the Durham with violet; the London with brown.

The B.D. hood of both universities is of unrelieved black silk, and the D.D. hood of red cloth, lined with salmon-coloured silk.

The bachelor's gown, like his hood, must not be of silk but of black stuff. It has a surplice-shaped sleeve, but the arm is usually put through a vertical slit at the shoulder of the sleeve.

The M.A. gown is of black silk, with a sleeve of peculiar shape, and the arm is passed through a small horizontal slit, so that the sleeve covers the arm only about to the elbow.

The B.D. gown is black, but with a full balloon sleeve. The D.D. gown commonly worn is the same as the B.D.; but the full dress B.D. gown always worn by dons at the universities on red-letter days is of red cloth, with the sleeves lined, and the front of the gown faced with salmon-coloured silk, so that if our readers should ever see a clergyman mount the pulpit in a scarlet gown, they need not jump to the conclusion that he is wantonly flaunting in their faces "a rag of the Scarlet Lady."

THE LIONS.—At length it is said that two of the lions intended for the base of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square have been finished, as far as the model is concerned, by Sir Edwin Landseer, and arrangements will now commence for the founding in bronze. At this rate of progress it is not impossible that our children may live to see this tribute of national gratitude completed.

AMHERSTIA NOBILIS.—This splendid flowering tree, "the cream of the Indian flora," which was the principal object of Mr. Gibson's mission to India in the service of the late Duke of Devonshire, is now flowering at Chatsworth. The *Amherstia* was named in compliment to the Countess Amherst, and it was first flowered in England by the late Mr. Lawrence, in 1849. Notwithstanding the gorgeous splendour of its flowers, their somewhat ephemeral duration, as well as the room and care required in its cultivation, will render it a rarity only to be occasionally seen in the principal stove-plant collections of this country.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.—A mysterious light made its appearance in Cornwall during the year 1827; and the following particulars of the *ignis fatuus* were published in a journal of that period: "In the parish of St. Austle, in Cornwall, there is a singular phenomenon—it is the appearance of a light near the turnpike-road, Hill-head, about three-quarters of a mile west of the town. In the summer season it is rarely to be seen; but in the winter, particularly in the months of November and December, scarcely a dark night passes in which it is not visible. It appears of a yellow hue, and seems to resemble a small flame. It is generally stationary, and when it moves it wanders but little from its primitive spot, sometimes mounting upward,

and then descending to the earth. As it has frequented this spot from time immemorial, it is now rendered so familiar that it almost ceases to excite attention. It is somewhat remarkable that, although many attempts have been made to discover it in the place of its appearance, every effort has hitherto failed of success. On approaching the spot it becomes invisible to the pursuers, even while it remains luminous to those who watch it at a distance. To trace its exact abode a level has been taken during its appearance, by which the curious have been guided in their researches the ensuing day, but nothing has hitherto been discovered."

MARRIED, NOT MATED.

CHAPTER I.

In the loveliest town of the west of England stands an old and curiously-fashioned house, in the centre of an acre of ground, perhaps, and so thickly surrounded by trees as to prevent the most observant passer-by from obtaining a very correct notion of its architecture or dimensions.

Nevertheless, half-hidden as it is, there is something about the place that commands attention, and whoever looks at it once is likely to look again.

In the course of every day many quick steps are slackened as the sombre shadows of its trees fall across the road; many are the faces that press close against the high black fence which encloses the grounds; and many the fruitless questions concerning its inhabitants and ownership.

"Humph!" says the speculator; "what a waste of capital is here!" and, bobbing his head up and down, and over and between the palings, he divides and subdivides the lot into many lots, and so hurries towards some thoroughfare, summing up on the ends of his fingers the entire valuation. When the sunset shines through the garbled and mossy boughs that swing against the steep gables the maiden and the lover pause, thinking how pleasant it would be to sit on the grassy knoll beneath the low-spreading apple-tree and watch the notes dancing among the column-like lights, slanting and beaming down the openings.

The poet, "crazed with care," and very possibly "crossed in hopeless love," gliding at twilight towards the more secluded quarter of the town, stops as he sees the black shadows crouching among the tangled shrubberies, half expecting to behold a ghost whitening along the gathering night; and so the stars come out as he stands before the padlocked gate, musing upon some rhyme of hopes broken, or hearts withered; and as he so muses looks a fit inhabitant of the place, for the moonlight gleaming along the moss of the roof, and the winds stirring through the bushy tree-tops, seem his properest companions.

Roughly he shakes the iron stanchions of the gate as the shadows beckon and the winds call to him, but it will not yield, and the group of boys and girls from the assembling school, who have been standing a little way off, thinking what a pretty place for hunting the glove the great door-yard would be, hastily gather up hoops and balls and run from him as fast as they can.

Sometimes, among the cobwebs that hang at the windows, the thin sorrow face of an old man may be seen feeling his way with a wooden staff, while he bends along the narrow and crooked path, over which the grass has grown together here and there, though tiny spots of gravel, at wide distances, attest that it was once a broad avenue; slowly he bends his way to the street gate, undoes the padlock, and goes towards an old but substantial and better kept house than his own, where lives a rich miserly man, using and abusing, and augmenting, and squandering the wealth which in truth belongs to his mother—a poor half-crazed old woman, whom he keeps imprisoned in his garret, scantily fed and clothed, as report says, and suffered to see no visitors, except the old man just described, who once or twice in the year, perhaps, is permitted to pass an hour or more with the almost imbecile prisoner whom he remembers as a gay-hearted and pretty young woman, and with those black glittering eyes of his, he can see, even now, traces of lost beauty beneath the grey locks that struggle down from her dishevelled night-cap.

In their youth they were friends and neighbours, and so indeed they are still, but while the intellect of the old man is as clear as it ever was, that of the woman seems to have gathered milder, and to shine out only now and then imperfectly through its mouldy crust.

He calls her "Lizy," yet, when he takes her withered hand, and in his own stronger palm crushes down the great blue veins forking and zigzagging from the knuckles to the wrist, crushes them in the heartiness of his grasp, till the purple spreads to the fingertips.

And she, with what seems a mocking echo of the joyous tones of fifty years ago, addresses her friend as "Dick," and half pettishly accuses him of forgetfulness of old friendship.

But not so; Richard Furniss visits the woman as often as he dares, for he is a humble man, and shrinks from contact with humanity, really believing himself undeserving of any notice or regard from the world from which he has withdrawn himself.

With Richard Furniss alone, however, as he lived in the desolate old house I have written of, only now and then creeping out into the sun, has our story much to do.

The man is slightly changed since the sunrise of a bright May morning slanted through his certainless window eight or ten years ago. His iron-grey hair hangs lower on his shoulders—for no one trims it now—and the weight of these additional years has bent him earthward somewhat more, perhaps, though his black eyes glitter with the same intense light, and he glides and slips about his possessions as though unworthy of them, just as he was wont.

On the steep gables the mosses are thicker and greener now than then, the tree-tops a little heavier, and the general air of neglect more immediately obvious, but the casual observer would see not much alteration in either man or dwelling since that May morning.

And beautiful exceedingly was the opening day, the very breathing of the cool air a luxury. With the first stir and hum of the great city the windows of the old house were thrown up, the blue smoke went curling away from the low kitchen chimney, while in and out the others dipped and rose the swallows, speckling the air about the roof with their grey bosoms and black wings.

On the tops of the dormer-windows sat rows of plump pigeons, waiting for the sunrise, and close against the double outer door lay a great watch-dog, his head between his fore paws, and his hungry-looking eyes wide open.

"Surly, Surly!" called a sweet voice from the window above, as the dog rose and growled, shaking the chain that was attached to the leather strap about his neck, with which his freedom was sometimes restricted, though at the time mentioned it hung loose and dragged after him as he advanced a few steps down the gravelled walk, his growl softening to a whine, and the first belligerent aspect changing to one of welcome.

"There, Annette!" said the voice again, "how late we are this morning! father will scold. Oh, I am sorry I slept so long, for see, the man who brings our butter is waiting at the gate, and I can't go to unlock it these ten minutes—just see my hair!" and she smoothed the heavy brown waves which had fallen in careless grace about her neck and shoulders, turning anxiously, the while, from the window to the bed, the pillow of which was still pressed by a fairer cheek than her own.

A merry ringing laugh was the only answer the distressed questioner at first received, and not till she had repeated the exclamation, "Oh! I am so sorry!" did the person addressed as Annette lift herself on her elbow and look steadily from the window. An arch smile curved her thin lips as she did so, and through the tangles of her black hair gleamed the red that blushed along her cheek, as she said hurriedly and in an under tone, "Nelly, dear, run down and open the gate, never mind your hair, it really makes you look charming, falling negligently as it does."

And seeing that the girl hesitated, at the same time adjusting the open morning gown with some precision, she added impatiently, "Never mind, Nelly, the man will be tired to death, and father too will be terribly vexed; there's my shawl, just throw it round your shoulders and never mind!"

"Oh! must I go this way?" and she pushed away her fallen hair, thrust her little bare feet into a pair of slippers, and gathering the shawl her sister had mentioned about her throat, descended the stairs without more ado.

No sooner was she gone than Annette, who had till then lingered indolently with her pillow, dashed aside the counterpane and hastening to the window called, "Nell! ask the young man to come in, and be sure you don't allow him to go away until I come down; I have an especial and important object in view."

There was a puzzled and enquiring expression in the face of Nelly for a moment, but simply nodding assent, she took up the chain which Surly was dragging after him, and skipped down the walk by his side, calling him "poor fellow," and "pretty Surly," as she went; though only his mistress could have discovered his beauty, for surely so long-legged, slab-sided and altogether graceless a creature never tended another door.

But, "poor fellow," as the girl might well call him, he could not help his natural defects, nor the scanty feeling that had flattened him to his present narrow dimensions.

"Why, Surly, old fellow, good morning." And the young man who had been so long standing before the gate, sat down from his arm the basket covered with dowy leaves, and reaching through the bars took the paw of the dog in his large clumsy hand and shook it heartily, without as yet having given any salutation at all to the young woman.

"Really, Mr. Graham," she began, holding her shawl together with one hand, while she unfastened the rusty padlock with the other, "really, I am quite ashamed."

"Not at all, miss," he interrupted, before she proceeded further with an apology, "I would as lives stand here as not: is your father well, miss?"

By this time the gate was open, and Mr. Graham, taking up his basket, followed, rather than accompanied, Nelly into the house.

"Well, father, you have a nice fire for me," she said, "and I shall be very smart to make up for lost time. Have you forgotten Mr. Graham?" she added, seeing that he did not notice the young man who stood blushing and stepping with one foot and the other in painful embarrassment.

A dry nod and an unsmiling glance were the only results of this appeal, and the young man, aware of the dubious welcome, hastened to pull the green leaves from his basket and take thence the golden rolls of butter which it was his weekly errand to bring.

"Seems to me, Nell," said the old man, poking in the ashes with his cane, "that you use more butter than there is any need of;" and he added after a moment, "your mother didn't do so, that's all;" and he resumed his poking in the ashes.

"I am afraid father will never be able to teach me the economy which it is perhaps needful for me to practise," said Nelly, blushing confusedly that he should have betrayed so calculating a spirit, and taking as much blame to herself as she could, that the less might attach to him.

"What's that?" resumed the old man in a voice somewhat mollified, as he saw the farmer take from his basket a piece of meat which he had brought from home.

"A morsel for Surly," answered Graham, and he continued, apologetically, though he knew the dog was half starved, "I thought it better than your city veal."

Richard Furniss moved, uneasily, and looked wistfully after the young farmer, as he withdrew, carrying his basket, and the hungry dog the gift which was to propitiate his friendship as well as satisfy his appetite.

He turned now from the fireplace, to assist in preparations for breakfast, and holding the loosened parts of a worn-out coffee-mill close together with one hand and between his knees, with the other turned the crank until the grains were ground, and then set the scant drawing to boil in a tin coffee-pot which had neither lid nor handle, and was proceeding to set the table, when his daughters entered the room—having been engaged longer than they were accustomed to be with their toilets.

"Humph," he said, eyeing them with severity, "you are not much like your mother; she would have been at work while you have been decking yourselves off with furbelows." And he added with what seemed real emotion: "I wish, girls, you would not dress so fine."

"There, father!" said Nelly, taking the table-cloth from his tremulous hands, and sighing, as she arranged the cracked and broken ware so as to conceal the rents and patches.

"A most singular old gentleman!" exclaimed Annette, laughing, as, half blind with tears, the father stumbled out of the house.

"Oh, Nelly, Nelly!" said Nelly; and she clasped her little hands together and stood looking into the fire.

"Why, my fair sister, have I shocked you?" resumed the young beauty, laying her hand on the arm of her sister in mock tenderness; "I spoke no treason; I simply said our honoured father was a 'strange gentleman,' and I repeat it. Would to heaven," she continued more earnestly, "I had not a drop of the Furniss blood in my veins."

"Oh! Nelly, Nelly!" reiterated the sister; and, unlocking her hands, she went quietly about her work again.

"I understand your reproach; perhaps I deserve it," spoke Annette, in a cold calm tone that indicated no self-condemnation; "but, Nell, good said pure as you are, you must feel sometimes that you are cursed with a curse."

There was no reply, and she continued: "I felt it when I was young, and—no, not as good as you, but better than I am now."

"Do not call me good; if you saw my heart—if you knew what my thoughts are, often, you would draw yourself away from me in fear of contamination, for, Nelly, I tremble to confess it, but I sometimes

reproach not only the living, but the dead;" and her lip trembled as she spoke.

"Wickedness, as I understand it," replied Annette, "is the deliberate and premeditated working of evil—not any honest rebellion against unnatural constraint. The lark sings, because of the gift God has given it; if it were mewed up with the owl, it would pine and die. What business has the lamb in the cory of the eagle? And if any circumstance, or combination of circumstances, place it there, I hold that it is not bound to remain in the position, either to be preyed upon, or scorched to death in the sun, if by any means it can possibly let itself down."

Nelly shook her head slowly and sadly. "Talk as you may, but you cannot cease all self-sacrifice, and be satisfied. You cannot turn aside from the path which those who love you have marked out for you, with a consciousness of rectitude. I cannot."

"I live," replied Annette, "but for the simple sense of living; I have small reason to be thankful at any time; certainly I feel no gratitude to my parents. I have grown to womanhood because my constitution has resisted the wear and tear to which it has been wrongfully subjected, and not because of any fostering care bestowed on me. I am warped from the first goodness and purity of my nature: my life has been forcibly turned from its bent; when I would have gone up, I was pressed down; when I pined for knowledge, I was kept ignorant; and now," she added,

"I they planted in the desert
Will o'erweep them with my sands!"

"All this, Nelly, will not avail to bring you peace."

"Then you think I am bound to surrender all my hopes and inclinations to the will of one to whom I owe nothing; to take up a cross that must shortly crush me into the grave. No, you may do this if you choose, but from this day I am bound to live after my own fashion."

"Well," replied Nelly; and the simple word seemed to say that from that hour she would try to consecrate herself to duty.

There was a long silence; then Annette fell to singing, as if so happy in her late resolve that she could not help exultation.

Presently, however, she said, abruptly, as she caught a glimpse of the form of the young farmer re-approaching the door of the kitchen, along the grounds:

"Nell, how would you like Henry Graham for a brother? I am resolved to marry him."

"Marry Henry Graham! What do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say."

"Why, you have scarcely spoken to him—when did he ask you?"

"Ah, my dear sister," said Annette, laughing, "you are much younger than I am. True, I have scarcely spoken with him, and I don't suppose he ever thought of marrying me; but new influences produce new feelings: perhaps he will ask me."

"Hush!"

And Nelly lifted up her hand and smiled, as she said:

"Shall I invite him into the parlour?"

"Oh, no, it would only disconcert him, and hinder the progress of our acquaintance; besides, our preparation of breakfast will serve to entertain him."

"Ah, Mr. Graham!" and Annette shook hands with him, in her most cordial and winning manner; "I hope I have not detained you against any pressing call upon your time."

"Oh, no, miss; I am very glad if I can serve you in any way; any commands of yours would flatter me."

He blushed as he spoke, and rapidly changed his market-basket from one hand to the other.

Annette busied herself about the table till he recovered from the confusion into which this effort at politeness had thrown him, and then artfully led the conversation into channels calculated to place him at ease.

For the time she seemed to forget that their slight acquaintance should impose any limits to the subjects or familiarity of their discussion, and asked him a great many direct questions, as how far he lived from the town, how much land he owned, what was its value, and whether he was not prospectively rich.

By this, and the preparation of breakfast, Mr. Henry Graham was placed as much at his ease as it was or is possible for an inferior creature to be with a superior one; for though two, so differing, may sometimes stand on the same elevation, and may seem to be not altogether ill-matched, the lower cannot escape the consciousness that the higher can overmaster and crush and annihilate as he will.

The question whether Mr. Graham was not likely to be the possessor of wealth, drew out the information that his brother Stafford, a surgeon then in the army, shared with him his prospects.

"Older younger than you?" asked Annette, care-

lessly, and in an undertone adding, "Stafford; what a pretty name!"

The young man coloured and did not at once reply, evincing clearly enough, to the quick eyes of Annette, that he was nettled by the greater interest she betrayed in Stafford.

"Have you been separated long?" she resumed, as if not observing his silence.

"Three years," he answered, glancing at the window, and adding something about the beauty of the day.

"Lovely, isn't it? Do you expect your brother home soon?"

"We are not in correspondence. My mother, I believe, receives letters from him sometimes."

"Not in correspondence!"

"No, we are not friends," and Mr. Graham compressed his lips, and betrayed in his manner a positive unwillingness to pursue the conversation.

"Shall I call father to breakfast?" asked Nelly, interrupting a silence that even to Annette was embarrassing; and without waiting a reply she withdrew upon the errand thus suggested.

The house was situated about the middle of the grounds, in the rear of which the trees grew thicker than elsewhere; and towards a clump of elms whose pendulous boughs hung low, the girl bent her steps, looking unusually sad and thoughtful.

"Come, father," she said, speaking more cheerfully than she felt, as, parting the roses and lilacs that hedged in a solitary grave, she found him, where she expected, sitting by the head-stone, a low pillar of marble.

In a few moments the family and their guest are seated together at their meagre breakfast. Richard Furniss is at an inconvenient distance from the table, holding a crust in one hand, from which he occasionally breaks a small piece, and deliberately places it within his lips.

When he is offered a fresh slice, he shakes his head mournfully and replies, "It is no matter about me." His dress is old and shabby, and seems to have been carelessly put on; his countenance evinces unrest and melancholy, and his whole bearing a mingling of diffidence and ill-humour.

Henry Graham looks as if not more than twenty, though he is certainly twenty-five; he is slender and tall, with a rosy complexion, and little twinkling, blue eyes. He reminds one, in his manner, of a stray animal amid a new flock, not quite assured of his position.

His hair is thin and long, of colour a sandy yellow; his beard is red; and in his habitual awkwardness there mingles occasionally the gallantry and politeness of gentlemanly blood, his father having been a man of elegant breeding and scholarly attainments.

Of his mother we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Annette is rather above the ordinary height of women; a brunette, with eyes and hair black as the night.

The expression of the eyes is commonly soft, but when aroused by passion, they have something of the glitter that makes one distrustful, almost afraid. She is not stout, nor yet very thin; her countenance, in repose, is quietly sad, and her whole manner subdued; yet you feel when you have once conversed with her, that somewhere in her nature there is pride, ambition, and smothered energy and purpose.

One hour her smile wins you, and you can tell her your simplest joys and sorrows; say you love her, perhaps; but the next there is a sea of ice between you, and this without her speaking an unkind word, or having withdrawn one beam of her unfaltering smile.

She is no longer young, as her conversation has already revealed, but she is as handsome, perhaps, as she ever was; something from the fulness of the cheek and the roundness of the shoulder may be missed, but in the higher expression of beauty she is a gainer by her years.

Mr. Furniss declines the second cup of coffee, a beverage of which he is exceedingly fond; he does not know that it would make him live any longer, he says; but in fact he thinks himself unworthy of having more, and feels that he is saving a little in refusing it. Sometimes Annette would have pressed it upon him; not so to-day.

When Mr. Graham invites him to visit Woodside, his country place, he shakes his head sorrowfully, replying that he seldom goes from home; nobody wishes to see him; and so, with moisture in his eyes, he withdraws from the house, and is presently sitting by the lonely grave again.

How we cling to the dust, frail and fading and perishing as it is! She who sleeps in that narrow and obscure grave has, for him, drawn down after her all the stars of heaven.

Poor old man! blame him not too hastily; there went out the love that made him forget his grey hairs; there he first learned how far away from happiness

he had gone in search of it; and he has no strength and no courage to retrace his steps.

Through adversity some persons become pure, and, as it were, kiss the hand that chastises; others go wandering and wailing like echoes out of ruins; and others lift their eyes in reproof when the cloud comes over them, not against God, as they say, but Fate.

"Well, Nelly, what are you thinking of?" asked Annette Furniss, as the sisters sat together in their scantily-furnished chamber, a week after the scene described in the preceding chapter.

The evening was deepening, and she closed the volume from which she had been reading,—one of those exhibitions of shallow but plausible scepticism with which the weak and the perverse seek so frequently to lull the stings of conscience,—and as she moved listlessly from the window to the bedside, to bury her face in the pillows, repeated,

"I say, what are you thinking of? Why don't you speak?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered the girl, who remained at the window, one cheek resting on her hand, and her attention divided between the western clouds and Surly, who lay below.

"Do say something," said Annette, petulantly; "do, for charity's sake; I can't endure my own thoughts any longer."

"Come and sit by me: there was never a sweeter sunset;" and the placid expression of Nelly's face contrasted strangely with the worn and restless appearance of Annette's, as, suddenly sitting upright, she gazed upon her fixedly. In a moment the troubled air grew sorrowful, and she said reproachfully, but not bitterly, "And so you have nothing to say to me; well!"

"Nelly, my dear sister!" and Nelly stooped and kissed her, "I don't know what to say that will comfort you;" and, more playfully, she continued, "the patient cannot expect a cure so long as she conceals her real disease from the physician. And Nelly, you know that you have lately withdrawn the little confidence you ever gave me, and when we talk I feel that it is across some great gulf."

Tears gathered slowly to the eyes of Annette, and dropped silently off the long lashes, for she did not wipe them; and Nelly felt them on her face when, laying her head on her sister's knees, she said, "I do not blame you if you cannot make yourself with me, you are so much older and wiser than I;" and, after a slight pause, listening towards the adjoining chamber:

"What's that?"

Annette turned her head in the direction indicated, and said in her cold and calm tone,

"His father counting his money."

There was a long silence, interrupted only by the clinking of silver. At length Annette, placing her hand on the head of her sister, said:

"Nelly, you think me a strange creature, and so I am, neither fit to live nor die; but if you knew the influences that have made me so! Oh, Nelly, you do know some of them, but you do not know all the hardships, and trials, and wrongs, and slights that have at last crushed out the little good that was long ago in my nature; you know how hard your life has been, but I have lived longer, twelve years longer, than you, and my childhood and girlhood have left scarcely a pleasant memory: our parents, as you know, were never, what is termed, poor; nevertheless, I have suffered from hunger, and cold, and nakedness."

"Ah, Nelly," answered the sister, "do you not fancy the deprivations incident to real poverty?"

"No, I have slept in a garret so open that the snows and winds blew over me, and all the while worked like a bought slave. I have thirsted for knowledge, and education has been denied me; I have wished for society, and am shut out from it by my ignorance and ill-breeding, even more than by all other present restraints. If these things had been or were from necessity, I would not complain; but to be mowed up in a ruin or waste, and die here, and for no earthly good—"

She stopped suddenly, pushed her hair from her forehead, and, after a moment, resumed:

"The great blight of my life, Nelly, I have not spoken of."

Her sister looked as if startled with a new apprehension.

"Oh, 'tis nothing," she went on, smiling. "My heart is broken, that is all; and if I could have chosen my own path of life, it would not have been. Never mind, I do not like to talk about it. But, never be so foolish as to believe, no matter on what grounds, that any man whose birth and education are superior to yours will marry you. Never, Nelly, suffer yourself to be so deluded."

She arose and walked to and fro in the chamber, and Nelly recalled as she did so the summer twilight, long past, when her gay laugh rang out from among the flowers that she had planted and tended with such care (there were no flowers planted now), and when

she sat on the mossy door-step in the deeper evening, more quietly, but not less happy, speaking sometimes very low and tenderly in answer to a voiceless low and tender as her own.

This was all long ago, when Nelly was a child, but she could remember that Annette was gentle, and loving, and hopeful, that she often kissed her, and talked to her of the goodness and happiness and beauty that were in the world.

"And for the desertion, Netty," she said, at last, "you think too hardly of our parents, because they did not educate you to be the wife of the man you loved; but that he ever loved you is impossible, else he would not have left you. Turn your reproaches where they belong, and you will have gained in love and respect for our father; he is an old man now, and his grey hairs are very close to the grave."

"Yes, he is an old man, a miserly, miserable old man! You are shocked, but truth is truth, whether spoken of man or angel, and truth is truth if not spoken at all. Yet I do love my father, and pity him; but he will not allow me to make him happy; he has warped me from my bent as much as he could; and now our natures are antagonistic, and we are better apart than together."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have suffered, and struggled, and starved here as long as I can, and if I can't free myself in one way I will in another; by marrying Henry Graham, for instance."

Nelly smiled.

"I know your pride and ambition too well," she said, "to fear such an alliance."

"Pride and ambition!" repeated Annette. "I have no use for such words; look at me," and she turned towards her sister; "old, hopeless, friendless, and heartless. I once had dreams, indeed, but they were dreams. I am learning to see things as they are. What good will come to me in this old rookery? I suppose I shall grow uglier, and older, and bitterer if that were possible. Look around," she said, enumerating some of the weightiest names with which they were both familiar, "will any of these people admit us to their society on terms of equality? And why not? God has endowed us as richly as them, and more so; we are entitled by our wealth to their position; but by vulgar habits and total ignorance of the usages of cultivated men and women we are exiled from them. What is the use of hope?"

"I do not see as you do, my dear sister," said Nelly, and she proceeded to soften the hard and naked truths before her, as only with the mists that go up from a fountain of love she could soften them.

"Remember that when our parents came here, they had little but their hands and their hearts to encourage them; a hard task they proposed to themselves, and earnestly they wrought for its accomplishment; no economy was too rigid, no labour too severe, sustained and encouraged as they were by the expectation of one day surrounding themselves and us with the elegancies and refinements of life. They did not see nor know that our natures differed from theirs, and that the severe schooling they gave us must embitter all our years. Think of it, Netty; think of our poor mother, pale, and patient, and hopeful, more for us than for herself, making plans for coming good even on her death-bed, and going from us without having reaped any of the pleasures that should reward a life of toil. If she had lived we might have seen better days. As it is, let us make the most of our scanty means of enjoyment; life is short, let us not embitter it more than we must."

And differently as the sisters had spoken, each had said the truth.

On the death of his wife, who had lovingly shared his hardships, Mr. Furniss lost all care for everything; the bright day he had looked forward to became suddenly black; the joy almost within his grasp was snatched away, and after the first passionate flow of tender grief, only bitterness mingled with his tears.

The house, unfinished at the loved one's death, was never completed; the room in which the corpse was laid was never furnished; and from the day of her burial all previous accumulations shrank and wasted towards ruin.

The father saw the daughters unlike the mother, and was displeased: naturally they turned towards the gaieties of society, while she had loved only her home. But I need not enlarge: enough that, kept together by the force of outward circumstances, they grew further and further apart, till the house was divided against itself, and the wretched monotony forced upon the sisters was fretting out the life of the one and the amiability of the other.

So, one thinking of new sacrifices and new endeavours, and the other of better fortune to be attained in some way—the cared little what—they sat in the old chamber late into the night.

"How hot your head is!" Annette said at last, feeling Nelly's forehead burn against her shoulder.

She tried to choke back the short, dry cough, and smile.

Annette softly closed the window, and the sisters retired for the night.

(To be continued.)

LUELLA.

CHAPTER I.

"HERE is good fishing here by the light-house," said the boatman, as he cast over the light anchor, and fastened the rope to the requisite depth. "The perch are generally pretty plentiful along this ledge."

The occupants of the little boat were three in number. Two of them were London gentlemen—you could tell that by their manner and appearance—wary of the hot sun, and the interminable brick walls, and were out for a day's relaxation on the quiet bosom of the bay.

They were both young men, apparently of the same age, neither over twenty-three; but there was not the slightest resemblance between them.

Corydon Gethlocke was short and thick-set, with a dark complexion and heavy black beard and moustache, that gave him quite a foreign appearance. His features were good, his eyes—a trifle too small, perhaps—black and piercing. Altogether he had the haughty bearing and indolent manner of a Spanish don. But the nearest Gethlocke had ever been to Spain, was in smoking Havana cigars; he had first seen the light in the country, but a long residence in the great metropolis had obliterated all traces of the verdancy he had brought with him, when, at an early age, he cast his lot in London.

His companion, Frohisher Whitecross, was a different type of man altogether. He was tall and slim, with sandy hair, watery-grey eyes, freckled complexion, and a little patch of reddish whisker upon each cheek. His bearing was grave and sedate, too much so for his years, making him appear unnatural. He had a look of refinement about him which was wanting in Gethlocke. He wore no jewellery; but his attire was scrupulously neat. He had long taper fingers, as small and delicate as a woman's; and he was very proud of them, as you could see by the dainty way with which he handled everything.

Gethlocke looked like one who could turn his hand to any busy occupation; Whitecross like a rich man with a quiet disposition, had a refined and literary taste.

The boatman must not be passed over in this connexion, as he formed quite a prominent feature in the group. He also was a young man—almost a boy, in fact; for he could not have been much over twenty-one.

He had an open, honest face, an intelligent blue eye, and curly brown hair. His face and neck were browned to the hue of an Indian's by constant exposure to the sun, and to the salt air of the water. He was a splendidly formed young fellow.

His arms, bare nearly to the shoulders, were perfect models of sinewy proportion, and his broad chest gave evidence of great strength, probably developed by the constant exercise of rowing his boat; for though there was a place to step a mast, and rig a sail, yet the wind was so baffling in this land-locked bay that it was seldom used, Jasper preferring to use the oars, which was generally the most expeditious way of proceeding.

It was a noticeable fact that Jasper's patron always treated him with a consideration, due more to his own merits than the lowly occupation he followed, which placed him upon an equal footing with themselves, an advantage which his natural good sense prevented him from abusing.

He was well posted in the history of the bay, knew the best places to capture the finny race, and answered all questions modestly and good-naturedly. This made him not only a good guide for the sportsman, but an excellent companion as well, and his boat was always in demand in the summer season.

They cast their lines, and glanced around to survey the beautiful prospect before them; the distant ocean, seen through the little strait, looking so narrow from where they were, as almost to render the passage of a ship impossible. But the number of large vessels, riding at anchor in that safe haven, proved that the feat could be accomplished.

The old light-house, under the lee of which they lay, was the most prominent feature in the landscape, a crazy old structure, built upon a ledge of rocks, to point out to the navigator the entrance to the river, looking a little as if it might be blown off into the water if a gale should arise. There was just room on the rock for the house, and a little patch of a garden, the latter ingeniously constructed with dirt obtained from the main land by the old light-keeper; and a little wharf jutted out like a protuberance into the water.

As they sat in the boat, and fished with indifferent luck—for the day was insufferably hot, and the fish indolent—a young girl, apparently about sixteen years of age, came out of the light-house, and sitting down in the shade, unobtrusively of the boat and its occupants, undid her hair which fell around her in a perfect cloud of blackness.

She commenced combing and braiding it around her fingers, all the while singing to herself a low, melancholy refrain, probably picked up from some sailor who had sung it in her hearing, and the burden of which seemed to be—

"They sank her in the lowlands;
Oh! they sank her in the lowlands;
The bog-w—laid—l—s—w—"

She had a weird, mermaid-like kind of look, as she twined her hair and sang thus strangely to herself. Her dress and general appearance added to her elfish look. Her frock, of a kind of faded sea-green colour, was low in the neck and without sleeves.

Her face, neck, and arms looked as if they had been carved out of bronze; they were so brown, and her eyes sparkled like beads of jet, from beneath heavy eyebrows, strangely thick and black. The intense blackness of her hair, and the dull brown of her complexion, made her look like a little gipsy.

It was a singular picture; and the young men in the boat, with one accord, as it were, fixed their eyes upon her.

"Were I to put faith in the old legends," said Gethlocke, with an admiring glance, "I should think a mermaid had come up out of the sea, and perched herself on yonder rock. What a droll little thing she is!"

"To my fancy," answered Whitecross, "she is more like the heroine of the fairy tale, 'Rumpelstiltskin.' I think it is called,—who, when she teased her goose—a princess in reduced circumstances, of course—used to comb her long hair, and her fellow herdsman, an ignorant lout, charmed by its beauty, and approaching to caress it, a sudden wind takes off his hat, and off he goes in pursuit of it, 'over the hills, and far away.' When he secures the hat, and returns, the hair is nicely coiled up, and the temptation gone. 'Don't let us look at her too earnestly, or she may raise a gale, and blow us out to sea.'"

He laughed at his own conceit, showing a set of teeth of the greatest regularity and whiteness. It was a characteristic of this man that his teeth were singularly conspicuous even with the faintest smile.

"No fear of that," answered Jasper. "She is a mortal like ourselves, and a very insignificant one."

"Who is she?"

"The old light-keeper's daughter. Luella Orice is her name, but she is better known hereabouts by the name of 'Brown Paws.'"

The young men laughed aloud at this singular name, and the wind bore the sound to the object of their conversation, who sprang to her feet like a startled fawn, glancing eagerly in the direction of the boat. Her long black hair fell around her like a veil as she stood erect, and they could see that it reached below her knees.

"Good heavens!" cried Gethlocke, in astonishment, "what wonderful hair!"

"Wonderful indeed!" echoed Whitecross.

She heard them, it would seem; for she threw her head back to shake the hair from her eyes, and laughed merrily.

"Good afternoon, Jasper," she exclaimed, in a voice singularly clear and sweet, and then bounded with the speed and grace of a startled antelope into the house.

So sudden was her departure, that she seemed to have disappeared by supernatural means; and though Jasper had asserted that she was but mortal, there was something sprite-like, eldritch, in her appearance, and in her manner of coming and going.

"Presto, change!" cried Gethlocke with a laugh. "I told you so; she's gone. She's an imp, if ever there was one."

"Did you notice the regularity of her features, and the exquisite shape of her brown arms and hands?"

He glanced complacently at his own white hand as he spoke, and a lustrous diamond glinted in the sun's rays as he held it up.

A snarl lingered upon Gethlocke's thick lips as he observed the action.

His hands were large and fat, and he wore an amethyst seal ring.

"That is said to be a sign of gentle blood, is it not?" he asked with a covert smile.

"So Lord Byron asserted," returned Whitecross, composedly, with the consciousness of possessing that quality himself; "and he was an excellent judge."

"Where, then, does our light-keeper's daughter get

her gentle blood from?" asked Gethlocke, in an argumentative manner.

"She is not his daughter," answered Jasper, anticipating Whitecross's reply.

CHAPTER II.

"Indeed!" cried both the young men.

"You see," said Whitecross, "my theory still holds."

"Not the light-keeper's daughter?" asked Gethlocke.

"Whose, then? Some relative, no doubt."

"No relation whatever," answered Jasper. "The story of Brown Paws is a singular and romantic one."

"Tell it, then, by all means," remarked Whitecross, in his quiet way; "for the fish do not seem disposed to bite, however we tempt them, and I should like something to amuse my mind. Pull up, Gethlocke: I have my cigar-case here, and we will take a smoke while we listen to Jasper's story."

"In the first place," said Gethlocke, as he reeled in his line, "wherefore 'Brown Paws'? Where did that name come from?"

"Oh, that is easily accounted for," returned Jasper. "The girl is very fond of rowing the old man's boat about the bay, and has become quite brown, as you saw, and the name was given to her in sport by an old boatman one day, rather as a mark of his admiration than otherwise, and, as is usual in such cases, was adopted by others, until now she is generally addressed and known by that name."

"How does the girl like it herself?" asked Gethlocke. "She seems a spirited little thing, and might resent it."

"On the contrary, she has taken it as a matter of course, and seems more proud of it than otherwise. She is rather proud of her skill in rowing; indeed, there are few boatmen in this bay who can excel her in the use of the oar, and she is a most expert swimmer."

"A bit of a hoyden, I fancy," observed Whitecross, who was lazily reclining in the stern of the boat, smoking his cigar through an elegantly carved meerschaum holder.

Jasper flushed a little at this remark; and Gethlocke, whose eye was ever roving, noted it.

"Oh!" thought he, "an incipient love affair here."

"I scarcely think, sir," returned Jasper, after a momentary pause, as if meditating his reply, "that title exactly applies to her. She has acquired many things, doubtless, that are not necessary adjuncts of a young lady's education, though highly essential to her in her peculiar position. You have no idea how useful her skill in rowing is to the old light-keeper; for he is pretty well advanced in life now. She saves him half the labour of his situation. She goes to the land for the necessary supplies, always rowing herself, and when they go to church, which they do every Sunday, she rows the boat. Yonder is the meeting-house,—that steeple on the left."

"How about other branches of her education?" asked Whitecross. "Can she read or write?"

"Oh, yes! both fluently," answered Jasper eagerly. "She went to the village school when she was a child. I used to come over in my boat for her until she got large enough to row herself."

"I fancy that did not prevent you from coming all the same," interrupted Gethlocke, winking slyly at Whitecross.

"Oh, no!" answered Jasper ingeniously. "I used to come then for company."

"Who taught her to row?" continued Gethlocke, knocking the ashes off the end of his cigar.

"I did," answered Jasper.

"And you went to school together?"

"Yes; until we learned all our schoolmaster could teach us. You know a village school is not a place to acquire a very fine education."

"Still, you might lay the foundation of a good education even there."

"That is what we did, sir; and then we undertook to improve ourselves. I collected all the books I could buy from my savings, and what Mr. Tholuck—"

"Whom Mr. Tholuck?"

"The light-house keeper."

"Ah! yes. Well?"

"All that I could spare, and he could spare, until we got together quite a library; and then I used to row over here, in the long winter evenings, and we used to read and study them together."

Whitecross nodded his head approvingly.

"Many a man in this world has made his mark with a worse beginning than that, Jasper," he said.

The young boatman blushed at the words: he was strangely diffident.

"All this time we are forgetting the history of this romantic young lady, who rows boats, and combs her

hair like a mermaid," cried Gethlocke, "this—what's her name?"

"Brown Paws,"

"No, no. I don't mean that. Her true name."

"Luella Orice."

"Strange name that, isn't it?" Gethlocke remarked to his friend.

"Excessively odd," returned Whitecross, musingly; "and, strange again, that name sounds very familiar in my ears, and, though I have been trying to remember, for the life of me I can't tell where I ever heard it before."

"In some romance which you have read, no doubt."

"Ah! very likely; I did not think of that."

"Now then, Jasper, give us the particulars."

"You shall have them, gentlemen, as I received them from the lips of Mr. Tholuck," said Jasper.

"I was not old enough myself to remember the terrible disasters which took place in the bay at that time."

"Looking around us now, one can scarcely credit that any storm can arise, in this secure haven, strong enough to cause shipwreck; yet thirteen years ago a most dreadful storm swept over these quiet waters, scattering ruin and destruction all around."

"It was not a gale from the sea, but a tornado from the land."

"Houses were unroofed, steeples demolished as if they had been made of paper, trees torn up by the roots; and what ships lay in its desolating track, whether at anchor, outward bound, or coming home, were driven from their anchorage, or blown upon the shores."

"One large vessel went to pieces upon this very ledge. The light-keeper heard the shrieks of mortal agony mingling with the howling blast, but was powerless to save the unfortunates."

"The storm was of so short duration as it had been violent; and when Mr. Tholuck ventured forth to see what the waves had cast upon the rocks, to his great surprise he found the body of a child, encircled by a life-preserver, lodged amongst the rocks where the waves had dashed it, sadly bruised, and drenched with spray."

"He saw that it was a female child, apparently between three and four years of age, as he raised the little body tenderly in his arms. It was rigid. But the face did not seem like that of a corpse: it wore more the expression of lethargic sleep, and he became impressed with the idea that life might still exist. He lost no time in carrying the little form into the house, and applying the proper restoratives. It was a long time before the almost departed spirit would be recalled."

"But at last his perseverance was rewarded: a shudder pervaded the little limbs; and the action of the heart, like a run-down watch that has just been wound up, began again with a quick pulsation, laboured and irregular for a time, but soon regaining its accustomed beat."

"In a couple of hours she was well enough to sit up, and prattle about herself; but her information was very scanty. Her head had received some injury against the rocks, which seemed to affect her memory, and for weeks the light-keeper feared that the child would grow up an idiot."

"He inserted an advertisement in the daily papers, stating the circumstances of her escape, and calling upon her relatives to claim her. The only clue he could give to her identity was a little gold chain and locket, which she wore around her neck at the time he found her on the rocks."

"This locket was engraved upon the outside, 'Luella Orice,' and inside contained a lock of black hair, probably her mother's."

"Strangely enough, no other bodies were washed upon the light-house ledge, and the fragments of the ship that came ashore afforded no clue to its name. The clothes the child had on proved her to be of wealthy parentage, for they were of the finest texture, and her delicate limbs gave evidence of gentle nurture."

"Tholuck could gain nothing definite from the child herself. She said her name was 'Luella Orice,' and her clothes were marked, in silk embroidery, 'L. O.'; but whether that was her whole name, or only a part of it, could not be determined. She had come a long way over the water with 'papa' and 'mamma,'—she knew them by no other names,—and, when the storm arose, 'papa' had belted the life-preserver around her little form."

"A year passed away; and no one coming to claim the child, John Tholuck, being a lone man in the world concluded to rear her as his own. In the years that have faded quite away from her mind. She has entirely recovered from the effects of the injuries received at that time, and she believes she is in reality Mr. Tholuck's daughter; indeed, it would be hard to convince her to the contrary."

"And that is the story of Luella Orice?" cried Gethlocke, when Jasper had finished.

"As far as I know," answered Jasper.

"What do you think of it?" Gethlocke asked Whitecross.

That gentleman roused himself out of a brown study, into which he had fallen, and replied:

"It is very romantic!"

CHAPTER III.

"Who knows?" observed Gethlocke, thoughtfully, "but yonder little maiden, who now dwells so contentedly in that old light-house, may be the heiress of a princely fortune? It would not be an improbability—eh, Whitecross?"

The question seemed to annoy his friend.

"Tush!" he answered, shortly. "The child is probably the daughter of a well-to-do couple, and who must have perished in the wreck, or they would have made some research for the child. Her not being claimed is a proof that her relatives are dead, and her existence forgotten by her friends, if she ever had any. Pull up the anchor, Jasper: we must be moving if we wish to catch the six o'clock boat. For my part I have no desire to remain on the island over night."

He referred to an elegant Geneva gold watch as he spoke.

"Nor I," returned Gethlocke; "so pull away, Jasper."

As Jasper raised the anchor, Brown Paws, with her long tresses, twined into a fantastic coronet, appeared in the doorway of the light-house, and putting one of her brown hands, trumpet fashion, to her mouth, hailed him thus:

"Coming over to-night, Jasper?"

"Yes," answered Jasper; and the little gipsy ducked out of sight again.

"You seem to have a pretty good understanding with Luella Orice Brown Paws," said Gethlocke, drily.

Jasper's face flushed as he bent to his oars; but his face was so burnt by the sun that blushes did not show very plainly.

"Yes!" responded he. "She and I are old friends!"

Gethlocke sent a sly glance at Whitecross; but it failed of its mark, as that gentleman appeared to be in a dreamy state of thoughtfulness.

Jasper soon landed them at the ferry, and there left them.

They lit fresh cigars while awaiting the arrival of the boat.

"Did you not lose an uncle at sea once?" asked Gethlocke, musingly.

Whitecross started, and looked at him in a kind of bewildered way.

"What did you say?" he asked, as if he had not thoroughly understood the question.

Gethlocke repeated it.

"Yes," answered Whitecross. "My uncle, William Cavendish, my mother's only brother, was drowned on his homeward passage about thirteen years ago. At least, it was so imagined; as the ship, the *Crest of the Wave*, never reached her destination. She was spoken with at sea, and never heard of after."

"This must have been about the time of that great storm Jasper was telling us of."

Whitecross glanced uneasily at his friend.

"It was," he answered briefly.

"My dear Frobisher," said Gethlocke, linking his arm in his in an amicable manner, "what is the use of beating about the bush with me? I am no fool. I can put this and that together. We have been friends since we were boys together in the great firm of Grasplit and Raspem, brokers; though you did serve a term at college, which I did not; and now a nearer and dearer tie is about to unite us. As the affianced husband of your sister Francena, I think I am entitled to share in the family secrets."

Whitecross admitted the justice of this position by saying:

"What do you wish to know?"

"Was your uncle married when he sailed for this country?"

"Yes."

"An English lady?"

"Yes. You know all his property came to my sister and myself, we being his only surviving heirs. My uncle and his wife had been making a tour, and were returning home when the accident happened which deprived them of life."

"And made you a rich man. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.' Had your uncle any children?"

"Yes—one."

"A girl?"

"Yes."

"And about three or four years old at that time?"

"I think she was fully four years."

"And she was with them at the time of the shipwreck?"

"She was with them."

"Never heard of afterwards?"
 "Never. Supposed to have been lost with her parents."

"And her name was—Luella Orice?"
 "That was her name. I remember, though I was but a boy at the time, hearing my mother read a letter from her brother, in which he mentioned that his wife had a little girl, and he had named her 'Luella Orice.' The oddity of the name impressed it upon my memory, and I never forgot it."

Gethlocke whistled gently to himself, and then was silent for a few moments, deeply absorbed in thought.

"Do you think this girl—this Brown Paws of the lighthouse—is your uncle's child?" he asked suddenly.
 "I don't know what to think about it. The affair perplexes me sadly. It may be nothing more than a coincidence after all. Such things do happen, you know. It seems almost incredible, that, out of an entire ship's crew and passengers, a puny infant should alone have been saved. There is no proof of identity that I can see; she could not prove herself to be my uncle's child, nor could I if I wished to."

"Are you anxious?"
 "Whitcross looked at his friend, and puffed away absently at his cigar; but he did not answer the question. The boat coming in they went aboard, and then renewed the conversation."

"This is a ticklish business for you, Frobisher," said Gethlocke, "if you did but know it; and for me also, for that matter: for, as your sister's husband, I should be in the same boat with you. If this girl should by any chance (and that loquacious Jasper probably tells the story to everybody who catches a glimpse of the brown beauty, for she is a beauty) stumble upon any proof of her birth and parentage, and you can never calculate to a certainty on anything in this world—it would make it dreadful awkward for you."

"I know it."
 "You would have to give up every pound of the property, interest accrued, rents collected, &c. It would make you and your sister poor again, after living in affluence for nearly fourteen years."

Whitcross shivered and passed his hand across his brow as if it was damp with perspiration.

"We have our business, you know. Couldn't we fall back on that?"

Gethlocke gave a short, scornful laugh.
 "Oh, yes! we have our business—Whitcross & Gethlocke, Brokers; but where would our business be if our capital—which you put in—was all drawn out? We should be out of the board in a month."

Whitcross sighed. He was an easy, quiet man, and did not like trouble.

"I am sure I do not exactly see my way clear in this affair," he said. "However, it is a folly to borrow trouble. This girl may not be what we imagine. I think I can ascertain that, though. Francena has a locket, formerly the property of my mother, containing miniature portraits of my uncle and his wife; and if the child is really theirs, there must be some resemblance to either one or the other. I will consult her on the matter; it is always well to take a woman's advice, you know."

Gethlocke seemed to be rather sceptical upon that point.

"My advice would be," he rejoined, "to say nothing at all about the matter. You and your sister have been in undisputed possession of the property for years, and there is no reason why you should not continue so. Leave this girl in the obscurity in which you found her; and, take my word for it, you will never hear anything from her."

"Do you think that would be altogether right?" asked Whitcross, doubtfully.

Gethlocke could not repress a sneer.

"That question involves a point of morality altogether too nice for me to determine," he replied.

"Well, let's hear what Francena has to say about it."

Say what he could, Gethlocke could not shake his determination to consult Francena.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN they separated, Gethlocke dropped in at an eating-house, while Whitcross proceeded at once to the handsome house he occupied in St. Mark's Place, which had formerly belonged to his uncle William Cavendish.

After tea, he took his evening paper into the little parlour where his sister had repaired with her crochet-work.

There was a very strong resemblance between the brother and sister. She was nearly as tall as he was quite slender, but erect and graceful.

She had the same shade of hair, arranged in smooth bands upon her high white forehead, grey eyes with just the faintest tinge of blue, and a complexion like the wax faces in a milliner's shop, but without the

carnation in the cheeks. She was two years younger than he was.

"Francena," said he, "what did you ever do with that locket containing the miniatures of Uncle William and his wife?"

"I have it up-stairs, in my jewel-box," she answered. "Why?"

"If it would not trouble you too much, I would like to look at it."

She laid down her work, and went for the locket. If she felt any surprise at the request, she did not express it.

Her brother was not apt to do anything without first consulting her; in fact, she was the head of the family; as Gethlocke was well aware when he advised Whitcross not to consult her.

He knew her influence over the weaker mind of her brother, and was rather fearful of the result. She returned in a few moments with the locket, and placed it in his hands.

He opened it, and examined the miniatures carefully. They faced each other, one on each side of the case, representing two fine types of beauty, both in man and woman. Yet neither was the prototype of the girl at the lighthouse: she seemed to combine the features of both, for he could trace a resemblance in both.

There was likeness enough to satisfy him, and he closed the locket thoughtfully. He looked up to find his sister's eyes fixed upon him with an inquiring expression.

"Francena," he said, "our uncle's child was named Luella Orice, was she not?"

"Yes," she answered, evincing surprise.

"It was a singular name—not likely to have been common, do you think?"

"Very uncommon indeed. I never heard the name applied to but one other."

"Oh! then there was another?"

"Yes; the child was named after an old friend—a schoolmate—of Mrs. Cavendish."

"Francena, I think I saw our cousin, Luella Orice, to-day."

"Why, Frobisher! how can that be? She was drowned years ago!"

"Such was the general impression; but, from what I saw to-day, I have every reason to believe that her life was strangely preserved."

Whereupon he recounted to her all that he had seen and heard that day.

"This is almost too marvellous for belief," she said, thoughtfully. "But our course is clear." She anticipated his question before it was asked. "We will visit this girl at the lighthouse; and if she really proves to be our cousin, she must be placed in the position that her birth entitles her to."

"And the property given over to her?"

"Most certainly," she replied, without hesitation.

His brow, which had been clouded ever since his return, cleared away, and he drew a very long breath of satisfaction.

"That was my idea, exactly," he said. "Uncle William was very kind to mother in his lifetime, and we ought to do all we can for this poor girl, should she indeed prove to be his child. Gethlocke said we ought to keep the property, and say nothing about it."

A painful expression overcast her usually placid face.

"Did Gethlocke say that?" she asked, tremulously.

"Yes. But that is nothing. Half the world, probably, would think as he does. Of course he cannot have the same feeling in the matter that we have."

"I wish he had not said that, though," answered the sister in a dissatisfied tone. "I am afraid he has grown too worldly. Perhaps he will not be so anxious to marry me if he thinks I shall come to him a portionless bride."

"There is something in that," returned Whitcross.

"I thought to-day that he was inclined to be mercenary. He thought we could not carry on our business if I was obliged to relinquish my uncle's property; but I think it is too well established to be affected by that. He will probably draw out; and, as I'm such a 'slow coach,' I don't know what I shall do without him."

"As well as you will with him. Your slowness was just the balance his fastness required. But let us not be too hasty in our judgment of him. He may stand the test yet. All men are fond of money. Let us await the event. To-morrow afternoon we will visit the girl, and solve our doubts."

The conversation ended there; but it was a throbbing head that Francena laid upon her pillow that night.

She had her doubts of Gethlocke's sincerity, and often fancied that it was her wealth he sought, and not herself.

She knew she could lay no claims to personal attractions, whilst he was considered a very handsome man, a perfect lady-killer; and so when this all-conquering hero deserted others of her sex, who far out-

shone her in attractiveness, to devote himself entirely to her, she could but feel flattered by the preference. She loved him against her better judgment.

Accustomed to his society from childhood as her brother's friend, though she was not blind to his faults, her growing fancy glossed them over, and pictured him not as he was, but what she hoped he would be.

Could she have looked into his chamber that night, as he sat smoking his silver-mounted meerschaum pipe—he was quite luxurious in his habits—and read his thoughts, her mind might have grown easier, for her doubts would have been for ever set at rest.

As we can enjoy the privilege which was denied her, let us see what was passing in the busy brain of Corydon Gethlocke.

"The idea of Frobisher and myself going down the bay for a little sport this hot, dull weather, and finding an heiress to step in and take away our dimes. He is soft-hearted and soft-headed enough to make restitution—that's the word they use in conscience letters—and she, being just as soft-hearted, though not quite so soft-headed, will counsel him to it. And then away goes my fortune, that I expected to receive with her; a hundred thousand pounds gone to kingdom come. I wonder if she thought I was going to marry her for beauty—with that wax-doll face of hers? Why in the world don't she paint? it would improve her wonderfully. I think I see my way out of this." He ran his fingers through his bushy whiskers carelessly. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to marry the heiress: I think I could cut out that learned boatman without much trouble. Frobisher will bring her to the house, of course; and I shall have a splendid opportunity. The boatman won't be about, either. 'Out of sight, out of mind.' I never knew it to fail. That's the plan. I'll just keep dark, and give it a trial. I must look out for Francena, though; she's deep."

CHAPTER V.

LUELLA ORICE was sitting on her favourite rock, trolling her usual sea ditties, when she beheld Jasper's boat approaching, and to her surprise saw that it contained a lady. That was an unusual sight.

The boat came up to the little wharf; and Jasper fastened it, and then assisted the lady and the gentleman who accompanied her, to land. Then he called out:

"Luella! Luella! here's a gentleman and lady come to see you."

Luella drew near quite timidly. In the gentleman she recognized the light-haired fisher of the previous day. They were Frobisher and Francena.

"You wish to speak with me?" asked Luella, with a curious expression in her great black eyes.

"Yes, my dear," answered Francena.

"Come into the house, then," she said in an abrupt kind of way, "unless you wish to get as brown as I am." She paused, and looked in Francena's face with a wondering glance. "Although I do think a little tanning would improve you."

"Utterly untanned," murmured Francena, as Luella darted into the house.

"A perfect child of nature," answered Frobisher. "In fact, a little too perfect. Grown up wild as it were."

They followed Luella into the apartment formed by the basement of the lighthouse. It was comfortably though plainly furnished; more like the cabin of a ship than a room in a house. There was an old man there mending a fish-net; he started respectfully to his feet as they entered.

"Here's visitors, father," cried Luella; "and they say they have come to see me."

The old man's face fell at once; he divined the object of their visit. What else could bring them to the lighthouse?

"You are welcome," he said. "Be seated. Give them chairs, Luella."

The girl placed chairs with ready compliance, in a quick, energetic way, but by no means awkwardly.

"You are Mr. Tholuck, I presume?" said Whitcross, when they were seated.

"Such is my name," replied the light-keeper.

"We have heard some particulars of this girl's history," continued Whitcross, "from Jasper Crowell, the boatman, and have some reason to believe that she is a relative of ours. Would you be good enough to relate the circumstances under which you found her?"

Tholuck complied with the request; but as his story was substantially the same as Jasper's, there is no need of transcribing it. Luella was greatly surprised at this narration.

"Why, father," she exclaimed, amazedly, "am I not your daughter after all?"

She seemed rather grieved than otherwise at the information.

"The chain and locket are the only clues you have to establish her identity?" asked Whitcross.

"The only ones?"

"Can I see them?"

"Oh, yes! She has the chain now; always wears it. Show it to the gentleman, Luella."

Muella, a little shily, removed the chain, and placed it in Whitcross's hand. The locket attached to it was an old-fashioned affair, about the size of a half-crown. On the case was engraved "Luella Orice," the characters much worn and defaced. Within was a circular piece of glass, covering a little lock of black hair. Whitcross could make nothing of it.

"There is no proof here," he said, as he handed the locket to Francena, "but she certainly has a look like Uncle William's portrait."

"So I think," she answered, as she took the locket, and examined it sedulously. "There is something beneath this hair," she continued, pursuing the examination. "Do you not observe how much thicker this side is than the other? and here's a hinge; and there's the place for the thumb-nail. See! I cannot open it; it seems glued together."

"Do you think it was ever intended to be opened?" asked Tholuck, doubtfully.

"I am positive of it. Try to open it with your knife, Frobisher."

"It will do no harm to try," he said, as he took out his pen-knife.

After several efforts, he succeeded in forcing the point of the blade into the crevice, and the thin plate of gold, on which the lock of hair rested, flew up, revealing another compartment, containing a small miniature portrait, the portrait of William Cavendish. "You are our cousin!" cried Frobisher and Francena, both in a breath.

There was no longer any doubt upon the subject.

"And who was he?" asked Luella curiously, pointing to the portrait.

"Our uncle and your father."

The girl passed her brown hand dreamily over her brow.

"It appears to me," she said musingly, "as if I had seen that face before, ever so long ago, a great ways off."

"Childish memories," remarked Francena.

"Who am I, then?" asked Luella suddenly. "If I am not his daughter, who am I? They call me Brown Paws here; but my name's Luella Orice. I know that, but what else? It can't be Tholuck, now, you know."

"Your name is Luella Orice Cavendish," answered Francena. "You were strangely preserved from the shipwreck which consigned your parents to a watery grave; we discovered your existence by the merest accident; you are the heiress of great wealth; and we have come to take you home to your father's house, restore your property, and place you in your proper position in the world."

"Must I leave the light-house?"

"Yes."

"But I don't want to leave here. I like it very much. It's dreary in winter time, but then I read and study with Jasper; but in the summer time I do enjoy myself so much in the boat. You don't want me to go, do you, father?"

"Yes, my child," answered Tholuck, sadly, "you must go. When first you were thrown upon my care, I looked forward to a separation at any moment, but as years passed away and you were never called for, I gradually began to think you never would be, and to regard you as my own child. You have been the comfort and solace of my declining years, and though it grieves me sadly to part from you, I must not be so selfish as to keep you back from the better life now offered you, and the wealth you so richly deserve. I feel assured that in your hands it will prove a blessing to all around you."

She threw her plump brown arms around his neck and kissed him tenderly.

"But I won't leave you, father," she cried, impulsively. "If you want me to stop just say so, and I won't budge an inch. What do I want with wealth? I am very happy here; and what more could wealth do for me? You can't be happier than happy, can you? I don't want to leave you, not Jasper, nor my boat; and I won't neither—there!" And she looked defiantly at Whitcross.

"My child," said Tholuck, persuasively, "it is my wish that you go with your cousins."

She hung her head sadly, tapping the floor impatiently with her foot.

"Who is Jasper?" asked Francena, in a whisper, of her brother.

"The boatman who rowed us over."

"A handsome, intelligent fellow. Her lover, doubtless?"

"Gethlocke thinks so."

"Ah! we must provide for him. You want a messenger, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Let me arrange this."

Frobisher was only too glad to have the affair taken off his hands.

"Listen to me, Luella," said Francena, addressing herself to the girl. "I think you can take your father, as you have so long called him, your friend Jasper, and your boat, with you."

Luella brightened up immediately, while Tholuck looked surprised and pleased. It was a great sorrow to him to part from her who had made his lonely life so pleasant.

"Oh, won't that be nice!" exclaimed Luella. "You will go with me, won't you, father?"

"Most willingly, my child," replied Tholuck, with a grateful look at Francena for her kind consideration of him. "I have neither kith nor kin in the world, and am getting too old and infirm now to attend to the duties of the light-house—indeed, you have saved me half the labour these last five years—and I shall only be too happy to settle down in a snug little house of my own for the rest of my life."

"Then the matter is settled," cried Francena, with alacrity. "Now, Luella, you must put on your things and go with us; and Mr. Tholuck can follow as soon as the necessary arrangements are made, and he has found some one to take his place here."

"There will be no trouble in that," responded the old man. "I have lived in daily dread of a dismissal these six months past."

Whilst Luella was preparing herself to accompany them, Frobisher whispered to his sister:

"My dear, do you think a young girl's rowing a boat on the river will be exactly the thing?"

"Don't you worry. Once in London, she will speedily forget all about rowing and boats."

In a quarter of an hour they were on their way, Luella greatly excited at the prospect of beholding the great city of which she had heard so much. She explained everything to Jasper, as he rowed them across to the ferry, and told him of what was in store for him; but it was in such a rambling, disjointed fashion that it left the intelligent young boatman in a perfect maze of gratification and perplexity.

CHAPTER VI.

We pass over the unimportant events of six months. In that time Jasper was made messenger in the broker's establishment of Whitcross and Gethlocke, and old Tholuck was installed in a little house.

Luella began to improve gradually, but the change at last became marked and wonderful. The tan faded from the hands, and the delicate white fingers could no longer be called "brown paws" and her face shared in the change. It still retained an olive tint, through which the red blood glowed ruddily.

"She grows quite handsome," observed Francena one day to her brother.

"Handsome!" he exclaimed, with a fervency quite surprising in him. "Nay; she is beautiful."

Francena looked at him in surprise. He coloured, and commenced playing awkwardly with his watch-glass.

The change had not been lost upon the keen-eyed Gethlocke. He determined to secure the prize in season. He still maintained his footing at the house as the accepted suitor of Francena; and, though an unaccountable coolness to him had sprung up between them, they had not come to any open rupture.

He thought that Francena had not perceived the insidious court he was paying to Luella. It was a falling with this man, as with all conceited people, that he thought he could deceive everybody without being discovered.

Francena's suspicions were aroused, and she felt keenly the slight which this man, attracted by Luella's superior charms, had put upon her; though she held her cousin innocent of all share in the transaction. But Luella was young and inexperienced; and she possessed a fascinating address, which had dazzled her, and might dazzle Luella.

So one day when he called, and Luella was alone in the front parlour, she entered the back parlour, separated only by folding doors, to listen.

It was not perhaps very ladylike, but when a woman is jealous, she will stop at nothing to satisfy her doubts.

Luella was practising a music lesson at the piano, when he entered. It was a singular freak of hers in keeping with her early associations, to try and play upon the piano those old sea-ballads she had heard the sailors sing when their vessels were anchored near the light-house.

"Bravo! bravissimo!" cried Gethlocke imitating the operatic style of applause.

"Well, I'm glad you like it," said Luella coolly.

"That song put me in mind of the first time I ever saw you," said Gethlocke, perched on a rock by the light-house combing your hair, and singing like a mermaid just come out of the sea."

"Pretty looking object I must have been to be sure. Wasn't you frightened?"

"On the contrary, I thought you quite charming. You reminded me of the sirens who fascinated Ulysses at the Island of Calypso."

"So I fascinated you, did I?" she asked, when his somewhat confused explanation was finished.

"You did, indeed. I assure you, if I could have had you for my companion, I would have been satisfied to have remained in that old light-house for the balance of my existence."

"You would have found it dull work there. It suited me well enough before I knew anything better; but since I've come to London, and been to the theatres and the parks, I have begun to think there is something better in this world than light-houses."

She commenced singing the "Bay of Biscay," and tried to accompany herself on the piano. It was not a harmonious performance.

"Have you been put in possession of your property yet?" asked Gethlocke, carelessly.

She stopped suddenly, and wheeled around on the piano-stool.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, in her old abrupt manner.

"Why, of course, you are aware that all this property, which your cousins have been enjoying, belongs to you? They will have to make a restitution whenever you demand it."

"Then they will enjoy it a great while longer; for I don't intend to be in a hurry in demanding a restitution. What more do I want than they give me? Look at these bracelets; these earrings; are they not splendid?"

"All bought with your own money," suggested Gethlocke, covertly.

"What difference does that make so long as I've got them? I tell you my cousins have been good to me! I love Francena like a sister, and Frobisher like—"

"A brother," suggested Gethlocke.

"Well, I don't know whether it is like a brother or not; but I love him a good deal, and I know they love me."

"Of course they do," Gethlocke struck in, making a bold venture. "Who can help loving you? I, even I, feel within my heart the burning flame of love, consuming and unquenchable! I have loved you from the first moment I beheld you, and every succeeding glance has but increased the all devouring passion of my soul. Be mine! Bless me with your love! Here on my knees I sue for it. Promise to become my wife, or here I remain fixed for ever."

He was kneeling at her feet, and pressing hot kisses upon the little hand he had imprisoned in his grasp, while she gazed at him perfectly amazed and bewildered by the torrent of words with which he had overwhelmed her.

"Get up!" she cried sharply, scratching her hand away indignantly. "How dare you make love to me, when you are engaged to my cousin Francena? I don't like you a bit, and, if you wait there until I consent to marry you, you will grow into the carpet. Why, I didn't think you were capable of such conduct."

Francena opened the folding-doors, and stepped upon the scene, to the great consternation of the discomfited wooer.

"I think he is capable of almost any conduct," she said, with biting sarcasm.

Gethlocke grasped his hat, and rushed precipitately from the house, followed by the merriest peal of laughter that ever drove a man frantic; and he never returned to it again.

A few more words, and we are done.

Frobisher insisted upon a settlement of the property; and Luella settled in this way, and would settle no other; the property was divided into three equal portions, and each took one.

Corydon Gethlocke withdrew from the firm of Whitcross & Gethlocke; and Jasper Crowell, who had evinced a strong talent for financiering, was taken in his place, and the business went on under the style and title of Whitcross & Crowell.

Whitcross was very much astonished when one day Jasper asked his consent to pay his addresses to his sister, Francena. Frobisher looked perfectly bewildered.

"See here, my boy," he stammered, "of course I've no objections; love you like a brother already; no Gethlocke about you; but let us understand this. I thought you were in love with Luella."

"Nonsense! I always regarded her in the light of a sister. Besides, she don't care for me; that is, as a husband!"

"Do you think, Jasper, that she has her eye on anyone in that capacity—that is, situation—I mean, has she selected a husband?" asked Frobisher, gently pulling his whiskers.

"I tell you what I think: if you were to ask her she'd marry you."

"Egad, I will, then!" cried Frohisher, with alacrity.

He did; and they were all four married at the same time; and the old light-house keeper gave away both brides. G. L. A.

A DAUGHTER TO MARRY.

By the Author of "Butler Burke at Elton," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Chemist. I do assure your honour that it is of a most potent charm, and of wonderful efficacy; yet taken in excess it is accounted poison of a most virulent description.

Bernardo. Is it deadly? Is there no redemption? Chemist. None; saving 'tis by an antidote which I alone possess and will hold alone.

Bernardo. 'Tis well; I'll buy 't of you.—Old Play.

THOUGH much shocked at the horrible fate which had overtaken her mother, Felicia had many things to do, and could not allow her grief to prostrate her utterly.

She was passing through an hour of terrible trial, such as few girls of her age are called upon to undergo.

Fortunately for herself she had been endowed by nature with a brave spirit which enabled her to bear up with more success than nine-tenths of girls of ordinary calibre would have borne up against the accumulated misfortunes which conspired against her.

Her mother was dead. She could answer no good purpose by watching over the senseless clay. It was time for her to be up and doing.

Her father had to be comforted and, if possible, rescued from the fate with which he was threatened. Maurice Fenwick was languishing in a soul-destroying obscurity; but one man in the kingdom could cut asunder the bonds which bound his intellect in their fatal embrace, and that one man was named Alphonse Pastille.

Where he lived was a problem Felicia had yet to solve.

When she had seen her mother's remains brought to the house and placed upon the bed from which she had so rashly risen, the brave-hearted girl drove back her tears and prayed for the soul of her erring parent.

At length, in spite of herself, her tears fell in copious showers, and they were without doubt an acceptable sacrifice in the sight of Heaven.

A few hours' sleep was snatched in an uneasy way by Felicia, who was thoroughly worn out and half-fainting with fatigue.

Her nervous system had been shaken, her mind was disturbed, and her body tired and harassed.

It was absolutely necessary that she should have rest of some sort; and inadequate to her requirements as it was, it did her good, and she rose refreshed.

Her first visit was to her father, to inform him of the melancholy event.

Mr. Saville received the news calmly, with an almost philosophic quietude of demeanour which showed that though he might have possessed some affection for his wife, and even have loved her at one period of his life, she had, by her recent actions, obliterated the greater part of his regard for her.

He declared that he was prepared to bow before the inevitable fate which was gradually closing around him as a net made of unbreakable meshes.

Felicia next related to him the mysterious words of her mother uttered in the height of her delirium, and hazarded a conjecture that if Alphonse Pastille could be discovered the unfortunate young man might be restored to his former state of sanity.

In this opinion Mr. Saville thoroughly concurred, but his mind was so full of recent events that he declared he could give her no practical hints for her guidance, and no real assistance, which indeed his position in the prison precluded him from doing. He said that his crime—for so he considered and called it—had deprived him of the right of being the guide of his family.

He wished to be buried and secluded from the world, so that he might expiate his offence in solitude and tears.

Finding him in this humour, and that he was not to be moved, Felicia took her leave, and for a moment thought herself abandoned to her own resources.

In this dilemma she bethought herself of Mortimer, and drove in a cab to the house in Berkeley Square, which had formerly been a fashionable mansion, but which was now the abode of a set of noisy, unruly servants, who were inclined to commit every sort of roguery, and only prevented by the fact of Mortimer Saville being in the house.

They had heard of the arrest of their master on a criminal charge, but they did not yet know that their late imperious mistress was dead.

Felicia could not conceal from herself the fact that the servants who had once been so obsequious and so dutiful sneered at her as they opened the door, with scarcely the slightest pretence at civility.

One footman, whose hair was elaborately powdered, informed her that Mr. Mortimer was up-stairs in the drawing-room.

Unpreceded by the pampered menial and unannounced, she ascended the broad staircase and entered the room.

Mortimer, who since the disgraceful revelation of his father's guilt had thought it advisable to leave the Bellicose Department of the Belligerent Office, was lying upon a sofa, smoking with a vigorous force at a long cigar, which emitted the fine flavour of a Havana well made and well kept.

He rose in a hurried manner as his sister entered, and running to meet her, grasped her hand warmly, saying:

"Thank heaven, you have come. I was dying for news of some sort, however meagre."

In a few words Felicia told him all.

For a time he was silent, then he said:

"This episode is very sad for us: it is worse for you perhaps than for me: my determination is taken. When restitution is made to the bank, if such a thing is contemplated, there will be something left—a few thousands—enough to enable you to live comfortably. I have a letter in my pocket from Michael, saying that he has gone to America to take service in the Federal army. I shall follow him. Perhaps," he added, with a reckless laugh, "a bullet may put me out of my misery, or an officer's uniform may console me for my father's shortcomings. I cannot stop in England."

Felicia endeavoured by every means in her power to combat this resolution, but without avail. Having communicated the more weighty portion of her news, she spoke about Maurice Fenwick, in reply to which Mortimer said:

"You surprise me. I certainly never had much opinion of mother after what that man, Zadek Hockinson, revealed to me in Sydney, but I never thought her so thoroughly bad as she has proved herself."

"Remember, Mortimer, that it is an ungracious task for a child to set itself up in judgment against a parent," said Felicia, in a tone of mild remonstrance.

"So it is," replied Mortimer, "but I cannot help expressing an opinion. What did you say the fellow's name was?"

"Alphonse Pastille."

"And you want to know where he lives?"

"Oh, yes, so much."

"Well, what is more easy? We must turn over the leaves of the 'Post Office Guide.' I wonder if there is a guide up here. The servants are so insolent that I might ring without getting an answer. I had to pay three of them a month's wages this morning and start them off, or there would have been no living in the house."

"They presume upon our misfortunes," remarked Felicia.

"They shall not presume upon mine long, for I will make a fortune of my own."

"I hope you may, I am sure," replied Felicia, who had arisen, and was diligently searching about the room for the "Postal Guide," of which her brother had spoken.

"Is this it?" she said, suddenly lighting upon a costly bound volume, and holding it up in a sort of doubtful triumph.

Mortimer's experienced eye recognized it in an instant, and responded in the affirmative.

The book was handed to him, and he slowly turned over its pages until he came to the name he desired.

"Here it is," he exclaimed. "Pastille, Edward. That ain't it. Your swell's called Alphonse: Pastille, Adrian. Wrong again. Now we have him. Pastille, Alphonse, Soho Square, perfumer."

Felicia held up her hands thankfully.

"I'll just see you through this little trouble, Feely," continued her brother, "I should be glad to give him a lift if I had it in my power. I never considered the fellow a gentleman, but he is better than nothing, as you are now."

"Oh, Mortimer," said Felicia, reddening, "how can you talk to me like that! I will not have your assistance now. It is shameful of you to insult a poor fellow whom mamma has wronged so dreadfully."

"You may please yourself about having my assistance," replied Mortimer, coolly. "Recent events have upset me and made me feel a little brutish. I can't help it. It's not my fault."

With a sigh Felicia turned away.

She felt that what had until lately been the paternal mansion was no place for her. All—mother, father, brother—had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Mortimer did not attempt to restrain her. He let her go without one word of farewell.

He thought of her afterwards, and of the unfeeling way in which he had permitted her, his only sister, to leave him—thought of her on many a battle-field in the Far West; thought of her when the fire of musketry was sharp and brisk, and the cannons roared

awfully; thought of her when he lay wounded to the death upon the blood-stained field.

Felicia had only one object in view now, and that was to restore Maurice Fenwick to sanity. Having done that—having placed the antidote in Doctor Masterman Hall's hands—she thought of entering a convent, and devoting the remainder of her life to abstinence and prayer.

Her father was virtually dead to her; her mother would soon be in the grave; her brothers had turned their backs upon her, and all for no fault of her own. She was the football of fate. If she was a little morbid much excuse was to be made for her.

Alphonse Pastille was easily discovered in his shop in Soho Square.

He wore a velvet skull cap and a white apron, which denoted that he had been busily at work during the morning.

When Felicia intimated that she wished to speak to him privately and apart from his assistants, he said:

"Will miss please to walk this way? I am much at miss's service, but I apologise for being in *dishabilla*."

Felicia went into a room which had a door with a glass window carefully draped, to prevent prying eyes and ears from penetrating the secrets of the interior.

It was the same room in which Mrs. Saville had received the poisonous drug which had so nearly proved the permanent destruction of Maurice Fenwick.

"I have been sent here, Mr. Pastille," began Felicia, "by a lady to whom you sold a powder of a peculiar description."

This was the truth, for Mrs. Saville had by her confession sent her daughter to the perfumer. Otherwise she would have been ignorant of his whereabouts.

"How can I identify the lady?" queried the perfumer. "My customers are numerous. Many ladies visit me."

"If I describe the drug, perhaps you will recall the circumstance," said Felicia.

"Possibly."

"The drug was of the most peculiar character. It had the tremendous power of being able to take away the intellectual powers of the person to whom it was administered, and make him an idiot, dotting and drivelling."

"Ah! ah!" said Alphonse Pastille, smiling grimly, and nodding his head. "I have heard of such a drug, miss, but I do not keep it. Oh, no! I am simply a perfumer, and no chemist of any skill."

He did not know whether his fair visitor was a *bona fide* customer or a police spy. Ever cautious, some events of recent occurrence hostile to his good fame made him doubly so.

"It is not the drug I want, but the antidote," said Felicia, in an agony of apprehension.

"Ah, I may have that in my shop, but—"

He hesitated, and looked searchingly at the girl.

"What?"

"Miss is prepared to pay well for it."

Up to the present time Felicia had not thought about money.

She was, however, well provided with the circulating medium, and in addition to her stock of gold and bank-notes she had a store of ornaments—rings on her fingers, bracelets on her arms, and a gold watch and chain worth a large sum.

Not wishing to part with all her ready money, for she apprehended she should have some use for it yet, and that it would be difficult to increase her supply, she hastily divested herself of her bracelets and rings, which together with her watch and chain she laid upon the table.

"There!" she cried. "They shall all be yours if you will give me the antidote."

The chemist looked up astonished. Then he rose from his seat and approached the table, peering carefully into the ornaments.

The rings were of the best gold and the newest workmanship—the latter no night matter in bargain and sale.

The bracelets were studded with precious stones, as were the rings, amongst which diamonds preponderated.

As Alphonse Pastille's eyes wandered from diamond to turquoise, from turquoise to emerald, from emerald to ruby, they glistened.

Her bait was too tempting to be resisted, and when it is reflected that the antidote's actual value was but a certain number of shillings under a pound he was magnificently paid by the splendid jewels which Felicia had recklessly thrown down.

"I must leave you for a moment," he said. "Pardon my absence, miss. I accept your offer, and will return with that you wish for."

Oh! how her heart throbbed ecstatically when she heard the glad and blissful tidings.

Maurice Fenwick would be himself again, and the dreadful load which had oppressed her for so long a

time would be lifted and cast to the four winds of heaven.

In the very midst of her many troubles a ray of sunshine had fallen upon her, and as it glided her thoughts seemed a happy augury of her future happiness.

But a short time elapsed before Alphonse Pastille made his reappearance, and when he did he held in his hand a box of rather large dimensions: raising the top he disclosed about a dozen lozenge-shaped pills of a dark colour.

"This box," he exclaimed, "contains what you are in search of. I have the honour, miss, to wish you a very good morning."

Felicia eagerly grasped the box and put it under her shawl: hastily murmuring her thanks, she made an inclination of the head, and left the shop.

There was no hesitation about her now. She did not waver for a moment.

A cab took her to the railway station, and at half-past three she was in the express train on her way to Bath, her heart full of blissful aspirations, conscious of having done a good deed.

CHAPTER XL.

All yet seems well, and if it end so sweet.

The bitter past more welcome to the sweet.

All's Well That Ends Well.

DOCTOR MASTERMAN HALL was rejoiced to see Felicia, and pleasure sparkled from the good old man's face when he heard that she had the antidote to the virulent poison which the unscrupulous Mrs. Saville had not hesitated to employ.

"I was always of opinion," he said, "that the poor young man had been unfairly dealt with. Nothing will give me greater pleasure, my dear young lady, than to restore him to his friends in his normal condition of mind. Perhaps the cure will be gradual. Shall you return to your old lodgings, or will you have sufficient courage to come with me to the asylum?"

"I will go with you, doctor. If I am weak and nervous you must forgive me. I am only a woman, and I have had so much to try me lately."

"That was one reason why I thought you would be better away from the asylum," replied Doctor Hall; "but if you think yourself strong enough—"

"Oh, yes, yes. I cannot be away from him. I love him so," replied Felicia, while a deep blush suffused her pale cheek.

The doctor smiled.

"It is always so with young people," he muttered, adding aloud, "shall I telegraph to his friends and tell them that their presence is requested? It is useless to raise hopes which may never be realized."

"Oh, don't say that," cried Felicia, "the antidote must be the right one. I will not have you doubt its efficacy for a moment. Come, let us go at once and put it to the test."

"Very well," answered Doctor Hall, who ordered his carriage, in which he with his fair visitor embarked.

The day was fine, and the sun shone out of the heavens with a dazzling glory, sending its golden beams to the very centre of Felicia's heart, driving away the mourning and rekindling the embers of hope.

She had mourned and was blessed, for such is the Divine promise.

The birds sang sweetly, and their songs and carols blended together in one delightful harmonious concert, such as the feathered songsters of the wood alone know how to raise.

The golden corn waved in the fields as the balmy zephyr swept over it, and showed that the land had brought forth its increase.

All this Felicia noted, but her heart was too full for words.

She kept her hands clasped and prayed fervently during the whole journey.

What a comfort her religion was to her in the hour of her trouble and affliction. What would she have done without it?

She must inevitably have sunk under the heavy weight of her affliction or have gone mad. She proved the efficacy of prayer in her own person, for it brought her consolation and relief.

At length the wheels of the carriage ceased to grate over the gravel. The large iron spike-studded gates leading to the asylum were passed, and the vehicle drew up to the door.

Felicia was ushered into the large room in which she had seen Maurice Fenwick before.

She sat down, overwhelmed with a thousand bitter reflections, and played in an absent manner with her parasol.

Doctor Masterman Hall was soon joined by his brother, who greeted him cordially, and explained the object of his visit, at which the mad doctor was vastly surprised.

When he examined the box containing the antidote he said:

"It is my opinion that the cure is intended to be gradual, or all these pills would not have been given. There are a dozen of them, possibly a fortnight may elapse before the cure is completed. Leave them with me, and I will do my best, and send you a bulletin every day, saying how the patient is."

"Very well. I think no better arrangement can be come to," replied Doctor Masterman Hall, "though there is a young lady here who, no doubt, longs for the days of magic and magicians."

His brother smiled, and cast a glance of sympathy upon Felicia.

"I certainly have one great regret," resumed Doctor Hall, "and that is, that I am unable to punish the scoundrelly perfumer, who, for the sake of a few pounds has been the cause of all this misery and misfortune. If I had only the smallest iota of proof I would have the rascal prosecuted without an hour's delay."

In this declaration his brother cordially concurred, but Monsieur Alphonse Pastille had managed his little bit of villainy so extremely well that in the absence of his principal, Mrs. Saville, he was tolerably safe from any legal attack.

When Felicia was informed that nothing could be done at present, she resigned herself with an ill grace to the inevitable, and returned to Bath with her friend and protector, to whom she felt very grateful.

"I owe you many, many thanks, Doctor Hall," she exclaimed, "you have been very, very kind to me. I shall never forget your kindness were I to live a thousand years."

The doctor pressed her hand and hurried away.

He had learnt her history from Felicia, who had given him a full and truthful history of all the recent events which had occurred.

One day she did not see him; he had gone to town upon important business, his servant said, when she knocked at the door on her way to the church, to hear the morning services, at which she was in the habit of attending.

It was quite late in the evening when he returned, nearly ten o'clock in fact, just as she was about laying down Thomas à Kempis and thinking of retiring to rest.

"It's all right, my dear young lady," he exclaimed in his bluff, hearty manner. "I couldn't resist coming to tell you to-night, because I knew you would sleep all the better for it."

"What do you mean? Is Maurice—"

"No, no. I'm not talking about Maurice. I told you that would be a work of time, and a week has not yet passed over his head, but your father."

"Indeed. I was not aware that you had interested yourself in his welfare," said Felicia, who, in spite of her dutiful affection for her father, could not help feeling a little disappointed.

"With your permission, Miss Saville, I'll take a chair and ring for a glass of wine," said Doctor Masterman Hall. "I have been travelling for some time."

Felicia took some wine from the cheffionier and supplied the worthy man's wants, after which he continued:

"I took the liberty of going to town to do what I could for your father. My first visit was to Lord Linstock, upon whom I prevailed to see the directors of the bank, and ask them in consideration of the stolen money being returned to withdraw from the prosecution, as they all had the greatest respect for Mr. Sandford Saville before this lamentable affair took place."

"They will not prosecute him?"

"No. He has promised to refund the money, and he will be liberated on his own recognizances to come up for judgment when called upon."

"I shall see him then shortly?"

"In a week's time."

"Oh, doctor, Providence must have raised you up to be our friend in the hour of need. What do I not owe you?"

Doctor Masterman Hall did not like ostentatious gratitude, he disliked being thanked. So gulping down his wine he put on his hat, and making some remark as to the lateness of the hour took his leave.

Some ten days afterwards Felicia, at the urgent request of Doctor Hall, went to the Park to hear the Hanoverian band play.

He advised her to take exercise and to allow herself some relaxation.

The band, which was an excellent one, was placed in a small pagoda in a pretty part of a splendid park, of which any city in the kingdom might justly be proud.

Towards the west rose the cloud-capped hills, at whose feet the gentle Avon softly flowed, gliding through many a verdant meadow, and never rippling as it went.

On the eastern side were more hills, upon the sides of which, tier upon tier, rose noble mansions fully equal

in beauty and construction to those which adorn the metropolis of the world.

A gay and brilliant throng were moving sedately to and fro.

Felicia was sitting upon a rustic seat shading herself from the heat, which with all due respect to pretty and delightful Bath, is, it must be confessed, of an almost diabolical description in summer—by the aid of a mauve parasol.

Suddenly she started. Could she believe her eyes?

Doctor Masterman Hall was approaching. Who was that with him?

Maurice! No, it could not be—and yet those features, those eyes, that haughty carriage softened by a gentle smile. That face as she remembered it in days of yore.

Oh, heaven, it was too much happiness.

A form rushed forward and clasped her trembling frame in its manly arms.

"Make way there! Air, air! A lady has fainted! Give her air! Stand on one side!"

It was, indeed, Maurice Fenwick, once more a rational being, hanging over the body of his beloved, able to understand her intense devotion and to know that for a time his intellect had been asleep, but her exertions had caused it to awake and put on all its pristine glory.

Away from the turmoil of the world in a pretty cottage on the wildest part of the coast of the Isle of Wight live three people.

They are named severally Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick and Mr. Saville. The latter is prematurely aged, but he has the utmost love for those who are his daughter and his son-in-law.

Those three prove by their loving intercourse that Arcadian bliss is not mythical, and that there are other things to live for besides money and worldly distinction.

And so an end.

THE END.

If all the seeds of a plant of *Hyoscyamus*, which of all known plants produces the greatest number of seeds, came to maturity, it would only require four years to cover the earth with plants. And if all the ova of a herring became fish, eight years would suffice for its posterity to fill the whole ocean.

We understand that the "Minerva," a double-screw turret-ship of 1,000 tons and 140-horse power, built by Messrs. Laird, made the passage from Liverpool to Rio de Janeiro in thirty days, including all stoppages, which gives a speed of nearly 9 knots per hour, and proved herself during the voyage an excellent seaboat under all circumstances, although drawing only 8 ft.

The diving bell has been abandoned on the Thames in favour of the diving dress, principally because the men employed were found, while the Westminster Bridge was being built, to spend their time at the bottom in playing cards, and there was of course no effectual means of keeping a check on them. It is not easy to play cards in a diving dress alone, however, and the remedy has proved very satisfactory in its operation.

The decline of crinoline is a more serious affair than any of us thought. Lyons, St. Etienne, Rouen and Roubaix, all cry out against the dressmakers and the ladies who attempt to put it out of fashion. A large branch of the iron trade lives on crinoline, and crinoline keeps hundreds of silk, lace, and muslin looms going which would cease to ply were it exploded. Eight or nine metres used to suffice for a dress, whereas from fourteen to twenty are now wanted.

From the summary of the number of exhibitors, and the demands for space in the Paris Exhibition of 1867, which has just been made up, it appears that the number of proposing exhibitors, exclusive of the fine arts, is 2,280. In 1855 the number was 1,541. The total net space demanded in the forthcoming Exhibition exceeds 305,000 square feet (exclusive of space demanded in the park). The net space at the disposal of the British executive is 93,000 square feet, or considerably less than one-third of the space asked for. In 1855 the net space filled was 65,000 square feet.

ROMAN REMAINS IN FRANCE.—At Avignon, says a foreign journal, in the line of the new Rue Duona-partie, on excavating the foundations of the Maison Dupoux, a Roman wall was discovered at three metres below the surface. This wall traverses the Rue Argentiére, and is prolonged, for an unknown length, towards the Rue Bancausse, where, a few years ago, in excavating the crypt of the Café Henri IV, mosaics were found. Near this ancient construction, composed of cement mingled with granitic concrete, were found fragments of amphora, funeral urns, lacrymatories, bricks, and rams' horns in earthenware.

Undermining with difficulty a portion of the wall which had, perhaps, served for the basis of a triumphal arch or a temple of Jupiter, the spade turned up a fine medal, in pure gold, about the size of a twenty-franc piece, but much thicker, bearing this inscription, "Nero Caesar Augusta." The reverse represents a goddess seated on a curule chair, bare-headed, holding the orb of the world in the right hand extended, and in the left a cornucopia, with the inscription "Concordia Augusta." This medal was as perfect and brilliant as a coin just issued from the mint, although it dates from the year 54 of the Christian era.

A STORM AT SEA.

A LOW, red farmhouse, with great barns and granaries attached, was the home of the Kennedys of Ashton.

It was the best farm in the town, although old farmers, coming from rich grazing countries, sneered at the idea of raising anything so high on to the salt water.

It required all Matthew Kennedy's sturdy, active energies to make it pay; but it did pay bountifully. His father and grandfather had both farmed this property; but, in both cases, there had been a meagre return.

But Matthew did not disdain the helps of scientific agriculture as laid down in the books, nor despise the new improvements in farming implements; and thus he succeeded, where they had failed.

His wife, a pretty, rosy farmer's daughter, was truly a helpmeet for him.

They who could secure their supply of butter from Mary Kennedy's churning, were fortunate people indeed.

Matthew was not young when he married her; for he would not marry while his old parents lived; but Mary knew that he loved her, and Matthew was worth waiting for.

Six years after their marriage, when the farm was giving out the precious reward of their industry, little Andrew, the first and the last child, was born. All the rewards of the Kennedys came slowly, but they were full and rich gifts that the good Father bestowed, and this, the dearest, most precious of all.

Surely, no child ever fulfilled a parent's desire more fully than little Andrew.

He was no precocious, sickly child, whose feeble light flashes up for an instant, and then is quenched in death or imbecility; but a strong, healthy, active boy, full of life, having a sensible mind in a splendid physical organization—the inheritance from both father and mother.

Open and frank—generous, brave, and good-tempered, no one could see the boy without liking him. It was Mrs. Kennedy's only boast, that Andrew had never in his life disobeyed her. But a great sharp pang was, nevertheless, inflicted upon the poor mother's heart by this very boy.

It came all along of having a farm "so high on to the salt water," too; for Andrew, unknown to anyone, had cherished the wildest, most intense longings to try his fate upon that ocean in sight of which he was born; and now, for the first time, he announced, on his fifteenth birthday, that he was going to sea. His father was grieved and disappointed at heart; but he would not damp the boy's ardour, and thought at any rate, he would soon sicken of his resolution, after once embarking.

"Let him try it, dear," he said to Mary, when her tearful eyes showed how terribly she was suffering. "Why, Mary, dear, don't take on so. He is not the first boy that has tried the waves; and when he gets to be an East India captain, like old Thorndike, we shall be proud of him."

But Mary saw no consolation. Away down in the depths of the sea, she saw, in her troubled dreams, the caverns filled with whitening bones, and the sea-shells and floating weeds tangled in her Andrew's beautiful hair.

She fell sick, as a natural consequence; but no martyr at the stake was more courageous. She kept her secret, and no one knew that she was sick at heart.

She rose from her sick bed to pack the sailor's sea-chest with garments on which she had wrought night and day, to transform them into what Andrew called "sea-duds;" while many new ones grew under her hand.

Had Andrew known how his mother's heart ached he would have given it all up; but she "made no sign" after the first few days, and even put on a forced cheerfulness, rather than to disappoint her boy.

In the very midst of the preparations there came an awful storm, and the beach was strewn with the dead.

Andrew consoled himself that storms like that were very unfrequent; and as the next morning was bright, and the waves glittered in the sun, he forgot

that he had almost resolved the night before to give up his project.

Dick Armstrong, the doctor's son, had joined in Andrew's proposed enterprise. He was a wild, reckless youth, and his father was quite willing that he should go.

He was a torment at home and at school; and the doctor thought the discipline on shipboard would be the best restraint.

But Mary was in terror at the thought of his influence upon Andrew.

"No, no!" said her husband, when her fears at length disclosed themselves to his watchful eye; "Andrew is too well grounded in good principles for Dick Armstrong to influence him. You know he never has yielded to him."

"I know—but when they are at sea—"

"Faithless Mary!" said Matthew; "is not the same God upon the sea as upon the land? Do not distress yourself longer about what may be, but try to reconcile yourself to what must be."

And so Mary could only bear her sorrows where she had carried her joys—to the foot of the Great White Throne. And the day had come for Andrew to go.

She saw his chest carried away, with mute anguish; and before noon, she saw the white sails of the Albatross all set, and her colours flying in the breeze.

And she knew that Andrew was on board, and that soon, very soon, the waves would be between her and her heart's darling.

Every day of absence from a beloved one may bring sad or anxious thoughts, but every day is not like the first; and the Kennedys were too sensible people to darken their rooms or shut out cheerfulness from their faces, because their boy was not with them.

Somewhat, the year rolled away, and Mary's duties had been faithfully performed, and the great yellow balls of butter had come out as hard and sweet as ever, when she began to think she might reasonably look for the Albatross from Calcutta.

She had heard from Andrew. He was well and happy, enjoying his sea life with a zest she had hardly expected.

All that was hard in it was playfully told as a mere jest—no brave man would mind it at all.

"Andrew, my little Andrew a man," thought poor Mary; "it cannot—must not be! I must have my boy again, and not a great, bearded man. I can't have it so."

And she shed a few tears because she had lost her baby, as foolish mothers say, when their boys grow up too quickly.

She looked at the pretty Indian scarf Andrew had sent her, and went over to see Mrs. Armstrong, who, since Dick had gone away from her, had invested him with a thousand good qualities that had never been accorded to him at home.

And the mothers now met every day, to talk over the return, each giving a little strength, or borrowing a little anxiety, as their moods might be.

Homeward bound was the Albatross, and homeward bound was Mary's son. Would they ever arrive at their destined port?

Had not Andrew repeated so many times, what a fast sailer was the Albatross? And would she shame her reputation now? No.

Mary resolved that she would put faith in God and man—in the noble ship herself—in all things, and look cheerfully forward to the return.

And she did not let her trust waver, until the winter months had one half gone by. Then she would go up to Andrew's room, where she had gathered books and pictures, and new furniture and curtains, and a carpet such as he always fancied—a small figure, crimson and bright green—and there she would kneel down, with the blinds closed, and pray and weep in the darkness.

Up there, in that chill, fireless room, the dreary monotone of the northeast wind would come to ears like a wail over the dead.

March came, and the ship came not. O, the dreary waiting for the equinoctial gales! If the Albatross could but have the fortune to get into port before those wild winds were awakened in their wrath! But the eighteenth of March was dawning, and no ship yet.

Mary felt that she could not see Mrs. Armstrong again; but when the sun came up, glorious as a summer morning, and the whole day through was bright and golden, and Mary took out her plants in the warm air, she felt that she had been foolish to anticipate any trouble.

The doctor came in, rubbing his hands.

"Are your pies and puddings all ready for the boys, Mrs. Kennedy? Elizabeth has been heating the oven for two days. Dick will have an appetite like a hippopotamus, if he can swallow all his mother's nice things."

Mary's brow had contracted an approach to a wrinkle, since Andrew went away, but it cleared at this.

"No, I never thought of it. I will do it to-morrow. Why, what on earth was I thinking of? Do you think them near, doctor?"

"I am no sailor—I cannot tell; but it is time—high time."

Just as he said it a man passed the open window and called out to a neighbour:

"There will be a big storm to-morrow—the line gale is coming!"

Coming! with all that glory in the sky and upon the waves? Coming—when the air was warm and bland as June, and the winds all hushed, and the dry, wintry branches motionless? What possessed the man to croak out this dismal prophecy in her ear?

But she could not—not would believe it. There must be some great change that would take days to effect, and meantime the Albatross would be in.

Mary was one of those persons on whom the weather has marvellous effect. Had there been a cloud in the sky, a feather of snow in the air, her spirits would have been at low water-mark at once; but here was brilliant, almost summer weather. She was going to enjoy it, sure. But the prophecy was repeated in another voice, and this time by one she could not doubt. It was the pilot's voice, and he was going down to the shore.

"Are you faint, Mrs. Kennedy?" said the doctor. He need not have asked, for no marble is whiter than the face he laid down upon the lounge. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed; "why will women always faint away? Matthew! Matthew, I say—find your wife's smelling-bottle! She is in a faint. That's right, my man—now some cold water."

"What ails her?" said the frightened husband.

"Has she heard anything?"

"Only that there is to be a storm some day. Women are so foolish, you know."

Mary was soon restored.

She had no fine lady nerves, but sometimes her deep and tender feelings betrayed her. She woke to see the sun she had hailed so gladly sinking down into a great black western cloud. It seemed like a pall, and beneath it was her son!

Before nine in the evening the wild winds were sweeping over the hills and across the bay. On shore, the elemental din was loud and deep.

Windows were blown in, chimneys rocked, and some new buildings, just raised and boarded, toppled over.

A drenching rain, mingled with great hailstones, came rattling down, drenching the long streets, and pouring its fall tribute down the slopes; that led seaward.

There were sad watchers in that terrible night—fathers, mothers, friends—but none so outwardly calm as the poor mother at the old red farmhouse. She seemed almost turned to stone—so still and cold. Not a sound escaped her lips; not a sigh came up with the quiet breath.

Above the roar of the tempest there came fitfully other sounds.

The signal gun of distress pealed out upon the air—the crashing of heavy timbers, the dull straining of cordage, were all heard amid the brief pauses of the storm.

Two or three vessels were certainly near shore, and their fate seemed inevitable.

Then came a fearful crash, and the watchers on the beach ran towards the point from whence the sound came.

A large schooner had struck upon the rocks, and was fast breaking up; but brave hearts were near, and, spite of danger in rescuing them, they were nearly all saved, and borne tenderly to the nearest houses.

All at once Mary Kennedy found herself forsaken. At the sound of distress that wailed up high over the storm, all had left her.

She roused herself, and, running to the entry, took down a thick cape that had belonged to Andrew.

His long woollen comforter hung beside it—the same she had knitted for him to wear to school. She tied this over her head, put on the cape, and went out into the blinding storm, and down to the beach, guided by the lights that kind hands had scattered here and there across the beach—watchfires, burning with a dull, red glow, that lighted up the waves as the crimson sky had lighted it that evening.

As she went on she heard one and another say that the Albatross was driving on shore.

No one dreamed that the small, quiet figure standing by a great rock was the mother of Andrew Kennedy.

They talked about him—talked of his pleasant ways and his good heart, and how it would kill his parents

if he should be lost; but their talk was suddenly interrupted.

The cold, grey morning had dawned. The Albatross had been in sight, ever since the first grey light appeared.

No boat could live in the boiling waves; no life-boat was there.

There was nothing to do, but to wait till the ship should strike, or—dreadful alteration—go down into the depths with all her precious freight of human lives.

"Oh heaven! there is but a plank between my child and death!" murmured the poor mother, speaking for the first time since the storm had commenced.

She spoke no more, for now the ship came on, her heavy timbers straining, creaking, driving on and on, apparently to destruction.

The crew had laboured bravely, but in this crisis they could do naught but stand upon the deck and wait, while the ship rolled and plunged, as unmanageable as a wild horse.

Among the figures standing there Mary saw her child.

It must have been pure instinct; else she could not have known that tall, weather-beaten figure, so large, and strong, and dark, for her fifteen-year-old stripling. But the heart took in what the eyes and the memory lost.

From that time she never lost sight of him, until he threw himself into the sea, and disappeared amidst the boiling waves.

Then a giant billow bore him upward again, and hope and despair played at deadly odds with the mother's heart.

And now there were two of them—together battling the great waves, and seeming to be clearing each other out—another, as young and active as the first. Dear God! will they ever be saved?

And those brave sailors fighting with the giant waves beyond—can they ever come to land? Ah, there are other brave seamen on the beach, throwing ropes to the exhausted men in the water. It nerves them afresh.

They know now that their friends on shore have hope and courage, and it braces them to new efforts.

One after another snatches the heavy cables, and clings to them, passing them around their waists, and giving all their remaining strength to tying the great knots.

Then they give up, and lie floating upon the waves, while those on the beach pull gently and tenderly upon the ropes.

Fifteen are drawn safely on shore. The other poor fellow, weak and exhausted, was dead when taken from the water.

It was not Andrew, nor Dick Armstrong; for, already, strong arms had borne them to their homes.

Panting and breathless, a little figure in a man's cape and a woollen head-covering, followed the bearers of Andrew Kennedy; and not until it reached the gate at the farmhouse, did it lay a cold hand within the great palm of Matthew Kennedy. He started, as if an iceball had touched him, and, turning, saw Mary!

It was well that all through the day and night following, fatigue had numbed the senses of the family at the farm. So much had been gone through, that only the deep sleep of exhaustion could rest them.

There was no sound in the house all that time, except the hushed footsteps of the workpeople, doing quietly what must be done.

But a joyful group met in the breakfast-room, on the second morning—a little pale, but with glad and thankful hearts, and happy though fearful faces. Andrew wore a look as pure and innocent as he had carried away; and, when he talked of his next voyage, his mother subdued her shuddering terror, feeling that he who had rescued him from the peril of the seas was able to protect him still.

In all this fair, broad land, there could have been no more happiness than on that morning, in the old red farmhouse.

THE SUNDAY ACT.—The unusual circumstance of Parliament sitting on a Sunday has dissipated several popular errors in regard to the legal character of that day. Many people had an idea that Sunday was, for parliamentary purposes, a *dies non*, and that anything done in either House on Sunday was null and void. There can be no question, however, that Parliament might sit all through the seven days of the week if it chose, and that its proceedings would be as regular and effective on one day as on another. In fact, the Houses have at different times met on Sunday. Cromwell had no scruples about making his Parliament assemble for business on Sunday, doubtless on the principle, "the better day the better deed." During the Popish plot, according to Mr. May, Parliament also met on Sunday; and he also mentions a curious parallel to the case which happened the other day:—

"On the 18th. May, 1794, the debate on the Bill for securing suspected persons was not concluded until nearly three o'clock on Sunday morning." On the death of William III. and other succeeding sovereigns, Parliament was also summoned upon the usual day of rest. In 1831 there was an important division on the Reform Bill on a Sunday morning in December. When the Lords and Commons met on Sunday, the 4th May, 1859, it was only for the purpose of going to church to render thanks for the peace, and not for worldly business.

SCIENCE.

If hydrogen gas be breathed for a few moments it has the curious effect of changing the voice. The effect very soon disappears.

It has been estimated that a ton and a half of water falling one foot per minute will grind and dress a bushel of wheat per hour.

One grain of zinc was found to raise only 8 lb. 1 ft. high by means of an electro-magnetic engine; one grain of coal in the furnace of a Cornish engine will raise 143 lb. through the same distance.

There is a colliery shaft in Belgium 932 yards in depth. In Saxony there is another upwards of 800 yards; and in the Dukinfield Colliery the black mine has been followed to the depth of 940 yards from the surface.

It has been found that 1 lb. of hydrogen combining with oxygen is capable of raising 51,146 lb. of water 1 deg. Fah.; 1 lb. of carbon, 14,500 lb. of water; 1 lb. of phosphorus, 11,900 lb. of water; and 1 lb. of sulphur, 2,800 lb. of water.

The typhoons of the Chinese seas vary from 3 to 4 to about 60 miles in diameter. In the Arabian Sea cyclones are supposed to be under 240 miles in diameter. In the Bay of Bengal the usual size is from 300 to 400 miles, although they sometimes contract to 150 miles.

The comparative magnitude of the planets is as follows: Supposing the earth to be 12 in. in diameter, then Herschel is 4 ft. 5 in., Saturn 10 ft., Jupiter 11 ft. 3 in., Venus 11 in., Mars 6 in., Mercury 4 in., Pallas 3 in., Juno 2 in., Ceres 1 in., and Vesta only one third of an inch. The sun is 11 ft. 8 in., and the moon 3 in.

A TELEGRAPH LINE SIX THOUSAND MILES LONG. The telegraph has lately been extended far up Fraser River en route for Russia, according to the *Panama Star*, and is now in working order from New York via San Francisco to a point 400 miles above New Westminster on Fraser River, making in round numbers about 6000 miles.

In the year 1541, the deviation of the magnetic needle from the meridian at Paris was found to be from seven to eight degrees to the east; in 1550, from eight to nine degrees, and in 1580, eleven degrees and a half to the east. Norman, who first observed the deviation in London, found it to be eleven and a quarter degrees in 1596; and Gellibrand, at the same place, in 1634, four degrees towards the east.

Mr. J. RILEY says that for some months past he has successfully used potatoes to prevent incrustation in boilers. Before the steam is up on Monday morning he places three pennyworth in the boiler through the safety-valve, and blows some water off on Saturday, to clear the dirt out, so that the expense is very small. He uses the smallest and commonest potatoes, because they are more for the money, and answer the purpose quite as well.

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—Into a bell-glass full of air a central tube is made to carry a slow current of hydrogen. At the end of the tube, which is carried nearly to the dome of the bell-glass, electric sparks are made to pass. The hydrogen is immediately ignited, taking the form of small luminous spheres, which rush about in all directions. After a few seconds there are an infinite number of these little luminous globes, which seem to play at hide-and-seek without ever coming into contact.

MANGANESE ALLOYS.—Reference was some time since made to the improvements in the preparation of alloys of manganese with iron or copper, invented by Mr. E. O. Prieger, and it appears that the process has been established on a commercial scale in Germany. To prepare ferro-manganese, Mr. Prieger made a mixture of pulverised oxide of manganese, charcoal dust (corresponding in quantity to the oxygen of the oxide), and of metallic iron sufficiently broken up, such as minute grains of cast iron filings or steel, &c. The mixture was put into a graphite crucible, which would hold from fifteen to twenty-five kilogrammes, and covered with a coating of charcoal dust, sea salt, &c., and heated for a few hours at a white heat. After cooling there was at the bottom of the crucible a metallic homogeneous mass, containing but very insignificant quantities of foreign bodies. Of these alloys the most important are those contain-

ing two equivalents of manganese to one of iron, and four equivalents of manganese to one of iron, and corresponding to 66.3 per cent., and 79.7 per cent., of manganese. Both are harder than tempered steel; they are capable of receiving a very high polish; they melt at red heat, and can be easily poured; they do not oxidise in the air, and even in water only superficially; their white colour is of a shade between steel and silver. Alloys of copper and manganese are much harder and more durable. Alloys of tin are very fusible, durable, and easy to work; in colour and brilliancy they may be compared to silver. The iron and manganese alloy furnishes a simple means of adding to iron or steel a given amount of manganese; by the addition of from 1 to 5 per cent. very satisfactory results are obtained.

HOW MANY INCHES IN A BUSHEL.—The standard bushel of the United States contains 2150.4 cubic inches. The "Imperial bushel" is about 68 cubic inches larger, being 2218.192 cubic inches. Any box or measure, the contents of which are equal to 2150.4 cubic inches, will hold a bushel of grain. In measuring fruit, vegetables, coal and other similar substances, one fifth must be added. In other words, a peck measure five times even full makes one bushel. The usual practice is to "heap the measure." In order to get on the fifth peck, measures must be heaped as long as what is to be measured will lie on.

The Americans have put the magnesium light to more practical use than we have. In their theatres it is rapidly superseding the lime-light. It was first introduced at the Boston Theatre. The wire is burnt in a large lamp, and is delivered by clockwork. The flame sustains itself continuously for an hour and a half to two hours, in which time from $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of the metal are consumed. The fumes are arrested within the lamp by mechanical means, and thus both the reflector and the glass in front are prevented fouling. Although the lamp costs a hundred dollars, the maker finds it difficult to meet the numerous orders he receives for it.

WHY COAL-GAS BURNS.—When coal-gas is ignited the oxygen of the atmosphere first combines with the hydrogen of the hydro-carbons, either gaseous or sufficiently volatile to assume a gaseous form, so as to produce water. While a part of the carbon of these hydro-carbons combines with the oxygen to produce carbonic acid, the other portions of carbon float in the mass of ignited gaseous matters, and reach a sufficient temperature to radiate light in all directions. It follows, therefore, that the richer the coal-gas is in hydro-carbons, into the composition of which enters a large proportion of carbon, the more brilliant will be the flame.

AIR IN WINE TUNS.—M. Camille Saint Pierre opened a large wine tun, the air in which would not support the combustion of a candle. As, however, the tun contained some quick lime, it was clear that the effect could not be attributed to carbonic acid. He therefore removed some of the air for analysis, and found it to consist in 100 parts, of oxygen 11.85, and nitrogen 88.15. The author remarks that the excess of nitrogen may be attributed to one of two causes—either nitrogen must have been generated or oxygen must have been absorbed. The former hypothesis he rejects, and considers it more probable that the walls of the tun, under the influence of moisture, become capable of absorbing oxygen; and he asks whether this action is due to mycelotermis or the oxidation of certain matters soaked into the wool of old tuns.

The extremely thin sheets of iron which may now be obtained, some of them weighing no more than 0.36 gr. per square inch, and being not more than the 4,800th of an inch in thickness, have been noticed as possessing to an extraordinary degree the power of resisting oxidation. This is doubtless attributable to a fused layer of magnetic oxide, with which they are always covered; and the fact has been applied to the protection of articles of wrought iron. The latter are embedded in a pulverized layer of native oxide of iron—hematite, for instance—and kept at a full red heat for several hours, after which they are allowed to cool gradually. Plates treated in this way are perfectly covered with the oxide, and are well suited for ship-building. A combination of the oxides of zinc and iron, formed by the use of oxide of zinc also, the process gives rise to a black coating, which is perhaps even more effective.

ELECTRIC CLOCK.—At the recent *conferenza* of the Royal Society, Mr. C. W. Siemens exhibited an electric clock of his own construction, to exemplify a new mechanical arrangement for obtaining perfectly uniform rotation under varying conditions of power and resistance. Watt sought to accomplish this by his centrifugal governor for steam engines, but failed in consequence of essential defects in the contrivance itself; and, as is well known to engineers, a more perfect mechanism has long been a desideratum. Mr. Siemens's governor consists of an open parabolic cup—that is, without top or bottom, mounted on a vertical

axis, rising from an inclosed bath of liquid, into which the smaller opening, or bottom of the cup, is made to dip. When this cup is set rotating by clock-work, or any other driving power, it raises the liquid into which it dips in a parabolic curve to its brim. If, then, any increase of velocity should take place, it occasions an overflow of the liquid, which falls into the bath, to be again raised by the same process. The overflow, meanwhile, absorbs so much of the driving power as to check the tendency to acceleration, and produce uniform rotation.

Mr. G. J. Symons, the eminent meteorologist, has called attention to a remarkable, and, so far as meteorology is concerned, unique phenomenon. In seven of the ten years comprised between 1857 and 1866, on the 8th of March, there has been a fall of water from the clouds in a semi-solid state far denser than snow, yet neither hail nor ice. Mr. Symons says that the fall in the first-named year was very noticeable, the ground to a depth of two or three inches being covered with soft hail-balls three inches in circumference. On that occasion, the electricity of the atmosphere was so strong during their fall as seriously to derange the electrical apparatus at Greenwich. In 1859 there was also much electricity, and last week thunder and lightning. An examination of the balls shows that their density is about half that of hail and five times that of ordinary snow. Their shape is usually pyramidal, the base being uneven, somewhat like the flower of a cauliflower. The size varies from one inch in diameter down to a tenth, but two-tenths is the most usual dimension. It may be there is no real coincidence involved, but Mr. Symons says—and we think justly—that “when a phenomenon occurs on the same day seven years out of ten, I think it warrants watching.”

FACETIE.

BEAUTY, like lightning, appears and strikes at the same instant.

A TAILOR who, in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave his hot goose for a cold duck.

I AM like a bone, said a schoolmaster of himself. “I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it, though.”

THE Turks think that women have no souls; but we have seen some women that had several souls apiece. Each feature was a soul of itself.

“PAPA,” said a little boy, “why do they plant guns?—do they grow and have leaves?”—“No, my son, but, like plants, they shoot.”

A WICKED old bachelor being asked by a pert young miss if he could account for the term *belle* to handsome young ladies, promptly replied that it was owing to the goodly proportion of brass in their composition.

“I ALWAYS sing to please myself,” said a gentleman, who was humming a tune in company. “Then you’re not at all difficult to please,” said a lady, who sat next to him.

If a preacher preaches that human nature is depraved, it doesn’t necessarily follow that he is therefore obliged to support his general theory by personal practice.

A TRADESMAN, named Isaac Fell, removed from Ludgate Hill to Fleet-street, where he announced the fact as follows:—“I fell from Ludgate Hill.” A wag wrote underneath—“Oh what a fall was there!”

A CERTAIN eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher a “Treatise on the Hand,” which the worthy bookseller declined with a shake of his head, saying, “My dear sir, we have too many treatises on our hands already.”

“WELL, captain, when do you sail for California?” “On Tuesday next.” “How do you go?” “Through the Straits; shall I book you for the voyage?” “I reckon not; I left home to get out of one *strait*, and don’t mean to get into another.”

PEOPLE have been greatly puzzled to understand the changes in the name of the firm of Longmans, the booksellers. Once there was a Brown, and then there was a Green. But now the mystery is explained—there is a Dyer in the firm.

VISITOR: Why do you wear a dress over that beautiful costume?—*Masquerader*: Don’t you see, I can go in three characters! First, I wear a domino, and a black masque. Then I wear my dress, and a pink masque. If I am discovered, I quickly slip my dress off, and here I am, a page!

LAUGHABLE BLUNDERS!—A laughable blunder was made by Mrs. Gibbs, at Covent Garden Theatre, in the season of 1823, in the part of Miss Stirling, in “The Claudine Marriage.” When speaking of the conduct of Betty, who had locked the door of Miss Fanny’s room and walked away with the key, Mrs. Gibbs said, “She had locked the key and carried the

door in her pocket.” Mrs. Davenport, as Mrs. Heidelberg, had previously excited a hearty laugh, by substituting for the original dialogue, “I protest there’s a candle coming along the gallery with a man in his hand;” but the mistake by Mrs. Gibbs seemed to be so unintentional, so unpremeditated, that the effect was irresistible; and the audience celebrated the joke with three rounds of applause.

LOVE ADVENTURE OF A FRENCH COUNT.

A SCENE occurred at Dewsbury Railway Station the other day, which was provocative of much laughter.

A French “Count,” who carries on business in Dewsbury as a rag and shoddy merchant, became enamoured of a waitress at the railway refreshment rooms in that town, and though he made several overtures to her, she treated them with ridicule, as he is old enough to be her father, if not her grandfather.

He wished her to leave Dewsbury for Leeds, where his residence is—having heard that her engagement as a waitress was about to terminate—and made certain overtures to her which she communicated to her friends. Believing that he had obtained the fair one’s sanction to the arrangement, the foreigner resolved to carry her off on Wednesday se’night.

Accordingly he went to the station to meet his lady-love there, but as she did not make her appearance the Count contented himself with waiting in the first-class room at the station. Two trains for Leeds arrived at, and departed from, the station, but as the lady was absent the Count refused to proceed.

In doubt as to the sincerity of the girl, he visited every department of the station in search of her, and made many anxious inquiries as to her whereabouts. He was assailed with jeers by those who were in the secret, and was ultimately compelled to seek refuge from his tormentors in the ladies’ waiting-room, resolving to proceed to Leeds by the next train.

It ought to be stated that the Count arranged with his fair one that, in order to allay all suspicions, she should take a second-class ticket to the first station, and then she should change carriages and join him in a first-class compartment—for, as became the dignity of a nobleman, he always travelled first class.

A few minutes before the arrival of the 7-57 p.m. north train, the station bell was sounded as a ruse. The Count issued from his hiding-place; but no sooner had he reached the platform than a bowlful of flour was thrown upon him by the girl he had attempted to deceive. Before he had time to recover himself this was supplemented by a painful war of water and flour—a compound which gave the Count a truly foreign appearance. Great excitement prevailed among the passengers, but, with the aid of some friends, he was placed in a compartment and conveyed to Leeds, uttering loud imprecations on the heads of his tormentors.

A RECENT traveller stopped at a cabaret in France where the host had two sorts of wine, which he called “first table” and “common table.” “I tried them both,” says our traveller, “and found them lamentable.”

Belle McFlimney: Well, Grandma, how do you think I look? I am ready for the party now! *Grandma*: I suppose you look in the fashion, my dear; but what is that I hear your brothers talk about, somebody striking from the shoulder? I suppose you mean somebody to be struck by your shoulders!

THE TERRIBLE.

A CLERGYMAN, one Sunday, informed his hearers that he should divide his discourse into three parts—the first would be the terrible, the second the horrible, and the third the terrible horrible. Assuming a dramatic tragic attitude, and wishing to bring the sulphurous lake vividly before the mind’s eye of the hearer, he swung his right arm wildly, pointing to about the centre of the church, and exclaimed, in a startling, agonizing tone:

“What’s that I see there?” Still louder, “What’s that I see there?” Louder yet, with a wilder swing of the arm, “What’s that I see there?”

Here a little old woman in black cried out, with a shrill, terrible tone:

“It’s nothing but my little black dog—he won’t bite nobody.”

There was a laugh, and the clergyman concluded to confine himself to the terrible without asking questions.

A THANKFUL BEGGAR.—Sir Walter Scott meeting a beggar, who importuned him for sixpence, the great unknown not having one, gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh, “Mind now, sir, you owe me a sixpence.” “Och, sure enough,” said the beggar, “and heaven grant you may live till I pay you.”

Lady: I think your sausages are very dear; you know the papers are warning people against eating anything in the pork line, as a number of people have died from eating pork lately. Therefore you ought to sell them much cheaper now. *Pork Butcher*:

That’s all an invention of the other butchers; but among people of taste sausages will always flourish! The most elegant and refined dish! My doctor orders them three times a day.

This little story is good, if old Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say, “My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person; I myself have two little manors.” The judge immediately interposed, “We all know it, Sir Fletcher.”

PRODIGIOUS!—Mr. Frank Buckland gives an account in *Land and Water* of a monster salmon, weighing sixty-nine pounds, net catch; and nearly five feet long. Mr. Buckland will pardon our saying that a salmon of this size appears very like a whale!—*Fun*.

SALMON FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—Scotch papers say there is excellent sport on the Earn and the Tay. An Irish correspondent wants to know whether the “Tay Earn” salmon are caught ready boiled?—*Fun*.

DOGGED BY THE POLICE.—There is no representative for the Isle of Dogs in the House, or we could suggest to him a question that ought to be put to the Government. Perhaps the M.P. for York-shire will raise his voice on behalf of his constituency, and inquire by what right the police are being employed to make a house-to-house visitation for the purpose of inquiring where dogs are kept. We suppose the inquisition has not been extended to Belgrave or even Westbourne, but in neighbourhoods and streets chiefly inhabited by working men, by those, in short, who keep dogs not as pets but as friends, companions, and guards, the police have been going from door to door making inquiries. This proceeding is most unconstitutional and inquisitorial, nor is its complexion at all improved by the partiality of its operation. The country is indeed going to the dogs if this sort of thing is permitted. We trust that now we have drawn attention to the matter it will be seriously taken up by our contemporaries.—*Fun*.

“THE REST IS SILENCE.”

A wedding recently took place at Aldborough Church at which the bride, bridegroom, bridesmaid, groomsmen, and two witnesses were all deaf and dumb.

Somebody, having threatened to write somebody’s life, was said to have added a new terror to death. The above group have lost two of the terrors of marriage. No scolding possible, and an inaudible belle-mère.—*Punch*.

NO MORE SENSATIONISM.—“A supply of Natural Ink has been discovered near Buena Vista lake, California.” Over here with a cargo of it as quick as may be. Who knows but that it may produce a supply of Natural Writers?—*Punch*.

GOOSE AND SNAKE.

Mr. Tupper has written a tragedy. The *Saturday Review*, of course, hisses it. When any man publishes a play he must be prepared for gooses. The ridicule cast by the *Saturday Review* on Mr. Tupper’s tragedy will perhaps be not very generally considered unjust. But it is one thing to cut up a book; another to attempt to stab the writer. The *Saturday Review*’s criticisms of “Raleigh” conclude with the following rather characteristic remark:—

“It is not even funny, and this marks a distinct decay in Mr. Tupper’s wonderful powers.”

The editor of the *Saturday Review* should engage a gentleman to revise his proofs.—*Punch*.

A SWEDISH noble made a great sensation in the Champs Elysées (March 13) by driving up the crowded promenade in a well-built little carriage, drawn by six huge Norwegian hounds. The Scandinavian equipage cast all other attractions into the shade, but the crowd so flocked round the vehicle that the Swede was forced to drive home again at a rate which quickly distanced all followers.

A CURIOUS outcry is being raised in Paris against the German workmen in art matters. It is said that they are destroying the taste of the Parisians, and the fame of the Parisians for matters of taste in foreign countries. The Germans offer their work for a very trivial sum, being capable of living on little and herding together in one chamber during their sojourn in Paris. The Paris workmen are exasperated, and say such conduct is infamous, and ought to be put a stop to. When will the world go smoothly when workmen disagree?

A NEW GREEK ISLAND.—In the bay of Théro (Santorin) an island has of late been rising from the sea, steadily and slowly—not by the upshot of volcanic matter accumulating heap upon heap, but apparently from volcanic accumulations below, pushing upwards the matter already forming the surface. The material consists of a rusty-black metallic lava, very heavy,

and resembling half-melted scoria which has boiled from a furnace. In five days the island attained a height of from 130 to 150 feet, with a length of upwards of 850 feet, and a breadth of 100 feet. Other islands in the same bay have arisen in past times, and the bay itself is the concave circuit of a broken volcanic cone.

The new Master of Trinity College finds the gate closed against him. He knocks. The porter calls out, "Who is there?" The new-comer replies, "The Master of Trinity," after which the doors are thrown open, and the Fellows of the College congratulate him. Something of the same kind is done upon the admittance of a new serjeant-at-law to the brotherhood. A fellow-serjeant is sent down Chancery-lane to catch sight of the new serjeant, and upon seeing him rushes back and exclaims, "I see a brother coming up the lane," upon which a welcome is duly prepared for the new-comer. The police of course know of the little game, or they might take some one up at its oddity.

STATISTICS.

PRICE OF BREAD AND BEER.—The consumption of bread may be taken for the United Kingdom as 18,000,000 quarters of wheat in the year, which at 48s. each is £43,200,000, and sold retail at bread for £65,000,000; whereas the consumption of barley is about 5,400,000 quarters, and if £1,800,000 is added to the value of hops, barley at 32s. the quarter, £10,500,000 may be stated to be the value of the materials for which the Government acknowledge £40,000,000 is paid. The result is even more apparent when the question is considered in detail. A bushel of wheat costs 6s. made into 72 lb. of bread at 14d. the pound—about the average for the United Kingdom—and is sold for 9s. But a bushel of barley costs 4s., the hops used with it 1s., together 5s., and made into fifteen gallons of liquid, is sold retail for 30s.

OUR EXPORTS IN JANUARY, 1866.—By a comparison of the exports of British and Irish produce for the months of January 1865 and 1866, we find that in 1865 there were 1,495 cwts. of bacon and hams, against 3,247 cwts. in 1866, being a balance in favour of the present year of 1,752 cwts. Of candles, tallow, and composition, there were 201,011 lb. in 1865, against 291,512 lb. in 1866, being a balance in favour of 1866 of 90,501 lb. Of cheese there were 1,560 cwts. exported in 1865, against 2,482 cwts. in 1866, the balance in favour of the present year being 872 cwts. Of soap 14,894 cwts. in 1865, against 10,193 cwts. in 1866, being a balance against 1866 of 4,701 cwts. Of refined sugar 25,693 cwts. in 1865, against 5,801 cwts. in 1866, being a balance against 1866 of 19,892 cwts. Of butter there were 2,787 cwts. in 1865, against 4,582 cwts. in 1866, being a balance in favour of 1866 of 1,795 cwts.

CLAIM UPON THE EXECUTORS OF LORD PALMERSTON.—A claim has been brought against the executors of Lord Palmerston for £5,000, and one of the items appears to refer to the case in the Divorce Court, into which it was a few years ago attempted to drag his lordship. Application has been made, on the part of the executors, to Mr. Justice Willes at chambers to order better and fuller particulars of the claim to be furnished, and his lordship has made the order accordingly.

It may not be generally known that Her Majesty the Queen's library at Windsor is particularly rich in its artistic treasures. Her Majesty has, perhaps, the finest collection of miniatures in the world, far exceeding that of the Duke of Buccleuch, both in number and value, extending as it does over the whole of English history, from the accession of Henry VIII. down to the present time, and including nearly every Royal personage and celebrity of the last three centuries.

LOCKED UP IN A BOX.—Late two men and a boy employed at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, from fun and curiosity, or believe, got into a very carefully-constructed fire-proof plate-chest. Another servant, also in fun, little thinking what he was doing, closed the door. It fastened with a spring lock, and the horrified victims found themselves enclosed in an air-tight box about three feet square by six feet high. It is difficult to understand how three persons could have squeezed themselves into such a place, for there was only just standing room; but such is the fact. Their cries soon alarmed the establishment, and at last the key was found, but as might be expected in the confusion under the agonized efforts of the frightened man who had shut the door, it broke in the lock. There was nothing for it but to break in, but the extraordinary strength of the door resisted every effort of adze-hammers wielded by powerful men working for the lives of their fellow-creatures. The

escape of the prisoners was only effected, after having been imprisoned for more than half an hour, by breaking through the wall with proper masons' tools. The boy had fainted, and one of the men was bleeding at the nose and mouth; the other had not yet begun to suffer visibly, though much distressed.

THE MAY OF LIFE.

The May of life is bright and fair,
And gay with springtime's sweetest flowers:
It hath no heavy clouds of care
To shadow o'er its sunny hours.
As birds sing when the light of dawn
Inlays with gold the eastern sky,
E'en thus the heart, at life's May morn,
Sends forth its notes of ecstasy.
As morning light breaks o'er the world,
And kindles nature with a smile,
While backward, into chaos hurled,
Are night's grim shadows, pile on pile,
So does the morn of life illumine
The flowery pathway that we tread
Sweet with ineffable perfume,
Hope's sunshine playing round the head
O sweet May morn of life and love!—
The fairest human eyes may see,—
In after years how prone to rove,
Are loving spirits, back to thee!
O being's most delicious hours!
O joyance brighter than a dream!
How beautiful, with love's first flowers,
To memory will ye ever seem!

E. A. B.

GEMS.

We cannot snuff the flower and expect it to retain the richness of its perfume.

When minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim it is bound.

Consult your friend on all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsel may then be useful, where your own self-love might impair your judgment.

To be well-beloved.—If we are loved by those around us, we can bear the hostility of all the rest of the world; just as, if we are before a warm fire, we need not care for all the ice in the Polar regions.

Things should not be done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.—Over the plum and apricot there grows a bloom more delicate and beautiful than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush spreads its flushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is gone. The flower that hangs in the morning, imperilled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed in jewels—once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water on it as you please, yet it can never be again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from heaven. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored.

CONSUMPTION OF ICE IN PARIS.—The use of ice is general in Paris during the summer months; it is supplied in almost every café and restaurant, and scarcely a green-grocer or a milkshop in the better portions of the town is without an ice-chest for the supply of its customers. The quantity consumed is said to amount to twelve or fifteen thousand tons a year. Besides the sale of rough and pure ice, there is a large trade done in what are called *carafees frappées*, that is to say, water decanted or bottled, in which nearly the whole contents are frozen by rapid revolution in a freezing mixture. These *carafees* are supplied to the cafés and also to private families each morning, and being constantly kept filled up with water serve throughout the whole day under ordinary temperatures. Another application of these *carafees* is to fill them up with champagne or other wine, and thus to obtain cool and diluted drinks for evening parties in hot weather.

We give the following remarks, not because they are new, but that they so thoroughly echo our own oft-repeated words relative to the demands of the Bishop of London for a million for churches. The correspondent says:—"Last Sunday I visited a city church. The congregation consisted of eighteen persons, and I was told that was about the average attendance. Yet there are twenty such churches in the city, well endowed, but with no congregations. Not many Sundays ago the congregation of a church

near the Bank of England consisted of a single individual. As there were not two or three gathered together," the incumbent, who gets £600 a year, did not proceed with the service. Thousands of pounds are paid annually to city clergymen who have no souls to cure. Why should not these revenues be applied to the destitution which exists elsewhere? The Bishop of London cannot beg with a good case when such an anomaly exists in the very centre of his own diocese. I should mention that most of the city clergymen are pluralists. The competition which takes place when an incumbent dies is positively indecent. The Rev. Sir John Wood, of St. Peter's, Cornhill, died the other day, and half-a-dozen clergymen were canvassing the corporation the moment the breath was out of his body."

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

WASH FOR THE HAIR.—To prevent the hair from falling out, and to restore its gloss, wash it frequently with the following preparation: In a quart of boiling water, melt half an ounce of camphor and one ounce of borax; allow this to stand till cold. It is said this wash will beautify the hair and prevent its falling off.

CURE FOR DAMP WALLS.—Three-quarters of a pound of mottled soap to one gallon of water. This composition to be laid over the brickwork steadily and carefully with a large flat brush, so as not to form a froth or lather on the surface. The wash to remain twenty-four hours, to become dry. Mix half a pound of alum with four gallons of water; leave it to stand for twenty-four hours, and then apply it in the same manner over the coating of soap. Let this be done in dry weather.

HOW TO MAKE BRAGGOT.—Take one gallon of water to 1 lb. of honey, and stir it till the honey be melted, then adding half a handful each of rosemary tops, bay leaves, sweetbriar, angelica, balm, thyme, or other sweet herbs, with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of sliced ginger, and a little nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and a few cloves; boil them gently together for nearly half an hour, scumming it well till it looks tolerably clear. In the mean time, having prepared three gallons of the first runnings of strong ale or sweetwort, mix the two liquids quite hot (with all the herbs and spices), and stirring them together for some time over a fire, but without suffering them to boil, strain off the liquor, and set it to cool. When it becomes only the warmth of new milk, ferment it with good ale yeast, and after it has properly worked, tun it up, and hang a bag of bruised spices in the barrel, where it is to remain all the time of drawing. It is generally drunk from the cask, but may be bottled like other liquors after it has entirely ceased to hiss in the barrel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DURING the past week twenty-eight wrecks were reported, making the total for the present year 527.

JEANIN DEHECK, tobacco manufacturer of North Shields, was recently fined £125 for adulterating "the weed" with liquorice.

Of the 529,241 persons who visited Kew Gardens last year, 260,040 arrived on Sundays, and 269,201 on week days.

SINCE 1859, 350 to 360 ships of the royal navy have been broken up. This is nearly at the average rate of one per week.

ONE of the wires of the submarine telegraph between France and England has broken, and the two remaining wires work badly.

THERE would not be so much harm in the giddy always following the fashions if the wise were always to set them.

JUDAS KERR, who has been mentioned in connection with the proceedings at Jamaica, is a brother-in-law of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate.

LONGEVITY.—Died, on the 28th inst., at Strand-house, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, Harriet, relict of the late A. Curry, Esq., aged 100.

In the small island of Iona, on the coast of Scotland, sixty-one kings lie buried—forty-eight were Scotch, eight Norwegian, four Irish, and one French.

THE invention of shells is claimed for the Venetians as early as 1376, but some authorities name Mahesta, Prince of Florence, as the inventor of these projectiles.

ORDER OF ST. PATRICK.—The Earl of Dunraven was created a Knight of St. Patrick last week at a Chapter held for that purpose in Dublin Castle, the Lord Lieutenant presiding as Grand Master of the Order. Lord Dunraven is the second Roman Catholic Knight of St. Patrick, the Earl of Fingal having been the first.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. H. G. and HENRY WRIGHT.—Your verses are under consideration.

J. P.—Apply to any respectable music publisher—their name is legion.

A. C.—Miss Aronia Jones was married to the late G. V. Brooke.

SOLFER.—By some mischance the verses have failed to reach us.

A. E.—The pronunciation is Si-ke, as a dissyllable, the accent on the *i*, which is English is long.

POSTER.—The verses, "Retribution," "Handsome Men," "False Love," "Cellibacy," "The Bravest Conqueror in the Fight," and "Autumn Path," are respectfully declined.

J. M. B.—The handwriting is good. Washing in warm water, to which a few drops of glycerine may be added, will probably allay the irritation, and can do no harm. So-called cosmetics are usually worthless as such, if not injurious.

A. CORRESPONDENT.—There is no ambassador at the Court of St. James's for Asiatic Turkey alone. Address, His Excellency M. Musurus, Ambassador Extraordinary for Turkey, The Embassy, Bryanston Square.

M. A. F.—An excellent recipe for whitening the hands was given under the pseudonym "Dewdrop," in the correspondence page of THE LONDON READER, No. 83.

J. H.—By referring to No. 134 of THE LONDON READER, you will find in our Correspondence page, under the initials J. A. H., your question as to a suit in *forma pauperis* for a divorce answered in full. See also our reply to "An Unhappy Woman."

C.—You complain of symptoms usually concurrent with bad habits. Avoid spirit drinking and all other improprieties. Sound food and exercise in the open air will do you more good than gallons of tonics. The verses are not up to our standard.

ALBERT.—A marriage by banns is legal without consent of parents, although one or both of the parties be minors. The omission of a single Christian name will not invalidate it unless both parties are cognizant of it, and act fraudulently to evade the proper legal course.

BEATRICE and CLARA wish to correspond with two gentlemen. "Beatrice" is twenty, 5 ft. 4 in. in height. "Clara" is nineteen, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, and both are good looking and thoroughly domesticated. Would like the gentlemen to be steady and fond of their homes. *Curtis* exchanged.

NELLIE and LISA, sisters, offer themselves as candidates for matrimony. "Nellie" has auburn hair, dark eyes, fair complexion. "Lisa" has dark hair and dark eyes, medium height, and both are thoroughly domesticated and accomplished, have no money, but have two loving hearts to offer in return.

WILLIAM FRANK.—The prices of the drawing-room or parlour floor shaves range from 8s. to 12s. 6d. the pair. By their use young ladies can prepare themselves for ice skating, and without injuring the carpets. They are also adapted for children as an exercise and amusement.

N. JOHNSON.—A letter addressed simply George Peabody, Esq., the Great Philanthropist, would assuredly reach that gentleman.

R. H. and K. T. would like to correspond with two gentlemanly young men. "R. H." is fair complexion, dark hair and eyes, twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height. "K. T." has dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, and is twenty-two years of age, and 5 ft. 4 in. in height. Both well educated, and would make their homes cheerful and comfortable.

L. F.—We cannot recommend the quick remedies you mention. The notion of taking pills to clear the skin is, especially for a lady, absurd, not to say dangerous, without indeed it be for some special reason, under the advice of a medical practitioner. Regularity of living and a fair amount of exercise is, after all, the best recipe for a clear complexion.

VIOLA.—The origin of the custom of sending valentines is not precisely known. St. Valentine was a British bishop who suffered martyrdom under Claudius II., at Rome, A.D. 271. Goese says, "Valentine means the first woman seen by a man, or with whom, on St. Valentine's day, an old maid keeps the following curious letter: 'Last Friday was Valentine's day, and the night before I got five bay leaves and plained four of them to the four corners of my bed, and the fifth in the middle, and then if I dreamed of my sweetheart Betsy (probably some friend of the writer), said we should be married before the year was out. But to shake it more sure, I boiled an egg hard and took out the yoke and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed at it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote out lovers' names on bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man, so I lay abed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house, for I would not have

seen another man before him for all the world." The immediate origin, however, of sending valentines may have arisen out of the following custom of the middle ages:—On the eve of the 14th of February, a time, says an old writer, "when all living nature inclines to couple, the young folks in England and Scotland held a festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors having got together, wrote their names, or *feigned* names, upon separate billets, and threw them into separate urns; then, drawing by way of lots, the men drew women's names, and vice versa. Thus," quaintly says the same old writer, "each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls valentine, and the girls upon young men. By this means each has two valentines, but the man sticks faster to his valentine than the valentine to whom he has fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love." On Valentine's day between sixteen and seventeen hundred thousand letters pass through the Post Office.

T. U.—Cure for Neuralgia.—Half a drachm of sal-ammonia in an ounce of camphor-water, to be taken, a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once. Half-a-dozen different persons have once tried the receipt, and in every case an immediate cure was effected. In one, the sufferer, a lady, had been affected for more than a week, and her physician was unable to alleviate her sufferings, when a solution of sal-ammonia in camphor-water relieved her in a few minutes.

PERFECTION.

We find it not in palaces,
Or dome-like structures grand;
'Tis not in lofty pinnacles,
Or churches of our land.
I've searched in vain to find it,
In art's designing halls,
In Rome's imperial city,
With its gilded, frescoed walls.

And I have not been able,
In the strife of city's din,
To find it in the marts of trade,
Where "virtue seems a sin."
'E'en thoughts of men are evil,
And prone to sin are hearts;
No wonder, then, that evil deeds
Crowd in our business marts.

Though "art" doth not possess it,
And man himself does not,
Yet nature seems with beauty,
And here it is secure.
Go note the rose's blushes,
And the lily's spotless cheek,
And in their read Perfection,
In language pure, yet meek.

A. T.

THEATRICAL desires to know who is the best tragedian in England at the present time? Remembering that "comparisons are odious," we cannot venture to decide. Honestly, we believe that at the present time all the representatives of the tragic muse are minnows. The "Trifons," however, among these small fish are undoubtedly Phelps and Charles Kean; the latter, by the way, is in England at the present moment. On *dit*, however, Mr. Kean and his gloriously talented wife are now on their return from America, and will speedily appear at the Princess's in Henry the Eighth.

AN UNHAPPY WOMAN asks:—1. "Can I obtain a divorce free of expense?" You cannot, except by a *suit in forma pauperis*, and this would require the aid of a solicitor, and that aid, with some necessary fees, would cost you a great deal depending upon the said solicitor between five and ten pounds, which, by the way, compared with the ordinary costs, is free of expense. 2. You may obtain protection for your earnings on application to a magistrate, and on proof of desertion by your husband. The order will cost you two shillings. Appeal at twelve o'clock at the police court of the district in which you reside.

R. R. F.—How to make Coffee.—The usual quantities both of coffee and water are to be retained; a tin measure containing 1 an ounce of green berries, when filled with roasted ones, is generally sufficient for two small cups of coffee of moderate strength, or one, so called, large breakfast-cup (1 lb. of green berries is 16 small cups, and 16 small cups of coffee). With three-fourths of the coffee to be employed, after being ground, the water is made to boil for ten or fifteen minutes. The one quarter of the coffee which has been kept back is then flung in, and the vessel immediately withdrawn from the fire, covered over, and allowed to stand for five or six minutes. In order that the powder on the surface may fall to the bottom, it is stirred round; the deposit takes place, and the coffee poured off in ready for use. In order to separate the dregs more completely, the coffee may be passed through a clean cloth; but generally this is not necessary, and often prejudicial to the pure flavour of the beverage. The first boiling gives the strength, the second addition the flavour. The water does not dissolve of the aromatic substances more than the fourth part contained in the roasted coffee.

E. N.—In reply to this correspondent, who has taken umbrage at a paragraph respecting Mr. John Bright, M.P., which appeared in our issue of March 24, all we can say is, that we printed the report as we found it, and if anyone is to blame it is Mr. Kelly, the Secretary of the Scottish weavers, who at Renfrew stated that while all the manufacturers in England and Scotland had given their weavers an advance of 10 per cent. upon their wages, Messrs. John Bright and Co. had refused. Wishing to eschew politics as much as possible, our object being, as far as in us lies, the amusement and instruction of our readers, when we do touch upon such a *verbalis* question, we invariably keep in mind the motto, *Aud alteram partem*, and as a proof we give "E. N." the full power of a reply. "In reference," he says, "to your remarks on John Bright's liberality, those who consider the honourable gentleman's generosity more theoretical than practical, and more political than personal, are wanting in information. The 'Hochdale Observer,' recently in answer to an inquiry on this point, said the firm of John Bright Brothers, were one of the largest, if not the largest subscribers to the Rochdale Relief Fund, and also that the subscription was repeated several times, and that, too, at a time when the firm were losing immensely. I feel

bound," continues "E. N." "to say that, having waited upon Mr. Bright to ask for a donation to a charity, he not only gave a handsome one, but desired me to apply to him again. Mr. Bright has devoted his life, energies, and talents to the amelioration and advancement of the working classes of England, to such an extent as to seriously imperil his life by a brain disease. What pecuniary gift could be compared to such a gift?" "E. N." further adds, "that John Bright's generosity was reproduced in his son, who died a year since, and the whole of whose savings for a short time previous to his death were devoted to the formation of a library for a school in the immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Kelly," concludes "E. N." "omitted to couple with his announcement of the refusal of John Bright Brothers to advance 10 per cent. that their weavers, by the use of their improved loom, can earn very good wages, and also that Messrs. Bright can command a plentiful supply of hands in a district proverbial for a high rate of wages, which is a safe criterion."

SALICORN, to whom, perhaps a little ungallantly in No. 149 of THE LONDON READER, we ventured to administer the *solida* of rebukes for rendering her previous communication illegible by crossing it like a wise, and, as her letter shows, a really clever and accomplished girl, *malgré* that "strong dash of *méchanceté*," she candidly confesses, while feeling the smallest possible degree of *pique*, admits, not only that our reproof was richly deserved, but that she likes us all the better for it. So far so good for our editorial infallibility. As *reus*, the lady shall speak for herself—"I do," she writes, "seriously desire nothing so ardently as to escape from my present monotonous life. If I could find a really good, sensible *sous*, with whom to travel on life's journey; for though I have, I am afraid, a *strong dash of méchanceté* in my composition, I have a good share of common sense. I would accept of no one who was not well principled, kind hearted, and last, though not least, religious. I am misanthropic, fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, generally considered good looking, and rather below the medium height. I have a good though hasty temper when provoked, lively and good hearted, and am passionately fond of music and singing, and proficient in both; and in addition well acquainted with all household duties, having the care of a large family, but have neither fortune nor expectations. Gentlemen replying must enclose *cartes* and all particulars: letters to be *legible* and *not crossed*."

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

CHARLEY WINTER will be happy to have an introduction to "Jessie Summer," and will feel honoured by sending her his *carte*.

Miss F. would be happy to correspond with, and receive a *carte* from "C. H. G.," of Manchester; is nineteen, and of light complexion.

H. E. H. would be glad to correspond with "E. R. W." She is thoroughly domesticated, and would make a good wife; age twenty.

ALBERTA and LIONNE will be happy to hear further from "Edmund" and "Gerald." Will have no objection to exchange *cartes*.

G. I. responds to "Franklin Dunbar." She is fair, of an even temper, which nothing can ruffle, kind over 5 ft. in height, domesticated, and respectfully connected. *Curtis* to be exchanged.

EMMY, in answer to "E. R. W.," thinks she would suit him. She is tall, with dark hair, blue eyes, thoroughly domesticated, of a loving disposition, and would try to make him very happy. *Curtis* to be exchanged.

EMMA, in reply to "E. R. W.," is fair, an even temper, middle height, domesticated, highly respectable, with a good plain education, and hopes "E. R. W." is a member of the Church of England. *Curtis* to be exchanged.

COWLEY will feel obliged to "C. C. C." if he will write and enclose his *carte de visite*, which shall be immediately exchanged, as she thinks he is just the man to make her happy.

G. I. would be happy to correspond with "E. R. W." She has dark hair and eyes, belongs to a highly respectable family, is thoroughly domesticated, and would make a most affectionate wife. "Marion" would like to receive "E. R. W.'s" *carte*.

EMMA R. in reply to "A Retired Tradesman," would be happy to have an introduction. "E. R." is fair, a little over 5 ft. in height, of a very agreeable temper, thirty-four, a member of the Church of England, and the daughter of a tradesman.

J. MATTHEW wishes to correspond with "Rose." Is 5 ft. 8 in. in height, rather dark, twenty, a respectable tradesman, with every prospect of making a happy home. Should this meet her approbation he will be most happy to hear from her.

GEORGE, who wishes to win the affections of "Mignonette," is twenty-two, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, light complexion, and the same trade as "Matthew." Considered by all his friends to be good looking, and thinks he will be able to make her a happy husband.

W. BLUNDELL and FRED POWER wish to correspond with "L. S." and "J. A." The first is twenty-two, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, dark hair and eyes, and would prefer "J. A." The latter is twenty-three, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, fair complexion. Both are engaged in commercial occupations. *Curtis* to be exchanged.

A. C. M. G. in reply to "Merrie Annie" in No. 149 of THE LONDON READER, begs to offer himself matrimonially. "A. C. M. G." is twenty-five, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, has dark hair, moustache, grey eyes, good teeth and features, with expectations from an old uncle, and is in receipt of 300*l.* a year. Should the fair "Annie" approve of this description, he would be happy to hear from her.

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†† We cannot undertake to return *Manuscripts*. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

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THE LONDON LOOKING-GLASS COMPANY'S FIVE-GUINEA LOOKING-GLASS. Several new designs now ready.—**A. JENKINS and CO.**, 167, Fleet Street, and 1, New Road, Brighton. New Design Book free, post-paid.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE.—The **OCTOBER BREWINGS** of the above ALE are now being supplied, in the finest condition, in bottles and in casks, by **FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD, and CO.**, at their New London Bridge Stores, London Bridge, S.E.

EVANS'S PRIZE KITCHENER.—This Matchless Kitchener obtained a prize at the Exhibition of 1862. It is adapted for the cottage or mansion, from £4 15s. to £30. Also larger sizes for hotels, taverns, private and public schools, and hospitals, with steam apparatus, from £50 to £100 and upwards. Show-rooms, 33 and 34, King William Street, London Bridge. Manufactory, 10, Arthur Street West, adjoining.

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GREY HAIR.—248, High Holborn, London.—**ALEX. ROSS'S** charges for dyeing the hair—Ladies', from 7s. 6d.; gentlemen's, from 5s. The dye is sold at 3s. 6d., and sent by post for 54 stamps. Any shade produced.

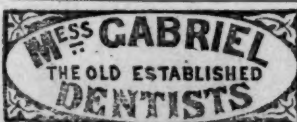
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FRY'S HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA, in Packets.—The purity, delicacy of flavour, and nutritious properties of this Cocoa, as well as the great facility with which it is made, have rendered it a standard article of general consumption. It is highly approved and strongly recommended by medical men, and is equally adapted for invalids and general consumers.—**J. S. FRY and SONS**, Bristol and London, are the only English Manufacturers of Cocoa who obtained the Prize Medal, 1862.

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Tables of rates and forms of proposal can be obtained of any of the Society's agents, or of **GEORGE CUTCLIFFE**, Actuary and Secretary, 13, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. H. G. and HENRY WRIGHT.—Your verses are under consideration.

J. P.—Apply to any respectable music publisher—their name is legion.

A. C.—Miss Avonia Jones was married to the late G. V. Brooke.

SOLFER.—By some mischance the verses have failed to reach us.

A. E.—The pronunciation is Si-ke, as a disyllable, the accent on the *i*, which in English is long.

POETRY.—The verses, "Retribution," "Handsome Men," "False Love," "Cellibacy," "The Bravest Conqueror in the Fight," and "Autumn Faith," are respectfully declined.

J. M. R.—The handwriting is good. Washing in warm water, to which a few drops of glycerine may be added, will probably allay the irritation, and can do no harm. So-called cosmetics are usually worthless as such, if not injurious.

A CORRESPONDENT.—There is no ambassador at the Court of St. James's for Asiatic Turkey alone. Address, His Excellency M. Musurus, Ambassador Extraordinary for Turkey, The Embassy, Bryanston Square.

M. A. P.—An excellent recipe for whitening the hands was given under the pseudonym "Dewdrop," in the correspondence page of THE LONDON READER, No. 83.

J. H.—By referring to No. 134 of THE LONDON READER, you will find in our Correspondence page, under the initials J. A. H., your question as to a suit in *forma pauperis* for a divorce answered in full. See also our reply to "An Unhappy Woman."

C.—You complain of symptoms usually concurrent with bad habits. Avoid spirit drinking and all other improprieties. Sound food and exercise in the open air will do you more good than gallons of tonics. The verses are not up to our standard.

ALYRED.—A marriage by banns is legal without consent of parents, although one or both of the parties be minors. The omission of a single Christian name will not invalidate it unless both parties are cognizant of it, and act fraudulently to evade the proper legal course.

BEATRICK AND CLARA wish to correspond with two gentlemen. "Beatrice" is twenty, 5 ft. 4 in. in height. "Clara" is nineteen, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, and both are good looking and thoroughly domesticated. Would like the gentlemen to be steady and fond of their homes. *Curties* exchanged.

NELLIE and LISA, sisters, offer themselves as candidates for matrimony. "Nellie" has auburn hair, dark eyes, fair complexion. "Lisa" has dark hair and dark eyes, medium height, and both are thoroughly domesticated and accomplished, have no money, but have two loving hearts to offer in return.

WILLIAM FRANK.—The prices of the drawing-room or patent floor skates range from 8s. to 12s. 6d. the pair. By their use young ladies can prepare themselves for ice skating, and without injuring the carpets. They are also adapted for children as an exercise and amusement.

N. JOHNSON.—A letter addressed simply George Peabody, Esq., the Great Philanthropist, would assuredly reach that gentleman.

R. H. and K. T. would like to correspond with two gentlemanly young men. "R. H." is fair complexion, dark hair and eyes, twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height. "K. T." has dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, and is twenty-two years of age, and 5 ft. 4 in. in height. Both well educated, and would make their homes cheerful and comfortable.

L. F.—We cannot recommend the quack remedies you mention. The notion of taking pills to clear the skin is, especially for a lady, absurd, not to say dangerous, without indeed it be for some especial reason, under the advice of a medical practitioner. Regularity of living and a fair amount of exercise, is, after all, the best recipe for a clear complexion.

VIOLA.—The origin of the custom of sending valentines is not precisely known. St. Valentine was a Roman bishop who suffered martyrdom under Claudius II. at Rome, A.D. 271. Goese says, "Valentine means the first woman seen by a man, or vice versa, on St. Valentine's day. An old magazine contains the following curious letter: "Last Friday was Valentine's day, and the night before I got five bay leaves and planned four of them to the four corners of my bed, and the fifth in the middle, and then if I dreamed of my sweetheart (Betty, probably some friend of the writer), said we should be married before the year was out. But to shake it more sure, I boiled an egg hard and took out the yoke and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed at it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers names on bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man, so I lay abed and shut my eyes at the morning, till he came to our house, for I would not have

seen another man before him for all the world." The immediate origin, however, of sending valentines may have arisen out of the following custom of the middle ages:—On the eve of the 14th of February, "a time," says an old writer, "when all living nature inclines to couple, the young folks in England and Scotland held a festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors having got together, wrote their names, or *feigned* names, upon separate billets, and threw them into separate urns; then, drawing by way of lots, the men drew women's names, and vice versa. "Thus," quaintly says the same old writer, "each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls valentine, and the girls upon young men. By this means each has two valentines, but the man sticks faster to his valentine than the valentine to whom he has fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love." On Valentine's day between sixteen and seventeen hundred thousand letters pass through the Post Office.

T. U.—Cure for Neuralgia.—Half a drachm of sal-ammonia in an ounce of camphor-water, to be taken, a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once. Half-dozens different persons have once tried the receipt, and in every case an immediate cure was effected. In one, the sufferer, a lady, had been affected for more than a week, and her physician was unable to alleviate her sufferings, when a solution of sal-ammonia in camphor-water relieved her in a few minutes.

PERFECTION.

We find it not in palaces.
Or dome-like structures grand;
'Tis not in lofty pinnacles.
Or churches of our land.
I've searched in vain to find it,
In art's designing halls,
In Rome's imperial city.
With its gilded, frescoed walls
And I have not been able,
In the strife of city's din,
To find it in the marts of trade,
Where "virtue" seems a name,
E'en thoughts of men are evil,
And prone to sin are hearts;
No wonder, then, that evil deeds
Crowd in our business marts.
Though "art" doth not possess it,
And men themselves are pure,
Yet nature teems with beauty,
And here it is secure.
Go note the rose's blushes,
And the lily's spotless cheek,
And in their read Perfection.
In language pure, yet meek.

A. T.

THEATRICAL desires to know who is the best tragedian in England at the present time? Remembering that "comparisons are odious," we cannot venture to decide. Honestly, we believe that at the present time all the representatives of the tragic muse are minnows. The "Tritons" however, among these small fish are undoubtedly Phelps and Charles Kean; the latter, by the way, is not in England at the present moment. On *id*, however, Mr. Kean and his gloriously talented wife are now on their return from America, and will speedily appear at the Princess's in Henry the Eighth.

AN UNHAPPY WOMAN asks:—1. "Can I obtain a divorce free of expense?" You cannot, except by a *suit in forma pauperis*, and this would require the aid of a solicitor, and that aid, with some necessary fees, would cost you (a great deal depending upon the said solicitor) between five and ten pounds, which, by the way, compared with the ordinary costs, is free of expense. 2. You may obtain protection for your earnings on application to a magistrate, and on proof of desertion by your husband. The order will cost you two shillings. Appeal at twelve o'clock at the police court of the district in which you reside.

R. R. P.—How to make Coffee.—The usual quantities both of coffee and water are to be retained; a tin measure containing 1/2 an ounce of green berries, when filled with roasted ones, is generally sufficient for two small cups of coffee of moderate strength, or one, so called, large breakfast-cup (1 lb. of green berries, equal to 16 ounces, yielding after roasting 24 tin measures (of 1/2 an ounce) for 48 small cups of coffee). With three-fourths of the coffee to be employed, after being ground, the water is made to boil for ten or fifteen minutes. The one quarter of the coffee which has been kept back, then being in, and the vessel immediately withdrawn from the fire, covered over, and allowed to stand for five or six minutes. In order that the powder on the surface may fall to the bottom, it is stirred round; the deposit takes place, and the coffee poured off is ready for use. In order to separate the dregs more completely, the coffee may be passed through a clean cloth; but generally this is not necessary, and often prejudicial to the pure flavour of the beverage. The first boiling gives the strength, the second addition the flavour. The water does not dissolve of the aromatic substances more than the fourth part contained in the roasted coffee.

E. N.—In reply to this correspondent, who has taken umbrage at a paragraph respecting Mr. John Bright, M.P., which appeared in our issue of March 24, all we can say is, that we printed the report as we found it, and if anyone is to blame it is Mr. Kelly, the Secretary of the Scottish weavers, who at Renfrew stated that while all the manufacturers in England and Scotland had given their weavers an advance of 10 per cent. upon their wages, Messrs. John Bright and Co. had refused. Wishing to censure politics as much as possible, our object being, as far as in us lies, the amusement and instruction of our readers, when we do touch upon such a *vezatio quæstio*, we invariably keep in mind the motto, *Audi alteram partem*, and as a proof we give "E. N." the full power of a reply. "In reference," he says, "to your remarks on John Bright's liberality, those who consider the honourable gentleman's generosity more theoretical than practical, and more political than personal, are wanting in information. The 'Hochdale Observer,' recently in answer to an inquiry on this point, said the firm of John Bright Brothers, were one of the largest, if not the largest subscribers to the Rochdale Relief Fund, and also that the subscription was repeated several times, and that, too, at a time when the firm were losing immensely. I feel

bound," continues "E. N." "to say that, having waited upon Mr. Bright to ask for a donation to a charity, he not only gave a handsome one, but desired me to apply to him again. Mr. Bright has devoted his life, energies, and talents for the amelioration and advancement of the working classes of England, to such an extent as to seriously imperil his life by a brain disease. What pecuniary gift could be compared to such a gift? "E. N." further adds, "that John Bright's generosity was reproduced in his son, who died a year since, and the whole of whose savings for a short time previous to his death were devoted to the formation of a library for a school in the immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Kelly" concludes "E. N." "omitted to couple with his announcement of the refusal of John Bright Brothers to advance 10 per cent. that their weavers, by the use of their improved loom, can earn very good wages, and also that Messrs. Bright can command a plentiful supply of hands in a district proverbial for a high rate of wages, which is a safe criterion.

SAUCEBOX, to whom, perhaps a little ungallantly in No. 149 of THE LONDON READER, we ventured to administer the mildest of rebukes for rendering her previous communication illegible by crossing it, like a wise, and, as her letter shows, a really clever and accomplished girl, *malgré* that "strong dash of *méchanceté*," she candidly confesses, while feeling the smallest possible degree of *pique*, admits, not only that our reproof was richly deserved, but that she likes us all the better for it. So far so good for our editorial infallibility. *Ad resiste*, the lady shall speak for herself—"Ido," she writes, "seriously desire nothing so ardently as to escape from my present monotonous life, if I could find a really good, sensible *sous*, with whom to travel on life's journey; for though I have, I am afraid, a *strong dash of méchanceté* in my composition, I have a good share of common sense. I would accept of no one who was not well principled, kind hearted, and last, though not least, religious. I am nineteen, fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, generally considered good looking, and rather below the medium height. I have a good though hasty temper when provoked, lively and good hearted, and am passionately fond of music and singing, and proficient in both; and in addition well acquainted with all household duties, having the care of a large family, but have neither fortune nor expectations. Gentlemen replying must enclose *cartes* and all particulars: letters to be legible and not crossed."

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—

CHARLEY WINTER will be happy to have an introduction to "Jessie Summer," and will feel honoured by sending her his *carte*.

Miss F. would be happy to correspond with, and receive a *carte* from "C. H. G.," of Manchester; is nineteen, and of light complexion.

H. E. H. would be glad to correspond with "E. R. W." She is thoroughly domesticated, and would make a good wife; age twenty.

ALBERTA and LIONEL will be happy to hear further from "Edmund" and "Gerald." Will have no objection to exchange *cartes*.

G. L. responds to "Franklin Dunbar." She is fair, of an even temper, which nothing can ruffle, little over 5 ft. in height, domesticated, and respectfully connected. *Curties* to be exchanged.

EMMY, in answer to "E. R. W.," thinks she would suit him. She is tall, with dark hair, blue eyes, thoroughly domesticated, of a loving disposition, and would try to make him very happy. *Curties* to be exchanged.

LOVE responds to "E. R. W." She is fair, an even temper, middle height, domesticated, highly respectable, with a good plain education, and hopes "E. R. W." is a member of the Church of England. *Curties* to be exchanged. *Curties* will feel obliged to "C. C. C." if he will write and enclose his *carte de visite*, which shall be immediately exchanged, as she thinks he is just the man to make her happy.

MARTON would be happy to correspond with "E. R. W." She has dark hair and eyes, belongs to a highly respectable family, is thoroughly domesticated, and would make a most affectionate wife. "Martion" would like to receive "E. R. W.'s" *carte*.

EMMA R., in reply to "A Retired Tradesman," would be happy to have an introduction. "E. R." is fair, a little over 5 ft. in height, of a very agreeable temper, thirty-four, a member of the Church of England, and the daughter of a tradesman.

J. MATTHEW wishes to correspond with "Rose." Is 5 ft. 8 in. in height, rather dark, twenty, a respectable tradesman, with every prospect of making a happy home. Should this meet her approbation he will be most happy to hear from her.

GEORGE, who wishes to win the affections of "Mignonette," is twenty-two, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, light complexion, and the same trade as "Matthew." Considered by all his friends to be good looking, and thinks he will be able to make her a happy husband.

W. BLUNDILL and FRED POWER wish to correspond with "L. S." and "J. A." The first is twenty-two, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, dark hair and eyes, and would prefer "J. A." The latter is twenty-three, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, and fair complexion. Both are engaged in commercial occupations. *Curties* to be exchanged.

A. C. M. G., in reply to "Merrie Annie," in No. 149 of THE LONDON READER, begs to offer himself matrimonially. "A. C. M. G." is twenty-five, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, has dark hair, monachache, grey eyes, good teeth and features, with expectations from an uncle, and is in receipt of 300*l.* a year. Should the fair "Annie" approve of this description, he would be happy to hear from her.

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†† We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

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ARROWROOT.—Finest St. Vincent 7lb. Tins, 5s.; 14lb. tins, 9s. 6d.; and 21lb. tins, 13s. 8d. each. One ounce sample sent post free on receipt of two stamps.—**FORSTER and SON**, Tea and Arrowroot Merchants, Philpot Lane.

GREY HAIR.—248, High Holborn, London.—**ALEX. ROSS'S** charges for dyeing the hair—Ladies', from 7s. 6d.; gentlemen's, from 5s. The dye is sold at 3s. 6d., and sent by post for 54 stamps. Any shade produced.

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FRY'S HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA, in Packets.—The purity, delicacy of flavour, and nutritious properties of this Cocoa, as well as the great facility with which it is made, have rendered it a standard article of general consumption. It is highly approved and strongly recommended by medical men, and is equally adapted for invalids and general consumers.—**J. S. FRY and SONS**, Bristol and London, are the only English Manufacturers of Cocoa who obtained the Prize Medal, 1862.

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